

## **Fat Joe**

# **"Prove Something"**

Visit "[Prove Something](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Cool it Dre, oh God  
Yeah, got that gangsta, gangsta, gully, gully  
Yeah, big business, Joe crack the don  
Terror Squad baby, BX Boro, holdin' down to the death  
It's nothin' realer than this you heard, uh what, huh

It's like I'm always out to prove somethin'  
Every time I stop on the block  
I set up shop and try to move somethin'  
And I'm talkin' about kilo's and pounds  
Fuck a desert eagle  
I got shit that spit over 300 rounds

Can tell by the scar on my neck  
I spar with the best  
Joey boombay-ay, hit hard with the left  
Sharp with the right, I don't know why I bother  
Y'all not retarded  
Man ya know what the squadron is like

And he can get it too  
But I let him die slow death I probably just collectin' his  
food  
I'm deadin' ya crew  
To tell ya the truth we not stoppin'  
I'm like lil' lease from B-street man I keep poppin'

The streets knockin' my shit, the D's watchin' my shift  
We can do this however, east glock or the fifth  
I leave you chumps to frame, right where you standin'  
Daughter slaughtered and maimed you should have  
paid the ransom

It's the T E R R O R squad, nigga get it right  
It's the nigga Joe the Don  
And the kid flow hard, ask the clique  
Niggas be like you crazy, he got classic shit

It's the T E R R O R squad, nigga get it right  
It's the nigga Joe the Don  
And the kid flow hard, ask the clique  
Niggas be like you crazy, he got classic shit

It's the killa kid from the Bronx  
Holdin' down to the death  
You can hear the squad comin'  
By the sound of the techs

A hundred rounds in a sec  
Leave you on front page  
You would think I was down with the ROC  
The way I just blazed

I puff haze to keep my mind at ease  
Can't wait for the day to see Shyne released  
This Hip Hop shit is unjust, who you gon' trust  
When most of these record label execs is dumb fucks

I keep a gun tuck under my belly  
Only nigga on the island makin' calls from the celly  
We watchin' belly on the DV, 60 inch TV  
Flat shit attach to the back of the CP

This game need me, I'm like Gotti once I'm gone  
All you gonna have left is a bunch of fake dons  
Champagne with the women, run a game for the  
puddin'  
It's all the same, still runnin' trains with my hoodmen

A bunch of goodmen, but don't get it confused  
We like Dinero in heat nigga, nothin' to loose  
I know you seen the shoot out scene  
Don't make us reenact  
'Cuz I rather be layed up in [incomprehensible] with a  
featured actress

It's the T E R R O R squad, nigga get it right  
It's the nigga Joe the Don  
And the kid flow hard, ask the clique  
Niggas be like you crazy, he got classic shit

It's the T E R R O R squad, nigga get it right  
It's the nigga Joe the Don  
And the kid flow hard, ask the clique  
Niggas be like you crazy, he got classic shit

Yea, hell yea, uh, brought to you  
By the realest motherfuckers in this game  
The infamous Terror Squad, yea, real niggas, real  
dons  
Real G's ha, ha, come on, woo, uh  
Ton' Montana rest in peace forever, never forget, Big  
Pun

Visit [Fat Joe](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.