

# 72nd & Central

## Proof

Mr. Lennon, Mr. Lennon!  
John John, could, could I get your autograph?  
Could I get your autograph? (Sure kid)  
Oh, yeah yeah yeah, just  
Could you sign this for me please? (Sure, what's your name?)  
Thanks thanks, I'm a real big fan, thanks thanks  
(Here you are) Thanks a lot!  
[Intro: J-Hill]Word [gunshots] uhh  
Could do that, hot as hell though  
Yo.. yo, what, uhh.. what  
Bella {?} hop to this, what, uhh, uhh  
Set it down dawg, what..  
[J-Hill](ONE, BY, ONE) Rule one up in this bitch for real  
Roll with a couple niggaz like Dave SeVille  
Cause they'll, uh - clean you out like some golden seals  
Put your hands up, give me yo' scrill nigga, uhh  
[Obie Trice](TWO, BY, TWO) Your bucket is clean, you ridin mean  
Pull up at the light on them Spree's (gimme that!)  
School Craft wanna jingle your keys  
Whatchu 'bout to do? Bleed!  
[Proof](3, 1, 3) Y'all don't run the streets, the streets run you  
Put a gun to your kids, "Art of War" Sun-Tzu  
In the jungle stay humble or stumble and fumble  
'til death inside a rumble  
[J-Hill](FOUR, BY, FOUR) Rule four better get this down  
Before niggaz gon' beef better have that four-pound (uhh)  
And bust like four rounds, kick the door down  
Get yo' ass up outta town nigga, uhh, uhh  
[Obie Trice](FIVE, BY, FIVE) Niggaz connive, I thought you knew it  
Your main man's settin you up nigga you blew it  
Told him what you doin, nigga, you're ruined  
You ain't knowin?  
[Proof](6, 6, 6) The Devil's your man, the ghetto's your land  
When you got knocked yo' block turned yellow and ran  
When you got sugar, why settle for sand?  
Never snitch when you clip and put your melons in cans  
[J-Hill](SEVEN, BY, SEVEN) Rule seven kinda where my heart at  
You want beef in the street? Don't start that  
Cause we'll have some niggaz up in yo' apartment

Jumpin outta places where it's real dark at, uhh  
[Obie Trice](EIGHT, BY, EIGHT) You're carryin weight, hey, but wait  
A lot of hungry niggaz know where you stay  
Address your address, change your place  
before you spray nigga  
[Proof](NINE, BY, NINE) I learned a lot from stank if you got bank  
Fuck buyin gats bitch, get a tank  
Fuck a firearm, get a wired bomb  
Cause when you blow yourself up at least you dyin warm [explosion]  
Ten jewels

[Chorus: Proof, J-Hill]Ten reasons, nine glocks, eight shots  
Seven cops, six drop on five blocks (FOUR/FOR SHO!)  
Three cousins, two/too hot, one law, family  
We put no man befo', ten jewels now tell 'em  
It's one purpose, one goal, two halves  
Get a whole, three niggaz, one song (FOUR/FOR SHO!)  
Five ways, six days, seven plus  
Eight/A.K., we can let the nine spray y'all  
[Proof](NINE, BY, NINE) Oh I'm not real cause I pop pills?  
Bring your block to my block nigga get your whole block killed  
Don't let the "Purple Pills" shit confuse you  
One outta my hand, the life'll lose you nigga  
[Obie Trice](EIGHT, BY, EIGHT) You lay at your wake  
You was played, slugs struck the Escalade  
Your brain rest on what Motor City paved  
No more sunny days

[J-Hill](SEVEN, BY, SEVEN) Rule seven, some'in you better tell 'em  
Good coke, good weed, y'all better sell 'em  
Cause they'll put some'in up into your cerebellum  
Proof, you better tell 'em

[Proof](SIX, BY, SIX) Assume it's only for conversation  
Let's conversate, simple nigga the .38 indiff'  
Mine'll set trip, empty out the clip  
Hold up, a .38 ain't got clips

[Obie Trice](FIVE, BY, FIVE) Niggaz be live before they die  
'til the test the wrong animal then they spirit fly  
Just know the game while you playin the tough guy  
That's yo' life

[J-Hill](FOUR, BY, FOUR) For all you niggaz think this rap shit's a joke  
You get smacked and choked, bring the dagger and cloak  
I put my fuckin heart into this shit that I wrote  
You muh'fuckers on some dope?

[Proof](THREE, BY, THREE) Watch who near you, focus on your rearview  
Outta life, yo the trife wanna clear you

Don't get caught on E and fought on streets  
Be a victim of "Grand Theft Auto 3"  
[Obie Trice](TWO, BY, TWO) Trust no one when you're gettin them  
Put your life in perspective, you're killin 'em  
Envious niggaz stay jealousy driven  
Niggaz need to be listenin  
[J-Hill](ONE, BY, ONE) It's one reason why I still let you breathe  
It's one reason why the fuckin tec won't squeeze  
It's one reason why you ain't go out like N\*Sync  
That's cause it's one other nigga that'll do it for me, yo  
[Chorus][Proof] Ten jewels...

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>