

## Proof "Biboa's Theme"

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[Proof]

La-la la-la la-la la-la, pretend to sharrrrre..  
Da, da-da, ain't nothin, by D-Twelllllve..

Weed no seeds, last year Cannabis Cup  
A druggie that mind hasn't been damaged enough  
With danglin nuts I lust for angels to fuck  
My cannon is tucked, move fast I panic and bust  
Brain burnt out like a mechanical clutch  
I'm too schizophrenic to touch  
A scandalous bunch don't gamble with trust  
Scammin for bucks, pink candy deluxe out mishandlin  
sluts  
After a show bring all my fans on the bus  
Next city, leave 'em dizzy, stranded and stuck  
Hangin in clubs like blacks in slavery  
Gats we aim and squeeze at acts of bravery  
Maybe speakers {?} bouncin off of Shady Lee {?} }  
Can barely add, but still got A.D.D. (what I say?)  
Work the do', make 'em play for keeps  
I ain't gotta say shit 'til the A.K. shall speak

[Chorus: Proof]

To whom it may concern, this planet is fucked  
Life had been hard so far, I just manage to bluff  
Scandal and drugs got my hands in some cuffs  
Man it's been rough, but shit I don't plan to give up, uhh

[Proof]

Speakin at AA meetings while intoxicated  
Trainin a arm-less fighter to box in Vegas  
Plot with haters, they kill me on my block for later  
Havin free phone sex with operators  
Next Grammy's your man P is rockin Gators  
Leavin full with rabbit ears, I'm a pocket raider  
Every block invaders, all cops is traitors  
Any hood thief hands get burnt like hot potatoes  
The hardest mayor that boycott garbage sayers  
Thinkin outside the box like Harvard Squares  
Wild like Ben Wallace hair  
Hate the niggaz that ain't spitters blow up off market  
favors (you!)

So from now on I'm startin terror  
Aiyyo God, here I come, tell 2Pac to wait up

[Chorus]

[Proof]

Got young famous that handle any further glory  
Fix my son a lunch for school so he'll murder for me  
Readin 'Pac and Pun tags up in pergatory  
Waitin to get in heaven or "Grimey," that's word to  
Nore  
Anything you heard before me  
Hah, it's simple like a street life suburban story  
Turn my poor peeps into murkers for beef  
Who the fuck is Jerry? I'm searchin for weed  
And why did God make all these worthless MC's?  
Still tryin to find out for what purpose they breathe  
My pops hit the weed and then he birthed a new breed  
I hit bad bitches raw cause it's worth the disease  
Hate the Ku Klux Klan, they abuse curtains and sheets  
And I need 'em at home, but that's a personal peeve  
The (Pills) is still (Purple) indeed  
And I'm screamin loud as hell "Fuck the Earth" when I  
leave

[Chorus]

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