

Oil Can Harry

Proof

Dirty Harry is dead (2x)

Now witness the grudge from his son, Oil Can Harry

My life is trapped in these lines, that's why I'm packin' these nines
I gotta rap I ain't gone, that's who's back on my mind
Got a strap made of iron, can't relax on this grind
Bendin' over backwards for these slackers til I'm snappin' my spine
Naturally, I gotta focus
On these bogus poachers, lookin' over my shoulder, we'll get it poppin' like
(shoulder?)

Hold up

[Eminem:] (We nothin' but soldiers)

Slow up

[Eminem:] (This gun is loaded)

Roll up

[Eminem:] (They beef and we leavin' 'em coked up)

The Slim say it I spray it, if he willin' I kill it
We kill packs to get iller (?) y'all can feel it
Got this gun on my wasteline, and hope we don't waste time
Ja, man he can't take a punch and 50 can take nine
We got School Craft here at the 7, 8, and text her
I'm up in Holly, spendin' dollas, ain't feelin' no pressure
Yes sir, your texture is bitch, betcha ya flinch
When Proof shoot up they coop, and waste your whole clique
Fuck it who's next on this shit, this is preference to bitch
When you preface to stiffen slugs has atcha wit
You'll be next to BIG, Pac is destiny kid
Before ya lick ya pop, stop testin' me bitch

Homie you think you're tough (what)

Think we won't fuck you up (punk)

Even the innocent get pistol-whipped by this pistol grip (punk)

Talkin' shit you drunk (what)

Think I won't fuck you up (punk)

We both deep, I ain't scared and I don't give a fuck (jump)

I ain't feel no games, homie don't even try

We ain't bowin' down to no one we gon' start a riot (yeah)

Heart of fire, soul of ice, roll the dice, see what you get

No advice, all my life I ain't live in this bitch

I'm a man, more I'm holdin' my ground

To loadin' these rounds, at any call approachin' my ground

I'm a kid but grimey, nothin' but killas

And behind me, I'm a bullet fully cuz your team is tiny

If I was to crush 'em, got to say these Bibles are nothin'

This rifle on clutches to leave you stifled on crutches

I fight for my cousins that ain't even related

Even I stated, not from life I leave you bleedin' and faded

Hatin' made in my nature, I'm clappin' and clackin' your captain

Smackin' faggots and act as a rapper with platinum status, ya livin' flappin'
'em slappin' 'em backwards

After these rappers' status

To shadders, knowin' Proof and the matter is scatterd on all me

It's Shady bandatas

After rest the game is won, who in the matters get blamed fast with brain damage

The name that some forgot, D12, it ain't hard to feel, guard ya grill, it's REAL!

Yeah, Big Proof, Grown Man Shit, shoutout to Mark Hicks, Jimmy Neutron, Mario Skinny Boy Graphics, ya know what I'm sayin'

1st Born, everyone up at Iron Fist, DJ Salam Wreck, let's go