

## Group Home

### "Living Proof"

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My life story strictly business never blew my chance  
Moms kicked me out the house when I was flippin ";I'm  
the Man";  
Put the boys on the street, make them walk this beat  
Teach them how to eat, and to seek for peace  
Son I stamped this name Livin' Proof cause I mean what  
I say  
Bring the fake to reality and make them pay  
Yo these ghetto rhyme stories got em scared to death  
I'm tryin to get the fuck out, see what the world's about  
Check it nineteen-eighty-six is when I reached my peak  
Take my brothers outta state and tried to make some  
ends meet  
First destinate your sector then it's just like that  
Makin moves with my brothers and there's no turnin  
back  
We got thirty-six grams on the scale right now  
Gettin ready with my brothers time to break the shit  
down  
I'm not about killin my people but you know how it go  
Work with me not against me and we'll make mad  
dough  
Wear my co-defendant out when I break down with rap  
Hold me back and give me love and now I'm givin it  
back  
A unique sound from the streets and it's just so sweet  
My Livin' Proof life story, let me break it in piece

Yo I rock on the block with the real hip-hop  
As you start to clock... and jock  
Yo, I'm comin off with mad rage  
Eighteen, and hittin the real stage  
But don't worry bout me, cause I'm makin it  
And if I can't have it, then I'm takin it  
That's how it is, cause I'm livin trife  
Where's my knife, take a chance witcha life  
Rappers decapitate, and disintegrate  
You I will mutilate, when I penetrate  
Go for the one when I say raid  
A hit man for hire and I wanna get paid  
Cause bullets are sprayed and anybody is laid

More money is made and that's the family trade  
See I make moves and tell wh

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