

Proof, Anywhere

(Proof)

Singular in the mind, I'm who you would construction
Amaze it in vocab, unique good production
Pilots, now it's revenger for real one
One in the million drastic with verbal nastics
radical back you go and askin what you rappin fo
Inferity since you relieve factually that you wack to me
Why you strive to be the best out them all
I cut your thigh off down to your toe
You still wanna flow now come on use your head
How you gon kick it with only one leg?
I reckon that all bad MC's didn't have the reas
I turn your juice to peoples and to dead batteries
Elementz the four energies to sink your ship
Put a brain up in your anus and you still couldn't think of shit
Smartass, your wack lines ain't harmin me
I provoke you joke ass rappers to stand up and make comedy
Test the midwest and who's steppin up
Rippin off your ears won't make you def enough
The best of like vestor, the referee can't see the pressure
Here comes the loony ass professor
Chill nigga, naw it's me nigga
Best to ask Tommy
Cause he'll figure... it
Just don't pay to be bad
So grab your pen and pad
And jet back to the fuckin lab

(Chorus)

Whos that the battle king
take 'em to the battle scene
watch the rappers scream..
Whos that the battle king
take 'em to the battle scene
watch the rappers scream..
now Whos that the battle king
take 'em to the battle scene
watch the rappers scream..
now Whos that the battle king
take 'em to the battle scene
watch the rappers scream..

(Proof)

You wanna battle, what? That puts me in a better mood
So now I won't stop like a bus driver with an attitude
Walk a slick trail watch me outboxin you swarm
But that ain't hittin like an armless boxer
You have no technique offcourse they sleep
You can rhyme all day ask six quarters an admit your weak
Rhyme for rhyme you can bet ya
That ain't a damn line predictable
call the psychic network
I'm out to foldin now I told you crystal clear
Guillette style, parralel to Wolverine
I've seen pain, check my brain
Exclusive, too abusive, comin from the westcoast
Don't make that ass ruthless
You can hang but ya hung
That shit you said was fake
A bootlegger must got your tongue
Here's to tell you wannabes who tryna rap
"Yo Proof man you're incredible"
No I'm better than that
Practice the tactics

That's a bad thing
So now you's a fake bitch like a drag-queen
Weak cats who dream Gediti and trickle Houdini
The problems in your god complex check your colbelini
Scope this, these wack niggaz can't get with me
Take a hard MC make him yellow like Kid Capri
Shit we was your top notch
And don't need to brag about the past now we out to prof box
Like Stephen King with the butcher knife I stab your story
And now you bitch ass niggaz runnin back to the laboratory

(Chorus)

Remember that (echos)
Wuch you know about weak emcess huh?
Wuch you know about crackers and cheese
Mk
Strait for the 9 izzle
izzo, im izzi... without a doubt