

# Proof, Black Wrist Bro's

"Now, we must all fear, evil men  
But there is another kind of evil, which we must fear most  
And that is, the indifference, of good, men!"

(Proof)

Aiyyo duty, it's all about us, you hear me?  
I'm only callin on us, now fear P'll die dumb  
Lie none 'til my dawg lies the gun for my dawg  
Have a nigga family run to the morgue  
Gotta ID the body, for tryna touch mine  
On some Bad Boy, Puffy shit, f\*\*k Shyne  
F\*\*k fame, you hear me? Don't try to touch my co-D  
My roll D, protected like my O.G.'s

(1st Born)

So never say never, well forever dawg I'm rock witchu  
Watch you hatin, contemplatin, waitin to take a shot at you  
It's just me and you plus pistols duty cause niggaz talkin  
Least when we speakin same dudes that felt the heat, stiff in chalk  
We put it down on the block, these niggaz flagrant  
Makin statements indictin extra cases, needin an early placement  
First and firm, never duckin and aim  
Forever co-defendants Iron Fist, I'll fist out some serious pain

(Proof)

It's easy to be the coldest in life  
But can you write your heart in a rhyme and spit your soul in the mic?  
The streets talkin a weak fall  
They currently devour the soft but they never eat dawgs  
Whether few others, two brothers and two mothers  
In a blaze of a light, I bet it's two of us  
Don't try to do some slick shit and die without it  
Cause I bet it on your life you gon' die without it

(1st Born)

Peep how I pound that ass and finger-f\*\*k her  
Blazin Cools and market booze, the tools even single suckas  
Black Wrist, Iron Fist all day

The S.K. spray, make niggaz move like "RAY!"  
For the fat funny guy, I jerk 'em like Jackie Gleason  
Leave 'em standin indecent, wheezin needin a breathin treatment  
In the middle of murk season, I flirt like a church deacon with death  
or at least until my last breath

(Chorus: Proof)

(gun cocks) My dawg is me and you  
To them tats on our right wrist we both bein true  
Yo' needs is my needs, my seeds is yo' seeds  
One hurt and we both bleed  
We gon' ride 'til them wheels fall off  
Or God wanna kill us off {\*blam\*}  
I don't duck when you pop that gat  
Don't ever doubt that you got my back

(1st Born)

We put our life stories in a song, boast how we pop nines  
It's the truth duke and more than just a hot line  
I got mine minus yours cause you hate it and squeeze  
My niggaz down on they luck, y'all niggaz down on y'all knees  
Holla at him, you holla at me  
I'm down for whatever forever, however it gotta be  
In the clubs or the streets, once these thugs feel this heat

Bats, snubs or the beef, with the love of the D

(Proof)

You want trouble with P then that's trouble with 1st  
We carry weight on our back that's doubled this Earth  
You know where we at, in the struggle to search  
Come thug on my turf, leave your blood in this dirt  
With the pride of your manhood I paved the bricks  
Livin life like a movie, it's a gangsta script  
With my duty my co-star, been in two so far  
Two hearts like rice with no R

(Chorus - 2X)