

## The Group Home "Livin' Proof"

Visit "[Livin' Proof](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

My life story strictly business never blew my chance  
Moms kicked me out the house when I was flippin "I'm  
the Man"  
Put the boys on the street, make them walk this beat  
Teach them how to eat, and to seek for peace  
Son I stamped this name Livin' Proof cause I mean what  
I say  
Bring the fake to reality and make them pay  
Yo these ghetto rhyme stories got em scared to death  
I'm tryin to get the fuck out, see what the world's about  
Check it nineteen-eighty-six is when I reached my peak  
Take my brothers outta state and tried to make some  
ends meet  
First destinate your sector then it's just like that  
Makin moves with my brothers and there's no turnin  
back  
We got thirty-six grams on the scale right now  
Gettin ready with my brothers time to break the shit  
down  
I'm not about killin my people but you know how it go  
Work with me not against me and we'll make mad  
dough  
Wear my co-defendant out when I break down with rap  
Hold me back and give me love and now I'm givin it  
back  
A unique sound from the streets and it's just so sweet  
My Livin' Proof life story, let me break it in piece

Yo I rock on the block with the real hip-hop  
As you start to clock... and jock  
Yo, I'm comin off with mad rage  
Eighteen, and hittin the real stage  
But don't worry bout me, cause I'm makin it  
And if I can't have it, then I'm takin it  
That's how it is, cause I'm livin trife  
Where's my knife, take a chance witcha life  
Rappers decapitate, and disintegrate  
You I will mutilate, when I penetrate  
Go for the one when I say raid  
A hit man for hire and I wanna get paid  
Cause bullets are sprayed and anybody is laid  
More money is made and that's the family trade

See I make moves and tell what's the truth  
That's why I'm here, to be livin' proof

Chorus:

"Leave it up to me while I be livin' proof"  
"Life as a shorty shouldn't be so rough" --> Inspectah  
Deck  
(both lines from C.R.E.A.M.)  
(cut and scratched by DJ Premier 4X)

I'm lost, must pay the cost to be the boss  
With force, rather get my point across  
I'm goin' off on the mic insane, out of sight  
When I take flight (like who kid?) Like Mike  
And you see, I be rollin' like a battlecat  
And I'm ready to rip on my combat  
Beef I'm not havin' that yo, I pull my trigger back  
And all you pussy niggaz know where my heart is at  
I like to stay down low but yo I flip at times  
Like when I'm kickin' lines, or bustin' out nines  
It's like that, shit I jumped off the roof  
Pysch, cause I wouldn't be livin' proof

"Kick the truth, to the young black youth" --> Inspectah  
Deck

The moral of the story - what the fuck's goin' on?  
NYCeez won't see two thousand if these niggaz keep  
frontin  
I used to hustle on the block, now I rock for papes  
Watch out, the world turn, and I will come back  
Relievin' stress off my brain I got the la-la for that  
Breakin' down all subjects, and then all facts  
Lettin' lose everyday, but still, keepin' it fat  
Bust it niggaz keep on frontin in this game aight?  
Scared to death ass rappers don't get no props  
Scared to come to the ghetto talk about bustin' shots  
See I can walk around the ghetto stand in peace and at  
ease  
Get my ghetto crowd open yo you know what I mean  
Indeed, see what I see and then you know what I mean  
Gettin' ready for the future so don't fuck with me  
My livin' proof life story niggaz I kill it with ease...

Chorus + "to kick the truth, to the young black youth"

Visit [The Group Home](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.