

## 'n Sync "Prove Something"

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

East New York!! 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

[Verse 1]

Its like I'm always out to prove somethin  
Everytime 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 dont 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

[chorus x2]

Its the T E R R O R squad, nigga get it right  
Its the nigga joe the don  
And the kid flow hard, ask the clique  
Niggas be like you crazy, he got classic shit

[Verse 2]

Its 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 attatch 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  
Its all the same, still runnin trains with my hoodmen  
A bunch of goodmen, but dont get it confused  
We like dinero in heat nigga, nothin to loose  
I know you seen the shoot out scene  
Dont make us reneact, cuz I rather be layed up in ??  
with a featured actress

[chorus x2]

Its the T E R R O R squad, nigga get it right  
Its 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 haha, come on, woo uh  
Ton' Montana rest in peace forever, never forget.. Big  
Pun!

Visit ['n Sync](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

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