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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