

Proof, Biboa's Theme

(Proof)

La-la la-la la-la la-la, pretend to sharrrrre..
Da, da-da, ain't nothin, by D-Twellllive..

Weed no seeds, last year Cannabis Cup
A druggie that mind hasn't been damaged enough
With danglin nuts I lust for angels to fuck
My cannon is tucked, move fast I panic and bust
Brain burnt out like a mechanical clutch
I'm too schizophrenic to touch
A scandalous bunch don't gamble with trust
Scammin for bucks, pink candy deluxe out mishandlin sluts
After a show bring all my fans on the bus
Next city, leave 'em dizzy, stranded and stuck
Hangin in clubs like blacks in slavery
Gats we aim and squeeze at acts of bravery
Maybe speakers {?} bouncin off of Shady Lee {?}
Can barely add, but still got A.D.D. (what I say?)
Work the do', make 'em play for keeps
I ain't gotta say shit 'til the A.K. shall speak

(Chorus: Proof)

To whom it may concern, this planet is fucked
Life ain't hard, so far I just managed to bluff
Scandal and drugs got my hands in some cuffs
Man it's been rough, but shit I don't plan to give up, uhh

(Proof)

Speakin at AA meetings while intoxicated
Trainin a arm-less fighter to box in Vegas
Plot with haters, they kill me on my block for later
Havin free phone sex with operators
Next Grammy's your man P is rockin Gators
Leavin full with rabbit ears, I'm a pocket raider
Every block invaders, all cops is traitors
Any hood thief hands get burnt like hot potatoes
The hardest mayor that boycott garbage sayers
Thinkin outside the box like Harvard Squares
Wild like Ben Wallace hair
Hate the niggaz that ain't spitters blow up off market favors (you!)
So from now on I'm startin terror
Aiyyo God, here I come, tell 2Pac to wait up

(Chorus)

(Proof)

Got young famous that handle any further glory
Fix my son a lunch for school so he'll murder for me
Readin 'Pac and Pun tags up in pergatory
Waitin to get in heaven or "Grimey," that's word to Nore
Anything you heard before me
Hah, it's simple like a street life suburban story
Turn my poor peeps into murkers for beef
Who the fuck is Jerry? I'm searchin for weed
And why did God make all these worthless MC's?
Still tryin to find out for what purpose they breathe
My pops hit the weed and then he birthed a new breed
I hit bad bitches raw cause it's worth the disease
Hate the Ku Klux Klan, they abuse curtains and sheets
And I need 'em at home, but that's a personal peeve
The (Pills) is still (Purple) indeed
And I'm screamin loud as hell "Fuck the Earth" when I leave

(Chorus)

