

Runnin' Yo! Mouth

Proof

We in the club motherfucka! (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

If I step in the club and I get a mean mug
Afterwards one of the bouncers trying to stop me catch slugs
You twenty deep? I don't care, that means more get dropped
'Cause the shotgun like yearbooks, give mostly headshots
Don't let them Down South singers get you beat up
I'll let Dolo punch you, you'll have to pick your teeth up (Break it!)
When you see us, you see twenty at a time
With niggas that don't care and shoot the club up like Shyne
I see you eyeing the ice, plotting and scheming
If you reach for it, guaranteed you'll be bleeding
Gimme a reason, 'cause my squad love to thief
Start fights in the club, the DJ screaming "Peace" (PEACE!)
Me and my peeps with heat inside of the jeeps
So think twice if you come at us trying to beef
Iron Fist, Big Proof, T-Flame, Purple Gang
In the club no talk just let your [?]

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You keep runnin yo' mouuuuuth
Here's how it's gon' beeeee
Can't see it no other way, I gotta do me

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Ayo be cautious nigga, I'm on the club on some boss shit
Got love for the mosh pit, my slugs in the rockets
Get dug in your optics, we can ball 'til you fall
Get blood on your outfit, get your mouth split
With the right! Left! Right! Left! You're toothless
And then your whole crew jumping on Proof dick
I'ma true pimp, got the blueprint to macking
(Yo Diddy tell 'em what's happening captain)
You perform and your nuts is fat off the liquor
I'm your number one fan with a gun, I'll clap at you nigga
Clap! Clap! Oh, clap, clap, clap!
Gats, crack, fool flat on his back
Beef we don't set it, heat is on, let it
You creep? You gon' get it and sleep with paramedics
[?] we don't follow, teeth you don't swallow
Run your pockets and bomb our crew [?]

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I'm that nigga in the club acting anti-social

With the mac I'm postal, talk smack I'll toast you
Pissed 'cause I had to check my coat too
And everybody with me going on gan and Tupac vocals
Cover charge, let 10 in free, [?] on me
Disagree? Party in that 10-03
Sound's crazy but depend on me
To make sure nobody making home if we don't get in V.I.P
Spitting image of The B.I.G., [?] to think I'm heat
'Cause I don't chill where the peons be
I like yo' chain, (I like yo' chain) I can't help it
(Take it off) Don't make me break it (C'mon)
Quit acting selfish, I'ma Fat Killah, not only part of the group
I'ma talking overweight nigga that'll willingly shoot
Tear that roof off your girlfriend Coupe leaving the club
And if you can't handle beef, don't bother picking it up

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