

Bring It 2 Me

Proof

I hear the [?] in your tone, see the fakeness in your eyes
You ain't never flipped a zone, let alone touched a pie
I'm real a hundred percent, the hustler's in me
Got o's for a dollar, two for one fifty
I handle beef like a basketball
Cross over the heat and slam dunk when your casket fall
I'll show up at your front do' with a fo' fo'
And let fo' go and leave you ass in a figure fo'
Snatch you Figaro it never pays to stunt
Niggas searching for your head like a Easter hunt
Fake faggots who front get burnt 'til they ass learned
Put 24 on your chest like Jamal Mashburn

I dismantle a mic, the animal tight with mechanical mic
I'll punch the Earth and make the planet lose life
Granted the rights, my band is a trife, one handing the knife
O.J.? No, I'm a sick man in the night
And I'm planning to strike Santa and wife
Rob 'em a gift, leave 'em stranded with Phife (Dawg)
I'm hard but she'll lay with the Glock
How you want it homie? Like Biggie or 'Pac?
Don't scrap with me, niggas seen what I did to your pops
Most of y'all be acting bitch like Vivica Fox, I Kill Bill
You can ask 'em how the steal feel, shit I'm real ill
And still trying to OD off this chill pill

If you think this a diss then maybe this is, go handle you biz' (IRON FIST!)
If you want it with me then bring it to me, so we can all see (IRON FIST!)

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I'll break your bones and flesh up, nothing to do with Corona Extra
I'm a known molester, zones a special
Leave P roof, we be truth
This I.F. tat' alone'll make your peeps alone (RUN!)
Pull a gat out fatter than a beer gut
And put heat to the side of your face like ear muffs
Clear up your face without Oxyten
My Glocks will send slugs that'll stop your wind
Let loose your oxygen then box with men
Ready for ten rounds after a shot of gin
Who is hot is him? (Killa) Who is hot as them? (P.G.)
No one, this is not pretend

From the land of [?] where niggas plot and dramas real
If you ain't gotta steal, you will get stole
Hot summer day, one of the whole, leaving you slubbing in coke
With you mamma running in the road screaming "LORD NO!"
I don't play boy, so don't talk no shit
Stick to rap, your fake gangsta ass don't pop no clips
You more a bitch than Sisqó and you not that nice
And that little shit you talking make you lose your life
You know I don't respect you, 'cause you very disrespectful
You hungry? Here, take a Techful
Ride on that, nigga while you ride on out
I stick dick to your bitch then she ride your mouth, nigga

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Yo this is Dolo nigga, Griswold and State
Yo I'm tirried of you motherfuckin' friendly ass niggas in the club
Ya' know what I mean
Grabbing niggas hands, wanting to smile all the goddamn time
Ain't no more friends out here man, fuck that man
See me in the club nigga don't even look my way
Nigga I'll holler at you niggas, I'll clap one of y'all
Ya' know what I mean