

## Proof

### "72nd & Central ft. Obie Trice & J-Hill"

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Mr. Lennon, Mr. Lennon!  
John, John, could, could I get your autograph?  
Could I get your autograph? (Sure kid)  
Oh, yeah yeah yeah, just  
Could you sign this for me please? (Sure, what's your name?)  
Thanks thanks, I'm a real big fan, thanks thanks (Here you are)  
Thanks a lot!

[Intro - J-Hill]  
Word [gunshots] uhh  
Could do that, hot as hell though  
Yo.. yo, what, uhh.. what  
Bella hop to this, what, uhh, uhh  
Set it down dawg, what...

[ J-Hill ]  
(One by one) Rule one up in this bitch for real  
Roll wit a couple niggaz, like Dave Seville  
Cause they-a, clean you out, like a golden seal  
Put ya hands up, gimme ya scrill nigga

[ Obie Trice ]  
(Two by two) Ya bucket is clean, you ride mean  
Pull up at the light on them Sprees (Proof: Gimme that!)  
School craft wanna jingle ya keys  
Whatchu bout to do, bleed (3-1-3)

[ Proof ]  
Y'all don't run the streets, the streets run you  
Put a gun to ya kids, Art of War, Sun Tzu  
In the jungle, stay humble, stumble and fumble  
Til death inside'll rumble (Four by four)

[ J-Hill ]  
Rule four, better get this down  
Before niggaz go beef, better have that four pound  
And bust like four rounds, kick the door down  
Get yo ass up outta town, nigga (Five by five)

[ Obie Trice ]

Niggaz connive, I thought you know it  
Ya main man setting up, nigga ya blew it  
Told him what you doing, nigga, ya ruined  
You ain't knowing (6-6-6)

[ Proof ]

The Devil's ya man, the ghetto's ya land  
When you got not, to blot, turned yellow and ran  
When you got sugar, why settle for sand  
Never snitch when you clip, and put yo medal's in cans

[ J-Hill ]

(Seven by seven) Rule seven, kinda where my heart at  
You want beef in the street, don't start that  
Cause we will have some niggaz, up in yo' apartment  
Jumping outta places, where it's real dark at

[ Obie Trice ]

(Eight by eight) Ya carrying weight, hey, but wait  
A lot of hongry niggaz, know where you stay  
Address ya address, change ya place  
Before ya spray nigga (Nine by nine)

[ Proof ]

I learned a lot from stank, if you got bank  
Fuck buying Gat's bitch, get a tank  
Fuck a fire arm, get a wire bomb  
Cause when you blow yourself up, at least you dying  
warm (\*explosion\*)

[ Chorus ]

[Proof] Ten reasons, nine glocks, eight shots  
[Proof] Seven cops, six drop on five blocks (J-Hill: Fo'  
sho'!)  
[Proof] Three cousins, two hot, one law, family  
[Proof] We putting no man befo', ten jewels, now tell  
'em  
[J-Hill] It's one purpose, one goal, two halves  
[J-Hill] Get it hold, three niggaz, one soul (Proof: Fo'  
sho'!)  
[J-Hill] Five ways, six days, seven plus  
[J-Hill] AK we could let the nine spray (Proof: Ten  
jewels)

[ Proof ]

(Nine by nine) Oh I'm not real, 'cause I pop pills  
Bring ya BLOCK, to my BLOCK, nigga get ya whole  
block killed  
Don't let the "Purple Pill", shit confuse you  
When outta my head, a life'll lose you nigga

[ Obie Trice ]

(Eight by eight) You lay at ya weight, you was played  
Slug struck ya Escalade, ya brain  
Rest on what Motor City paved  
No more sunny days (Seven by seven)

[ J-Hill ]

Rule seven, somethin you better tell 'em  
Good coke, good weed, y'all better sell 'em  
Cause they'll put something up in ya cerebellum  
Proof you better tell 'em (Six by six)

[ Proof ]

Assume it's only for conversation  
Let's conversate, simple nigga the .38 and  
Dip, mono set trip, empty out the clip  
Hold up! A .38 ain't got clips (Five by five)

[ Obie Trice ]

Niggaz be live, before they die  
Until they test the wrong animal, then they spirit fly  
Just know the game, why you playing the tough guy  
That's yo' life (Four by four)

[ J-Hill ]

For all you niggaz, think this rap shit's a joke  
You get smacked and choked, bring the dagger and  
cloak  
I put my fucking heart into this shit that I wrote  
You motherfuckers on some dope (Three by three)

[ Proof ]

Watch who near you, focus on ya rearview  
Outta life, yo the trife wanna clear you  
Don't get caught on E, and fought on streets  
Be a victim of "Grand Theft Auto 3" (Two by two)

[ Obie Trice ]

Trust no one, when ya getting 'em  
Put ya life in perspective, ya killing 'em  
Envious niggaz, stay jealousy driven  
Niggaz need to be listening (One by one)

[ J-Hill ]

It's one reason, why I still let you breath  
It's one reason, why the fucking Tech won't squeeze  
It's one reason, why you ain't 'Gone' like 'N'Sync'  
That's cause it's one other nigga that'll do it for me

[ Chorus ]

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