

We Ain't Scared

Proof

Dirty Harry is dead (4x)

I'm here to announce that Dirty Harry is dead

Now witness the life of his son, or Oil Can Harry, The Boss

My life is trapped in these lines, that's why I'm packin' these nines

I gotta rap I ain't dyin', that's in the 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, Proof get it poppin' like
soda

Hold up

[Eminem:] (We nothin' but soldiers)

Slow up

[Eminem:] (This gun is loaded)

Roll up

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

If Em say it I spray it, if he willin' I kill it

We kill packs to get iller Detroit, y'all can feel it

Got this gun on my wasteline, in war 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, bet'cha ya flinch

When Proof shoot up they coup, and wet your whole clique

Fuck it who's next on this shit, this is prefrence to bitch

When you preface to stiffen slugs enter your wig

You'll be next to BIG, Pac is destiny kid

Before ya lead get popped, stop testin' me bitch

Homie you think you 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 leavin' in this bitch

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

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

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

And behind me, I'm a bully 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 that Mathers has gathered an army

It's Shady bandatas

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

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