

Proof, Black Wrist Bro's

"Now, we must all fear, evil men
But there is another kind of evil, which we must fear most
And that is, the indifference, of good, men!"

(Proof)

Aiyyo duty, it's all about us, you hear me?
I'm only callin on us, now fear P'll die dumb
Lie none 'til my dawg lies the gun for my dawg
Have a nigga family run to the morgue
Gotta ID the body, for tryna touch mine
On some Bad Boy, Puffy shit, f**k Shyne
F**k fame, you hear me? Don't try to touch my co-D
My roll D, protected like my O.G.'s

(1st Born)

So never say never, well forever dawg I'm rock witchu
Watch you hatin, contemplatin, waitin to take a shot at you
It's just me and you plus pistols duty cause niggaz talkin
Least when we speakin same dudes that felt the heat, stiff in chalk
We put it down on the block, these niggaz flagrant
Makin statements indictin extra cases, needin an early placement
First and firm, never duckin and aim
Forever co-defendants Iron Fist, I'll fist out some serious pain

(Proof)

It's easy to be the coldest in life
But can you write your heart in a rhyme and spit your soul in the mic?
The streets talkin a weak fall
They currently devour the soft but they never eat dawgs
Whether few others, two brothers and two mothers
In a blaze of a light, I bet it's two of us
Don't try to do some slick shit and die without it
Cause I bet it on your life you gon' die without it

(1st Born)

Peep how I pound that ass and finger-f**k her
Blazin Cools and market booze, the tools even single suckas
Black Wrist, Iron Fist all day

The S.K. spray, make niggaz move like "RAY!"
For the fat funny guy, I jerk 'em like Jackie Gleason
Leave 'em standin indecent, wheezin needin a breathin treatment
In the middle of murk season, I flirt like a church deacon with death
or at least until my last breath

(Chorus: Proof)

(gun cocks) My dawg is me and you
To them tats on our right wrist we both bein true
Yo' needs is my needs, my seeds is yo' seeds
One hurt and we both bleed
We gon' ride 'til them wheels fall off
Or God wanna kill us off {*blam*}
I don't duck when you pop that gat
Don't ever doubt that you got my back

(1st Born)

We put our life stories in a song, boast how we pop nines
It's the truth duke and more than just a hot line
I got mine minus yours cause you hate it and squeeze
My niggaz down on they luck, y'all niggaz down on y'all knees
Holla at him, you holla at me
I'm down for whatever forever, however it gotta be
In the clubs or the streets, once these thugs feel this heat

Bats, snubs or the beef, with the love of the D

(Proof)

You want trouble with P then that's trouble with 1st
We carry weight on our back that's doubled this Earth
You know where we at, in the struggle to search
Come thug on my turf, leave your blood in this dirt
With the pride of your manhood I paved the bricks
Livin life like a movie, it's a gangsta script
With my duty my co-star, been in two so far
Two hearts like rice with no R

(Chorus - 2X)