

Proof

"Sammy Da Bull ft. Nate Dogg & Swift"

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[Hook- Nate Dogg]

All these niggaz talkin' bout what they gon' kill
Heard you caught a misdemeanor then I heard you
squeal
Holdin' hands with the D.A. while you made your deal
3000 miles away and I can hear you still
Half these niggaz snitchin' yo and that's for real
I know its hard to swallow that's a big ol' pill
If I catch you mothafuckas, you gon' catch some steel
I know it might sound crazy, that's the way I feel

[Verse 1- Proof]

Trace this to it's basis, no movie script
No yay, no pounds, no uzi clips
Not a car, no bling, no booze you bitch
You got all of these rappers sayin' they moving bricks
They whole clique switch with boob and tits
If you're truly bitch then they usually snitch
In a round about way, I say my toolies spit
But if it come to coppin' a plea, it include the fifth
The mood is flipped, 'cause spirits need a diaphragm
Gangsta rappers with murderer for hired hands
Police and Riot vans callin' us pirate clans
Government guided hands with private plans
To damage the game its a shame they don't survive
the scam
Cause we high off liquor, bitches with Vicodin
Yell out we gon' strike again, so trifling
Got kids idoling the vests and rifling (look Ma!)
While you make a fake life with pens
Glorify the hood but never a bible hymn
And as the streets keep tyin' in
Until the feds indict the fans just for buying it
Where's the violin?

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[Verse 2- Swifty McVay]

I knew the guy that told a guy that I'm the guy that gave
the guy a half a P
Now the police is after me, askin' me questions, tellin'
me shit you only knew
Pulled up on me out the blue, all this shit because of
you
Why you do somethin' cruel bitch? Snitchin' like Sammy
Bull
Now you're life's fucked up and I'm announcin' you
responsible
And I'ma cut the fuck up and what you gon' do is sit
your ass there
So what ain't nothin' fair when a nigga like you get
carried away without ya lips
And they wonderin' why Swifty McVay be killin' shit
(Ahhh)
I drop you off and get lost, come back the same day
With your tongue cut off, nigga its cursed anyway
You're the one who can't count, so give my G's up
(straight up)
And when it come to shootin', you the one who freeze
up
That's why your broke ass can swallow these nuts
And folks ass tryna follow everything that reads up
On the reports you made, I will escort you to your grave
Tryna see me behind bars so you can get paid
That's negative, you threaten my life I can't let you live
Then you think that it'll catch up to your mama and your
kids snitch (Ahhh)

[Hook- Nate Dogg]

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[Verse 3- Proof]

If you hittin' for slugs that blazed by killas
Now the game ain't changed, these niggas out here
praisin' squealers

Go Proof, my behaviors iller when tellin' the truth
Expunge my gun nigga like any paid felon would do
My spokin' is well in the truth, you inhalin' the proof
From the block to the jello, the booth
Bad boy image shall illuminate in silence
Gangsta, one that communicates through violence
(Proof!)
Not through yappin' or hostile rappin'
Up on TV, vest up and glocks go flashin'
Its all actin', ya'll just don't see the director behind the
camera
That yells out action! (Take one!)
Blowin' off the door hands to avoid the orbits
Why the masses have supported recorded
performance
There's enormous shortage of poor kids with new deals
They will become distorted and tortured
And I ain't losin' like Pac, there's rules on my block
I'm from Detroit bitch it ain't cool to be shot

[Interlude]
[Gunshots]
Is he still alive?
Yea yea I think so
All right great, let's sign him

[Hook- Nate Dogg]
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[Outro: Proof]
Heh, ayyo dig this
If you tell the masses, you tell the cops
But if that street yappin made you famous, then you a
star
Star: Hey, write down 'Star'
Write down 'Star' on a piece of paper
Hold it up in front of you, right in the mirror
Put it in the mirror
Hold it up in front of you, and that's YOU
We don't like you (laughs)
Holla at me, fix it faggots..

