

# Proof, Slum Elementz Feat. T-3 Of Slum Village &

, Mudd (5 Ela), T-3 (Slum Village))

(Chorus 2X: Kon Artis)

It's however, it's whatever you like  
If you that nigga tryna get ahead and you know you right  
I see the Henny and I guess it's aight  
Cause it ain't have the bars then take a step of your life

(T-3)

Yeah I stepped out the background when my nigga Dilla left  
Didn't see the full picture, maybe just a rough sketch  
Didn't know the dude for real, they knew a silhouette  
Small portion who I was when I turned and looked back  
Had a few tools, had to learn to work that  
Plus they cut a nigga out, say I wasn't worth jack  
The trials of your man, I'm not complainin  
I'm sayin the truth y'all exactly how it's layin  
So when you see me don't think it was easy  
Things wasn't fair to me, your man T-Threezy  
I had to work to eat, I wasn't supposed to be  
I did a flow like boats on seas  
Now I'm the captain of my own destiny  
I stand at the edge of this shit, control my feats  
I rearrange things that could've remained bleak  
Cause you ain't doin the same, don't mean you should hate me

(Chorus)

(Mudd)

Damn, it's hard hustlin with your crew  
when you the head of your troops and dudes don't wanna grow up  
Attitude is so what, nig's out here killin 'em  
Dude's draggin his feet, I ain't got time to deal with him  
Look at the time dime, how many years it's been

since we moved back from Brooklyn?

You lookin sorry dawg, pardon me I'm your mans, this ain't no diss  
But I don't see no good in you if you don't handle yo' biz  
Yo' angle is, is bored and stubborn  
Quick to say f\*\*k whoever and still want somethin for nothin  
Streets talked about your loose lips, remember when Proof flipped  
Threw a cassette tape at you, you ain't do shit  
Exactly, I woulda been scrappin if that was me  
When the Feds came to swoop you turned your back on T  
I ain't sayin you snitch but your actions are smellin like fish  
You still smackin your bitch, too old to be actin like this  
Man chill

(Chorus)

(Proof)

I ain't tryin to find no blame, or make excuses  
I figured y'all slept so long I'll wake the rooster  
I love hip-hop and just makin music  
In the "8 Mile" flick I was portrayed as Future  
On the set I was due, where's the rest of my crew  
for the movie, this is truly our destiny dude  
I'm like Shady is my team, maybe it's a dream  
It seems I'm bein choked like Radio Raheem  
P knew it when G-Unit all got deals  
Imagine a muscle have to hustle, that's why it feel  
I'm walkin out of different people office still  
This ain't a diss, this is just talkin real

Toy soldier, wonderin how they coffin feel  
My homie put me on 'em but I got up off them pills  
Got a boss appeal, you can call me Malphie{?}  
But ask 'em all how where the f\*\*k what they'd be without me - Proof

(Chorus)