

# Proof, Ali Feat. MC Breed

(MC Breed)

I'm in it witch'all (okay)  
Hit big cash, I'll spend it witch'all  
Win at the casino bitch, I'm spendin it all (hey)  
Leave in my Spreewells spinnin for y'all  
I'm in it for y'all, fact is (whattup)  
My contents have character, plays the background  
while I'm listenin to amateurs with no stamina (uh-uhh)  
Compared to my flow  
You're more or less recycled, career's on idle  
Keep it comin though  
If there's anyone or anybody that's potent enough, I wanna know  
Gorilla, and I'm iller, than a fifth of  
Hennessy and Belve', a big bagger killer  
Popcorn popper, won't stop 'til I cop e-nough  
trees to get the whole world f\*\*ked up  
I'm out of M-I, so when I say "Whatupdoe";  
Y'all niggaz put it on the flow

(Chorus One: MC Breed)

Hey where you gettin it from, I want.. {one too}  
Oh you got some of those, I got.. {one too}  
You got a fine-ass broad, I got.. {one too}  
And I'm drivin a Benz that get..  
Oh you got one rolled, I got.. {one too}  
And a fat bank roll, I got.. {one too}  
You got a house on the hills, I got.. {one too}  
And I'm drivin a Benz that get..

(MC Breed)

Uhh, nothin but that Cuervo Gold and cold Coronas  
Plug with them esse's that live in Arizona  
Yeah, put it in your bubble nigga, know I'm on ya  
Shake them haters off as soon as they get on ya  
Popcorn, all through my perfecto  
All I do is chief, it's hard for me to let go

(Proof)

Tecs blow like Del Rio - from the land  
of Air Force Ones, Detroit scum blow (cuatro cincos!)  
If you want it, IF got it, the gettin is good  
The best thing movin like a brick in the hood  
I'm wishin you would stumble out the club

F\*\*k your slack (NIGGA) we can rumble out in floods  
We f\*\*k by choice but fight when we can  
I'm good with the mic, but I'm nice with my hands  
I ain't for bangin, unless the ass hangin  
My last name ain't Kelly, but give me brain bitch, c'mon

(Chorus Two: Proof)

The name of my crew is D.. {one-two}  
You got some pills in your pocket, I want.. {one too}  
You got a knock baby boy, I got.. {one too}  
And I'm ballin on y'all like this is..  
You got a Tab in your hand, I got.. {one too}  
You got a gun on your waist, I got.. {one too}  
You got a Roley on your wrist, I want.. {one too}  
And I'm pullin my heat to get..

(Proof)

This is high octane that bang within block range  
Nothin but cold blood flow in my hot veins

My shot aim with the pistol ain't the issue  
Got the title, &quot;Battle Disciple&quot; came to diss you  
Let's get to The Source with mics all I need black  
Cause 5 mics together, only makes feedback  
I'm what every rapper +dread+ like beeswax  
Snatch a rapper out his Timbs like stems on weed sacks  
(He's back!) Bitch, I never left  
Every step has been Proof to the fact that I'm evidence  
that Detroit co-co locos  
The flame slow flow where the snow blow and they roll 'dro  
My tendencies to spit, end MC's real quick  
Pass they Hennessy sips, enemies get ripped  
The penalty in vially, your memory dissolve  
The energy is wild, mentally I'm foul  
The entity now, howls instead of growl  
Already raw, cookin lookin for shook ones to set 'em down  
Don't worry about my record sales  
(I know this ain't the same Proof that's in D12!)  
Damn skippy, my hands swiftly grab a mic  
Any man gifted stand with it, it's battle night  
Soon as I get in the booth, spittin the truth  
This ain't for the Billboards, this is strictly for you

(Chorus One)