

## **Proof** **"Anywhere"**

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### **"Anywhere"**

Singular in the mind, I'm who you would construction  
Amaze it in vocab, unique good production  
Pilots, now it's revenger for real one  
One in the million drastic with verbal nastics  
radical back you go and askin what you rappin fo  
Inferity since you relieve factually that you wack to me  
Why you strive to be the best out them all  
I cut your thigh off down to your toe  
You still wanna flow now come on use your head  
How you gon kick it with only one leg?  
I reckon that all bad MC's didn't have the reas  
I turn your juice to peoples and to dead batteries  
Elementz the four energies to sink your ship  
Put a brain up in your anus and you still couldn't think  
of shit  
Smart ass, your wack lines ain't harmin me  
I provoke you joke ass rappers to stand up and make  
comedy  
Test the midwest and who's steppin up  
Rippin off your ears won't make you def enough  
The best of like vestor, the referee can't see the  
pressure  
Here comes the loony ass professor  
Chill nigga, naw it's me nigga  
Best to ask Tommy  
Cause he'll figure... it  
Just don't pay to be bad  
So grab your pen and pad  
And jet back to the fuckin lab

### *[Chorus]*

Whos that the battle king  
take 'em to the battle scene  
watch the rappers scream..  
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now Whos that the battle king  
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You wanna battle, what? That puts me in a better mood  
So now I won't stop like a bus driver with an attitude  
Walk a slick trail watch me out boxin you swarm  
But that ain't hittin like an armless boxer  
You have no technique off course they sleep  
You can rhyme all day ask six quarters an admit your  
weak

Rhyme for rhyme you can bet ya  
That ain't a damn line predictable  
call the psychic network  
I'm out to foldin now I told you crystal clear  
Guillettine style, parralel to Wolverine  
I've seen pain, check my brain  
Exclusive, too abusive, comin from the west coast  
Don't make that ass ruthless  
You can hang but ya hung  
That shit you said was fake  
A bootlegger must got your tongue  
Here's to tell you wannabes who tryna rap  
"Yo Proof man you're incredible"  
No I'm better than that  
Practice the tactics  
That's a bad thing  
So now you's a fake bitch like a drag-queen  
Weak cats who dream Gedini and trickle Houdini  
The problems in your god complex check your colbelini  
Scope this, these wack niggaz can't get with me  
Take a hard MC make him yellow like Kid Capri  
Shit we was your top notch  
And don't need to brag about the past now we out to  
prof box  
Like Stephen King with the butcher knife I stab your  
story  
And now you bitch ass niggaz runnin back to the  
laboratory

*[Chorus]*

Remember that *[echos]*  
Wuch you know about weak emcees huh?  
Wuch you know about crackers and cheese  
Mk  
Strait for the 9 izzle  
izzo, I'm izzi... without a doubt

