

# Proof, 72nd & Central

Mr. Lennon, Mr. Lennon!

John John, could, could I get your autograph?

Could I get your autograph? (Sure kid)

Oh, yeah yeah yeah, just

Could you sign this for me please? (Sure, what's your name?)

Thanks thanks, I'm a real big fan, thanks thanks

(Here you are) Thanks a lot!

(Intro: J-Hill)

Word (gunshots) uhh

Could do that, hot as hell though

Yo.. yo, what, uhh.. what

Bella {?} hop to this, what, uhh, uhh

Set it down dawg, what..

(J-Hill)

(ONE, BY, ONE) Rule one up in this bitch for real

Roll with a couple niggaz like Dave SeVille

Cause they'll, uh - clean you out like some golden seals

Put your hands up, give me yo' scrill nigga, uhh

(Obie Trice)

(TWO, BY, TWO) Your bucket is clean, you ridin mean

Pull up at the light on them Spree's (gimme that!)

School Craft wanna jingle your keys

Whatchu 'bout to do? Bleed!

(Proof)

(3, 1, 3) Y'all don't run the streets, the streets run you

Put a gun to your kids, "Art of War" Sun-Tzu

In the jungle stay humble or stumble and fumble

'til death inside a rumble

(J-Hill)

(FOUR, BY, FOUR) Rule four better get this down

Before niggaz gon' beef better have that four-pound (uhh)

And bust like four rounds, kick the door down

Get yo' ass up outta town nigga, uhh, uhh

(Obie Trice)

(FIVE, BY, FIVE) Niggaz connive, I thought you knew it

Your main man's settin you up nigga you blew it

Told him what you doin, nigga, you're ruined

You ain't knowin?

(Proof)

(6, 6, 6) The Devil's your man, the ghetto's your land

When you got knocked yo' block turned yellow and ran

When you got sugar, why settle for sand?

Never snitch when you clip and put your melons in cans

(J-Hill)

(SEVEN, BY, SEVEN) Rule seven kinda where my heart at

You want beef in the street? Don't start that

Cause we'll have some niggaz up in yo' apartment

Jumpin outta places where it's real dark at, uhh

(Obie Trice)

(EIGHT, BY, EIGHT) You're carryin weight, hey, but wait

A lot of hungry niggaz know where you stay

Address your address, change your place

before you spray nigga

(Proof)

(NINE, BY, NINE) I learned a lot from stank if you got bank

F\*\*k buyin gats bitch, get a tank

F\*\*k a firearm, get a wired bomb

Cause when you blow yourself up at least you dyin warm (explosion)

Ten jewels

(Chorus: Proof, J-Hill)

Ten reasons, nine glocks, eight shots

Seven cops, six drop on five blocks (FOUR/FOR SHO'!)

Three cousins, two/too hot, one law, family

We put no man befo', ten jewels now tell 'em

It's one purpose, one goal, two halves

Get a whole, three niggaz, one song (FOUR/FOR SHO!)

Five ways, six days, seven plus

Eight/A.K., we can let the nine spray y'all

(Proof)

(NINE, BY, NINE) Oh I'm not real cause I pop pills?

Bring your block to my block nigga get your whole block killed

Don't let the "Purple Pills" shit confuse you

One outta my hand, the life'll lose you nigga

(Obie Trice)

(EIGHT, BY, EIGHT) You lay at your wake

You was played, slugs struck the Escalade

Your brain rest on what Motor City paved

No more sunny days

(J-Hill)

(SEVEN, BY, SEVEN) Rule seven, some'in you better tell 'em

Good coke, good weed, y'all better sell 'em

Cause they'll put some'in up into your cerebellum

Proof, you better tell 'em

(Proof)

(SIX, BY, SIX) Assume it's only for conversation

Let's conversate, simple nigga the .38 indiff'

Mine'll set trip, empty out the clip

Hold up, a .38 ain't got clips

(Obie Trice)

(FIVE, BY, FIVE) Niggaz be live before they die

'til the test the wrong animal then they spirit fly

Just know the game while you playin the tough guy

That's yo' life

(J-Hill)

(FOUR, BY, FOUR) For all you niggaz think this rap shit's a joke

You get smacked and choked, bring the dagger and cloak

I put my f\*\*kin heart into this shit that I wrote

You muh'f\*\*kers on some dope?

(Proof)

(THREE, BY, THREE) Watch who near you, focus on your rearview

Outta life, yo the trife wanna clear you

Don't get caught on E and fought on streets

Be a victim of "Grand Theft Auto 3"

(Obie Trice)

(TWO, BY, TWO) Trust no one when you're gettin them

Put your life in perspective, you're killin 'em

Envious niggaz stay jealousy driven

Niggaz need to be listenin

(J-Hill)

(ONE, BY, ONE) It's one reason why I still let you breathe

It's one reason why the f\*\*kin tec won't squeeze

It's one reason why you ain't go out like N\*Sync

That's cause it's one other nigga that'll do it for me, yo

(Chorus)

(Proof) Ten jewels...