

Proof

"No. T. Lose ft. King Gordy"

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[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 - Verse 1]

My mind is broke, too many lines of coke
Open mind for beefing, no reason, now I'ma choke
Time to quote something you've never heard
Pour my heart when I talk and spit it with every word
We ain't playing no more, saying no more
No gangs to war, move the ground when we came for
yours
In a four-double, Billboard trouble
This industry ain't ready for more rebels
Kill at will, with the will to kill
Keep it real with steel, these pills'll feel
Proof for popping, they used to jogging
To take out your block was my future calling
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 nothing
Loot-style, I'll make 'em all move something
Clap the mag up, back the gas up
Leave 'em scapped and smashed up, then wrapped in
plastic
Ask the hood, this a 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
- Ohhh nothin' to lose
He got no shame in his game about the stuff that he do
- Ohhh 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 - Verse 2]

Hit the metal with devilistic tongues, is fun
For the ghetto kids that misfit dumb
Along with red and yellow biscuits to munch
This day before you was never meant to come
Forever rich and dumb, brought out anyway
You heard Slim, we all out Renegades
To the end of days, blow your skin away
Who better than D12? That's a sin to say
Can you follow this? Y'all swallow shit
Of politics, I'll lack the tolerance
Take the motherfucking dust from this laced blunt
Take The World With Me, fool, nigga like Pacewon
Ain't none ready, slap, box 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 hearts rotted
Make plans on insanity sands
I'm like "Damn", too much in me Incredible Man
And I got a gram in each hand in enemy land
I'm bustin' off on your block, like Yosemite Sam

(Chorus)

[Proof - Verse 3]

Ugh, sittin' in Hell with a blunt and ice cube
Plottin' with Satan to snatch God's light view
Didn't like school, I never liked you
I'm burning Bible's while I'm sniffing on this white glue
Fight dudes, black to white fools
Then act cocky, I'm Rocky, shit I might lose
But I doubt it, I'm 'bout it, 'bout it, about it
Loan me your life, or see Christ without it
Victory, is meant to be
Where my father has been, it's been a mystery
But I don't give a fuck, I'ma live it up
Getting drunk, hitting clubs, and I'm selling off
prescription drugs
And I miss you Bugz, hold steady now
Proof is here, the world ain't ready now
If you gay, you gay, you straight, you straight
You violate today, another mistake you make, HEY
Are you swallowin'? Hey, lil' thing I'm poppin'
Don't need a greasy college to see you droppin'
Proof the king of bosses, so bring your coffin
I'm like a sucka punch, "Why?", 'Cause i ain't seen it
often
Genious artists, 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 - Outro]

Got Derty Harry, well well

King Gordy, well well

Dirty Dozen, WELL WELL

FAT KILLAHZ, FAT KILLAHZ

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