

Proof, Sammy Da Bull

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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 motherf**kers 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 f**ked up, and I'm announcin you responsible
And I'm cut the f**k 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..