

# Define My Life

## Proof

Me and my momma aint close, daddy ghost like most  
only for the hood riches when we broke that we all toast  
got an awesome gang yesterday,  
my rhyme is just press and play  
born in this cold world, shit that ain't no special day  
just a reminder, you get to thirty you lucky  
mother fucker that's the words of T Stuckey  
grew up on Put Stones(?) and YBI  
Mazaradi rig, why would I lie?  
good all die  
got a question your honour, listen  
whatever happened to that shit death before decider?  
I'm on the tip why your flipping flopper G  
don't even know what he charged, when did he cop a plea?  
sloppily, shit this game did change  
n\*ggas caught with a little work and they start naming names  
I'm blaming fame, Benz's, bitches and bling  
in today's world y'all treat a f\*ckin snitch as a king  
switches my means of income, win some, go far, in come  
all the broke n\*ggas and did some(?)  
you can lose one battle but lose the war  
my shoes is torn  
from walking these dawgs  
damn I'm talking to y'all!  
while you're not involved, just nodding along  
I've got to ask the church, shit, is God in the wrong?  
And to You Mr. Preacher is God in the Wrong?  
Y'all don't even hear me n\*ggas your just nodding along  
Chorus  
I took this time to gripe  
hear this rhyme I write  
let me clearly define my life

## Verse 2

Bubba Fats is the truth,  
the raps out of Proof  
It's all steel like the gats that I shoots  
backwards I move from 86-88  
where there's chambers remain here with heavy weight

so much game around me  
they drown me  
in this sin city  
i've been busy  
since sucking on my mommas thin titty  
when is he stopping the world? God don't know  
It's all a joke to him, watching how hard we grow  
Death don't kissy you when god say it  
sort of like that little whistle in Broadway  
Our way, Plant workers on lines, beeper stores  
healthcare, f\*ck potholes we got deeper sores  
reaped with wars  
my man young to kill Patrick  
Dexter is lovely ain't it? I'm still at it  
I fill my hand with Mr. Man and Tone-Loc  
when the lights burnt out in them grown folk  
my bone broke  
to lift this pen  
let me jot this down and get this in  
when I'm gone I hope y'all respect me then  
let me jot this down and get this in  
when I'm dead and gone I hope y'all respect me then  
I'm gone  
Chorus

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