

# Proof

Don Trip

I'm just trying to make my music and fuck hoes in my Jacuzzi  
But I hear niggas talking foolish  
Got that 30 round on me partner, please don't make me prove it

That money make me obnoxious  
Self centered, intolerable  
If I can't make no dollars off you, bitch I don't even wanna talk to you  
Fuck your feelings, fuck your point of view  
I couldn't care less about what you're going through  
Real recognize real  
And I'm not so sure of you biiiitch  
Fuck you what from me?  
I am not handing out charity  
Gold diggers wanna marry me  
Someone tell them hoes to seek therapy  
I got enough stress  
I got money from that fucked up deal that I still ain't touch yet  
It's me, myself, and I  
You think we give a fuck if that makes you upset?  
Truthfully, no truthfully  
What else could you do to me  
I watched Momma pawn all of her jewelry, just so she can buy food to eat  
You know who wins if it's you or me  
I ain't half the Sane as I use to be  
You damn right I been losing Sleep  
I been on a three year losing streak  
But I ain't lost a step  
I was in too deep, than I caught my Breath  
They say that experience is the best teacher, in that case, I guess I taught  
myself  
Burner on my, no that ain't nothing new  
Same nigga from last year  
The truth is I couldn't change even if I was a Cashier

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I say please don't make me prove, please don't make me prove it  
If I pull that Son bitch out, then that means I gotta use it  
I say please don't make me prove, please don't make me proof it  
If I pull that Son bitch out, then that means I gotta use it

I say fuck whoever don't Rock With me  
Nigga your opinion is so obsolete  
I put a price on your thinking Cap and then all my Goons go on a shopping spree  
I ain't making no Twitter rants, I'm too motherfucking sitting phat  
I got too much dough to be desperate and not enough to be kicking back  
It go red bitch, brown bitch, Mix-N-Match  
I fuck 'em but I never Deal with them  
I'm a dog ass nigga but they still dig me  
I get more pussy than kitty litter  
I wake up and see Billboards, that means I see the bigger picture  
I'm 'bout my Cut like a surgeon's scalpel or a razor blade and a pair of scissors biiiitch  
I'm all I got and I got no complaints

Pistol full of prayers and my heart filled with Novacane  
Dollar after dollar trying to reach my quota  
That's why I wake up to grind like a cup of Folgers

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