

## Prong

### "No. T. Lose"

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(feat. King Gordy)

[repeat 2X]

There's nothing, there's nothing  
There's nothing, no there's nothing  
Won't lose it, can't lose it  
There's nothing but this music

[Proof]

My mind is broke, too many lines of coke  
Open mind for beefin, no reason I'ma choke  
Time to quote somethin you never heard  
Pour my heart when I talk and spit it with every word  
We ain't playin no more, sayin no more  
No games no mourn, on the grind and we came for  
yours  
In a four-double, Billboard trouble  
This industry ain't ready for no more rebels  
Kill at will, with the will to kill  
Keep it real with steel, these pills'll feel  
Proof for poppin, they used to joggin  
I take out your block cause my future callin  
Don't confuse it y'all, I used to brawl  
(pop pop, pop) 'Til your producer fall  
Who's involved? They don't wanna do nothin  
Whoop style, I make 'em all move some'n  
Clap the mag up, back the gas up  
Leave 'em scrapped and smashed up, then wrapped in  
plastic  
Ask the hood, this the platinum classic  
Now quit the yackin bitch and pass the acid, c'mon

[Chorus: King Gordy]

What they want right now is a nigga with nothin to lose  
- Ohh nothin to lose  
He got no shame in his game about the stuff that he do  
- Ohh the stuff that he do right now  
Jump off stage right now nigga start punchin a fool  
- Ohh punchin a fool  
Y'ALL BITCH, that's why we ain't fuckin witchu!  
- We ain't fuckin witchu, no no

[Proof]

Hit the metal with devilistic tongues  
Just frontin for the ghetto kissin misfits to hum  
Along with red and yellow biscuits to munch  
Just think before you was never meant to come  
Forever rich and dumb, brawl out any day  
You heard Slim, we some all out "Renagades"  
To the end of days, put the scare away  
Who better than D12? That's a sin to say  
Can you follow this? Y'all swallow shit  
Of politics, I like the {?} wrist  
Taste the motherfuckin dust in this laced blunt  
Take the world with me fool nigga like Pacewon  
Ain't none ready slapbox for kicks  
Pack box to spit and smack cops with dick  
This is narcotics and dark knowledge that's symbolic  
Sin sonic demonic and my heart's rotted  
Make plans, on insanity sands  
I'm like damn, too much in me Incredible Man  
And I got a Grammy to chant in enemy land  
I'm bustin off on your block like Yosemite Sam

[Chorus]

[Proof]

Uhh, sittin in here with a blunt and a ice cube  
Plottin with Satan, to snatch guys light fuse  
Didn't like school, I never liked you  
I'm burnin Bibles while I'm sniffin on this white glue  
Fight, dudes, blacks to white fools  
Then act cocky, I'm Rocky, shit I might lose  
What I got it I'm bout it bout it, about it  
Lonely in life or see Christ without it  
Victory is meant to be  
Where my father has been has been a mystery  
But I don't give a fuck, I'ma live it up  
Gettin drunk, get in clubs and I'm sellin off prescription  
drugs  
And I miss you Bugz! I'm almost steady now  
Proof is here, the world ain't ready now  
If you gay you gay, you straight you straight  
You violate today in the mistake you make, hey  
Are you swallowin? Hey lil' finger pop  
Don't need a greasy college to see you drop  
Proof the king of bars hit the pretty coffin  
I'm like a sucker punch (why?) Cause I ain't seen it  
often  
Genius artist, so retarded  
Broken hearted, my soul's like a open target  
And I'm ready to leave Earth

You step to my death next year on my T-shirt

[Chorus]

[King Gordy]

That Derty Harry, well well

King Gordy, well well

Dirty Dozen, WELL well

Fat Killer, Fat Killer!

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