

# Proof, Sammy Da Bull Feat. Nate Dogg & Swifty McVay

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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)

(Swifty 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 Swifty 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..