

Proof, Derty Harry

Hey them horns ain't extensions nigga listen
Real shit here
Haha
Face to face you got no heart
When I blow sparks you lean on me like Joe Clark
My mind is so dark
Its superficial
Nuclear Missile
Hit your body and your bones and I loose the grissle
Proofs official, D12 trademark
A man with no S big braveheart
Y'all ain't even listen
No S big backwards is Gibson
Mel Gibson bravehearted
Now on to my mission
And since then no failure
I promised God to commit hommicide to niggaz wantin a free ride
Like the Amistad
I'm alive
And just started Anger Management To Late by Lonnie Clive
Part of ya mind
Dyin' to rhyme
Like Ronnie and Cline
Influenced the greatest
Like Ronnie and Todd
It ain't no problem too hard
My solo like Do Lo
Been gettin' it
Like I ain't been shittin' it!
CHORUS
(Y'all done start it)
Derty Harry
Contract mothafucker lets roll it right now!
(Y'all done start it)
Derty Harry
You the one on this
(Y'all done start it)
Derty Harry
Proof nigga I'm a wolf
(Y'all done start it)
Derty Harry
You can get some now!

In high school ofcourse I was the best in the lunchroom
Don't make me get up out my seat bitch
I'll punch you
I freestyle for fun but write for wealth
I'm so dope nigga even bite myself
I rap and will rappify you
Blast
And your just a baptist crier
and then add the black Messiah
We gat for hire
To let the techs growl
Put something in your body worse then the West Nile
I was born out of test tube glass
I suggest you blast nigga
Or catch sum flesh wound fast
I ain't met a man that can wrestle gats
I'm right behind the top rappers like a neptune track
Ya L.P.?
I slept through that
Now guess who back
Unless you strapped with a vest and two gats

I suggest you pack
I'll spread you flat then rescue rap
Hit your body so much that your flash won't match
Mothafucker!

CHORUS

Fuck Osama for bombing in the racing buildings
I'll bust him and hide him like Jason Williams
(I heard Bizzare and D12 be raping children!?)
Cut the hype dyke I'm trying to make a million
Take this pill then call me when you sober up
Turn the dyke from glad and soon I'll make them hold my nuts
Seldomly seen is Elvis the King
But it's Em thats got these kids nailed to the screen
I held the team
I-F
I got something on my chest thats hard to digest
I heard the streets talking
Seen
Offering
I'm checking my weapon
They mad cause I'm flossing bling
I lost my steam but a demon in human flesh hyped my up
Now my team is tightly cut
So sugar sugar, shot shot
If you didn't get off it's not my fault
The dog is back and y'all niggaz!

CHORUS