# Proof f/ Nate Dogg, Swifty McVay "Sammy Da Bull"

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[Chorus: Nate Dogg]

All these niggaz talkin 'bout what they gon' kill Heard you caught a misdemeanor then I heard you squeal

Holdin hands with the D.A. while you made your deal Three thousand miles away and I could hear you still Half these niggaz snitchin yo and that's for real I know it's hard to swallow, that's a big ol' pill If I catch you motherfuckers you gon' catch some steel I know it might sound crazy, that's the way I feel

# [Proof]

Uhh, trace this to it's basis, no movie script No yay, no pounds, no uzi clips Not a car, no bling, know a bougie bitch You got all of these rappers sayin they movin bricks They whole cliques switch with boob and tits If you're - truly bitch, then they'll - usually snitch In a roundabout way I say my toolies spit But if it come to coppin a plea, it includes the fifth! The mood is flipped cause spirits see the diaphragms Gangsta rappers with murderers for hired hands Police and riot vans, callin us pirate clans Government guide hands, with private plans To damage the game, it's a shame to survive a scam Cause we high off liquor, bitches and Vicadin Yell out we gon' strike again, so triflin Got kids idlin the vest to riflin (look Ma!) Why you make a fake life in pens? Glorify the hood but never a Bible hymn And as the streets keep tyin in Until the Feds indict the fans just for buyin in, where's the violin?

## [Chorus]

[Swifty McVay]
Hah, are you the guy that told the guy that I'm the guy
that gave the guy
a half a P; now the police is after me

Askin me questions, tellin me shit you only knew

Pulled up on me out the blue, all this shit because of you

Watch to do somethin cool bitch, snitchin like Samuel Bull

Now yo' life's fucked up, and I'm announcin you responsible

And I'm cut the fuck up, and whatchu gonna do but sit yo' ass there

So what? Ain't nothin fair

When a nigga like you get carried away without your lips

And they wonderin why Swifty McVay be killin shit {AHH!}

I drop you off and get lost, come back the same day witcho' tongue cut off nigga, it's cursed anyway You the one who can't count, so give my G's up (straight up)

And when it comes to shootin you the one who freeze up

That's why yo' broke ass could swallow these nuts and folks ask, tryna follow everything that reads up on your report you made, I will escort you to your grave Tryna see me behind bars so you can get paid? That's negative, you threaten my life? I CAN'T let you live

Then you think that it'll catch up to your momma and your kids snitch {AHH!}

### [Chorus]

### [Proof]

If you aim for slugs that's blazed by killers Now the game done changed these niggaz out here praisin squealers

Go Proof - my behavior's iller when tellin the truth
Expunge my gun nigga like any paid felon'll do
My spoken is well in the truth, you in hell and the Proof
From the block to the jail or the booth
Bod boy image shall illuminate in silence
Gangsta, one that communicates through violence

Go Proof - not through yappin or hostile rappin

All on TV vest up and glocks go flashin

It's all actin - y'all just

don't see the director behind the camera that yells out "Action" (take one!)

Blowin off the door hinge to a world in orbit Where the masses have supportive recorded performance

There's enormous shortage of poor kids with new deals, they will become distorted and tortured And I ain't losin like 'Pac, there's rules on my block

I'm from Detroit bitch, it ain't cool to be shot {\*gunshots\*}

(Is he still alive?) (Yeah yeah, I think so) (Alright great, let's sign him!)

[Chorus]

[Outro: Proof]
Heh, aiyyo dig this
If you tell the masses, you tell the cops
But if that street yappin made you famous, then you a
star
Star; hey, write down "star"
Write down "star" on a piece of paper
Hold it up in front of you, right in the mirror
Put it in the mirror
Hold it up in front of you, and that's YOU
We don't like you {\*laughs\*}
Holla at me, fix it faggots...

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