# Neil Armstrong

**Proof**

Ayo, this motherfucker's taking the fun out of rap
Imma do what I wanna do, fuck it
That don't even count no more, commercialism
To do yourself no more
But fuck it, know what I'm sayin'
Imma do me, ya know I'm sayin'
I don't need the billboards
Nah, not at all
Better watch for me, people gon' find me where I be at
The other one (Derty Harry, Big Proof)

Spit flames, nicknames, Derty Harry
Big fame, twists brains, very scary
Hood nigga, hits better, better than y'all
Run up, get gunned up for your cheddar and all
Rob dealaz, pop kilos, coco flo-your
No broth, throw a ripe hook like Biboa
Butt me, touch me die on the mac
Turn your mike upply, lying on your back
Black jews, tattoos, that attack you
Stand raw
Rob your Grandma at a raffle
She'a lie like hindsight, I want more
Crime write when I rhyme right, it's all raw
Fuck naw, hate pop, gimme my plaque
Bust jaws, wait stop, it's plenty whack
Niggas with cells, so they sell in their cells
Melons are swell
Oh well, I'll see you in Hell
Space Odyssey!

I don't know what you've been told
Cross over, rappers hit me, oh!
My beliefs will never fold
I will not sell my soul

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Hip hop out
Drop out, no school
In fascinations and lacerations, assassinations
Threw, broke two
So cool, D12, we shall bank on y'all
No gold for rappin', man, platinum hang on walls
Ain't no bitch in me
You empty one clip, I empty three
Pop more than MTV
Lay a beat down, without an MPC
Them killaz in ya face, they were sent by me
No sympathy, tell ya kids, in ya face, it was meant to be
Big Proof, spit truth, never a lie
No individual get loose, better than I
Forever we high
Sly, but we never slurrin' my words

Occur in the nerves
I'm high? Fine
Bionic Super-Trooper with stamina
My antennas sense pussy in my parameter
The Janitor
I clean houses, in the meanwhile
(This is Guillotine Style)
Ain't nuttin' but dope in here
Like a fiend's mouth
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Pimpness, bitch, press, stage an' all
Glock fetish, hot-headed, throw a rage and brawl
Like Asian broad, y'all sucky sucky
My skills nocturnal, they super ugly
Y'all are fictional, I spit the real
I'm difficult
The White Sniff Inhale
Thug creature, teacher
Fill you with rap
Send rocks with my palm, nigga
And just mail you a slap
Smack! You won't listen, no joke
Please say that ain't roll 'fore your heart get broke
Shroom music, humour's Chasm's and Proof's
2 minutes and you finished, Mr. God-in-the-Booth
Lies to the youth, and just lies to the use
Fuck the truth, pass the boo
I'm tryna get high with' you
I'll tell anyone before you got the gun n' draw
Y'all kill me cause rap ain't fun no more
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