

Mayalino

"I'm The Proof"

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WeÂ're gonna get it, cook it, then sell it
I done been to prison, I ainÂ't scared to go to prison
If I die tonight, homie send the kilograms to heaven
I done prayed for this life a million times my nigga
All this drug money canÂ't free my nigga
We killed for it when they killed my nigga
Grandma praying for me, auntsie praying for me
Grandpa watching me, greg gets too
Mark and rob rhyme too, man I miss yÂ'all too
I donÂ't rubber band a stack man I rubber band 2
20 more bundles bout a frank millie too
Plenty more bundles bout the frank millie 2
Brown baggin in the ashton, feds on our ass
Man IÂ'm tryina spend the paper before they endite me
If we go into courtroom you know IÂ'm getting life man
Fuck these hoes man they ainÂ't gonn write me
All yÂ'all lying man, yÂ'all ainÂ't gonn write me
You know IÂ'm an earner, itÂ's 3 in the morning
And IÂ'm still gonn serve em
Black ruger on me just in case I gotta murder
Hit man money just in case I gotta murder
Sneaker game murder, Â...came murder
You know IÂ'm going harder,
They found the cure but IÂ'm still wearing the condom
2 baby mamas I donÂ't want em more drama
I made 99 bands I ainÂ't got one problem
And I ainÂ't taped up yet, tell em IÂ'ma stood in up this
coke life subject
Homie I progress, look at my whole dress
Swayin red bottoms got an ass sucking more dick
Count that money bitch get a baby motion
See me in the hood, means IÂ'm picking up more
checks
Homie lost the work man nigga thatÂ's your dick
Cut her off the set then leave it on the door step
I know where IÂ'm going, I donÂ't need a fucking
compass
I donÂ't got tints but the phantom got curtains
Coke money, got these bad hoes twerking
Coke money, got these jack boys lurking
Coke money, got the feds recordin

Coke money, buy me brand new jordans
I ain't worry no bullshit jump man
I've been balling since the motherfucking jump man
I keep the shooter just in case they wanna jump me
I remember jummin on the bright lights
Now I'm the king of the nightlife
Bet a half a mill I don't fight tonight
You can see the stamps for the right price
I'm addicted to this life on some real shit
I don't eat with the niggas I don't starve with
I don't smile with the bitches that I chill with
Just don be the motherfucking snake rim
Blood bath be that motherfucking crack shit
Feregamo belt buckle on the snakes skin
This can't be life that I'm stuck in
Cause all the brand new faces I don't know them
And all the brand new faces I don't trust them
More money, more problems, that's truth
More money, more problems, I'm the proof
More money, more problems, that's truth
More money, more problems, I'm the proof

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