

Top Notch

Proof

Detroit
Ha
Iron Fist, I insist
Good Morning!
Cyzer Sozet, 1st Born
Proof, I.F. Records
Ha! Ha! C'mon!

You fucking with the boys that just don't stop (Uh-huh!)
Y'all got guns on your waistline, but just won't pop (Uh uh)
My niggas don't waste time, we run on y'all blocks (Yo block!)
This ain't the run-of-the-mill, bitch we top notch! (We top notch!)
You fucking with the boys that just don't stop (We don't stop!)
Y'all got guns on your waistline, but just won't pop (Wankstas!)
My niggas don't waste time, we run on y'all blocks (Uh-huh!)
This ain't the run-of-the-mill, bitch we top notch!

Alright, imagine me busting my ass for cash
To get this tragedy, academy-award winning, your majesty
Mr. Bad MC, gaining wealth gradually
Give me a pad and three pens down like gravity (Ha!)
Too sweet to bite P, you'll get a cavity
Ain't wasting no breath, bitches, niggas wanna battle the
Greatest in the galaxy, the talents be
Off the motherfucking balance beam
The average fiend, captivate 'em with the mind state
I got a savage team, every member rhyme great (D12!)
Dispatch lyrics, it's all a mismatch (uh-huh)
Get your lips smacked, kick in your a six pack, I hate a snitch rap!
Y'all niggas rapping 'cause we rappin'
Y'all thugs is running 'cause we scrappin', bitch ass niggas
Now look! Relaxing
Cool! We actin'
D Doz! In action
Shit! Can happen (Ha!)
My dogs hustle to eat, where you at?
My niggas got beef with words? Then bring your gats
Every king of rap says my guns blow like Curtis
Calm down P, the flow might hurt us!
Word to the wise, know your purpose
Got killers in Detroit that'll slow your service (Ya!)
Y'all clowns done turned it to a three-ring circus
I'll make the paper, y'all stick to being worthless (We're top notch!)

You fucking with the boys that just don't stop (Uh-huh!)
Y'all got guns on your waistline, but just won't pop (Wankstas!)
My niggas don't waste time we run on yo block (C'mon!)
This ain't the run-of-the-mill, bitch we top notch!
You fucking with the boys that just don't stop (Uh-huh!)
Y'all got guns on your waistline, but still won't pop (Wankstas!)
My niggas don't waste time, we run on y'all block
This ain't the run-of-the-mill, bitch I'm top notch!

Since the days of Sugar Hill I could've killed at least a mil
Young emcees with no skills and no deal (Aha!)
But I chilled and I let y'all rap
Shit the game is all mine, I bet y'all that! (Come on!)

Mash point black slugs at your baseball cap (Blow!)
Sampled your flavour, didn't taste all that (Ugh!)
P ace all tracks
Show up at your session and erase y'all DATs, to your face y'all whack!
D12 my pack, my pack is D12
In detail I'm Castro, Fidel
Direct as Email, straighter than Magellan
"Proof ain't shit" Yo the haters keep yelling
Fictional poets with the major label clearances
Hold a emcee nuts for guest star appearances
Off a fraction of pills, I fracture your grills
Rappers with skills becoming actors with deals, shit (Now)
I burn your script up and rip up the roof (Woof!)
Plead to the judge, he only asked for the Proof (Proof!)
Ill rapper with a mind like Scarface
While you fuck hoes that burn rubber like a car chase
I'm irreplaceable like weed and coke (Uh-huh)
Your heart beat when you see the smoke of my barrel!
Rugers, TECs, grenades and Dum-Dums
Only gang that can save you is 9-1-1 (Help!)
Detroit's a nightmare, I love that I stay there
To P. Ave., Vietnam is like daycare
Wait here, hoe, 7-2 I'd die for that
Real Gs, nigga they don't even try to rap! (You hear me!)
If you suburban bound, don't make a word or sound
Devil's Night attitude, bitch we burn it down
Turn around, face this pit fangs high (Right)
I'm a monsta' that believes that I can't die! (Nigga!)
And I won't give ground for no man with balls
If you plan to take the D, bitch than plan to fall!
What? What? And I'm all for the meal tickets
I only came to rap, stack dough and kill snitches!

It's like that! Iron Fist!
I insist to diss the environment! Ha!
We ain't playing no more!
Big Proof has woke up y'all! Ha!
The mayor of the city! Detroit city's with me! Ha! ha!
Shoutout, Rock Bottom!
Shoutout Dogmatic, Promatic, Sicknotes, let's go y'all! Ha!
Detroit city, won't stop!
Peace out to Mad Skillz, Bubba Sparxxx, D12!
Come on! Raw C let's go niggas!