Clap Wit Me

Proof

[Chorus]"You're the lyrics of my liiiife.."
"You're the end, of my storyyyyy.."
[Proof]Uhh, you know Proof, D12, Shady Records all day
New kids nothin, we skippin through the hallways
All praise I.F., Motor City giants
Name been on bubble since Salam dropped the Pyrex
Out to stack the cake up, my group will never break up
The world been sleep long enough, they better wake up
Don't sport a Jacob, bling just the same
Remain in the D, it's the kingdom I claim
Never leavin the fame, born to be great
Walk to the door of a quarter 'til eight
Haters hate but they late with the jump off
I'm in the game to maintain, no reason to jump off, come on
[Chorus][Proof]"8 Mile" was dope, Obie brought heat
Emile on the beat, 50 kept us in the street
It's my destiny to be, the truth nevertheless
Nothin new your boy Proof is better than best
Elliot Ness to these fuckin gangsters and killers

Bankin they millions they all wanksters and squealers
My first spit with the Tony Toca
D-Tweezy "Ride to Death" is our only slogan
Dreams of fuckin J-Lo, Hood is on the payroll
Lockland and 3rd Precinct screamin "Free Yayo"
If the beef is set let's squeeze off a tec
And with my last breath still screamin I.F., clap wit me
[Chorus][Proof]King Gordy brought the pain and Jewels he fought the lames
I played with the wrong cheek in which I got the flames
I'm not ashamed, this is just a glimpse
Denaun drumline made G-Unit pimps (G-Unit!)
Proof is a wolf, shit I told you from jump
In a fast lane, no change of road or the bumps
Game is sold not told so I hold a swollen tongue
In Detroit I don't go by P, I'm Colemen Young
Holdin one with the tongue flow like Tiger Woods
Christina don't do it for me, shh, but Mya could
I am Suge to the rap game, rulin Purple Gang
We blow your mind like Kurt Cobain, knowmsayin?

[Chorus - 2X]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/