

Sammy Da Bull

Proof

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[Chorus: Nate Dogg]All these niggaz talkin 'bout what they gon' kill

Heard you caught a misdemeanor then I heard you squeal

Holdin hands with the D.A. while you made your deal

Three thousand miles away and I could hear you still

Half these niggaz snitchin yo and that's for real

I know it's hard to swallow, that's a big ol' pill

If I catch you motherfuckers you gon' catch some steel

I know it might sound crazy, that's the way I feel

[Proof]Uhh, trace this to it's basis, no movie script

No yay, no pounds, no uzi clips

Not a car, no bling, know a bougie bitch

You got all of these rappers sayin they movin bricks

They whole cliques switch with boob and tits

If you're - truly bitch, then they'll - usually snitch

In a roundabout way I say my toolies spit

But if it come to coppin a plea, it includes the fifth!

The mood is flipped cause spirits see the diaphragms

Gangsta rappers with murderers for hired hands

Police and riot vans, callin us pirate clans

Government guide hands, with private plans

To damage the game, it's a shame to survive a scam

Cause we high off liquor, bitches and Vicadin

Yell out we gon' strike again, so triflin

Got kids idlin the vest to riflin (look Ma!)

Why you make a fake life in pens?

Glorify the hood but never a Bible hymn

And as the streets keep tyin in

Until the Feds indict the fans just for buyin in, where's the violin?

[Chorus][Swiftly McVay]Hah, are you the guy that told the guy that I'm the guy that gave the guy
a half a P; now the police is after me

Askin me questions, tellin me shit you only knew

Pulled up on me out the blue, all this shit because of you

Watch to do somethin cool bitch, snitchin like Samuel Bull

Now yo' life's fucked up, and I'm announcin you responsible

And I'm cut the fuck up, and whatchu gonna do but sit yo' ass there

So what? Ain't nothin fair

When a nigga like you get carried away without your lips

And they wonderin why Swiftly McVay be killin shit {AHH!}

I drop you off and get lost, come back the same day
witcho' tongue cut off nigga, it's cursed anyway
You the one who can't count, so give my G's up (straight up)
And when it comes to shootin you the one who freeze up
That's why yo' broke ass could swallow these nuts
and folks ask, tryna follow everything that reads up
on your report you made, I will escort you to your grave
Tryna see me behind bars so you can get paid?
That's negative, you threaten my life? I CAN'T let you live
Then you think that it'll catch up to your momma and your kids snitch {AHH!}
[Chorus][Proof]If you aim for slugs that's blazed by killers
Now the game done changed these niggaz out here praisin squealers
Go Proof - my behavior's iller when tellin the truth
Expunge my gun nigga like any paid felon'll do
My spoken is well in the truth, you in hell and the Proof
From the block to the jail or the booth
Bod boy image shall illuminate in silence
Gangsta, one that communicates through violence
Go Proof - not through yappin or hostile rappin
All on TV vest up and glocks go flashin
It's all actin - y'all just
don't see the director behind the camera that yells out "Action" (take one!)
Blowin off the door hinge to a world in orbit
Where the masses have supportive recorded performance
There's enormous shortage of poor kids
with new deals, they will become distorted and tortured
And I ain't losin like 'Pac, there's rules on my block
I'm from Detroit bitch, it ain't cool to be shot [gunshots]
(Is he still alive?)
(Yeah yeah, I think so)
(Alright great, let's sign him!)
[Chorus][Outro: Proof]Heh, aiyyo dig this
If you tell the masses, you tell the cops
But if that street yappin made you famous, then you a star
Star; hey, write down "star"
Write down "star" on a piece of paper
Hold it up in front of you, right in the mirror
Put it in the mirror
Hold it up in front of you, and that's YOU
We don't like you [laughs]
Holla at me, fix it faggots..