

Proof

"Oil Can Harry"

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[Intro:]

Dirty Harry is dead [x4]

I'm here to announce that Dirty Harry is dead

Now witness the grudge from his son, Oil Can Harry,
the Boss, hahaha

[Proof:]

My life is trapped in these lines, that's why I'm packin'
these nines

I gotta rap I ain't dyin', that's in the back on my mind

Got a strap made of iron, can't relax on this grind

Bendin' over backwards for these slackers til I'm

snappin' my spine

Naturally, I gotta focus

On these bogus poachers, lookin' over my shoulder,

Proof get it poppin' like shoulder

Hold up

[Eminem:] (We nothin' but soldiers)

Slow up

[Eminem:] (This gun is loaded)

Roll up

[Eminem:] (They beef and we leavin' 'em coked up)

If Slim say it I spray it, if he will it I kill it

We kill packs to get iller Detroit, y'all can feel it

Got this gun on my wasteline, and woah we don't waste
time

Ja, man he can't take a punch and 50 can take nine

We got School Craft here at the 7, 8, and text her

I'm up in Holly, spendin' dollas, ain't feelin' no pressure

Yes sir, your texture is bitch, betcha ya flinch

When Proof shoot up they coup, and waste your whole
clique

Fuck it who's next on this shit, this is prefrence to bitch

When you preface to stiffen slugs has atcha wit

You'll be next to BIG, Pac is destiny kid

Before ya lick, ya pop, stop testin' me bitch

[chorus:]

Homie you think you tough (what)

Think we won't fuck you up (punk)

Even the innocent get pistol-whipped by this pistol grip

(punk)
Talkin' shit you drunk (what)
Think I won't fuck you up (punk)
We both deep, I ain't scared and I don't give a fuck
(jump)

[Proof:]

I ain't feel no games, homie don't even try
We ain't bowin' down to no one we gon' start a riot
(yeah)
Heart of fire, soul of ice, roll the dice, see what you get
No advice, all my life I ain't live in this bitch
I'm a man, more I'm holdin' my ground
To loadin' these rounds, at any call approachin' my
ground (blah)
I'm a kid but grimey, nothin' but killas
And behind me, I'm a bully fully cuz your team is tiny
If I was to crush 'em, got to say these Bibles are nothin'
This rifle on clutches to leave you stifled on crutches
I fight for my cousins that ain't even related
Even I stated, not from life I leave you bleedin' and
faded
Hatin' made in my nature, I'm clappin' and clackin' your
captain
Smackin' faggots and act as a rapper with platinum
status, ya livin' flappin' 'em slappin' 'em backwards
After these rappers' status
To shadders, knowin' Proof and that Mathers has
gathered an army
It's Shady bandatas
After rest the game is won, who in the matters get
blamed fast with brain damage
The name that some forgot, D12, it ain't hard to feel,
guard ya grill, it's REAL!

[Chorus:]

Homie you think you tough (what)
Think we won't fuck you up (punk)
Even the innocent get pistol-whipped by this pistol grip
(punk)
Talkin' shit you drunk (what)
Think I won't fuck you up (punk)
We both deep, I ain't scared and I don't give a fuck
(jump)

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