

# Trapped

Conrad Pope

Big Proof, rest in peace dudey, we love you  
We just wanna keep makin' you proud  
My life is trapped in these lines  
That's why I'm packin' these \*\*\*\*\*  
I got a rap I ain't dyin'  
That's in the back of my mind  
Got a \*\*\*\*\* made of iron  
Can't relax on this grind  
Bendin' over backwards for these slackers  
'Til I'm snappin' my spine  
Natural high I gotta focus  
On these bogus poachers  
Lookin' over my shoulder  
Proof get it poppin' like show'd a hold up  
We nothin' but soldiers  
Slow up  
This car 'n it's loaded  
Roll up

They beef 'n we leavin' 'em \*\*\*\*\*ed up  
If Em say it I spray it  
If he will it I \*\*\*\*\* it  
We kilpatrick 'n ill it  
Yo Detroit, know I can feel it  
Will at this \*\*\*\*\* on my waistline  
At war we don't waste time  
Blow up magic can't take a punch  
And fifty can take 9  
We got schoolcraft  
Here at the seven-eight and Dexter  
I'm up 'n holla spendin' dollas  
Ain't feelin' no pressure  
Yes suh', ya texta' is \*\*\*\*\*  
Bet'chya ya flinch  
When Proof \*\*\*\*\*ot up they crew  
And wet ya whole clique

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