

# X-Fam

Proof

La, la, la, (Extended fam' nigga)  
La, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la

Don't be stupid, it's better to squeeze  
You had best to believe that ain't nobody better than we is  
Only reason they alive is 'cause I'm letting 'em breathe  
Fuck lumps, I'll throw dots on the heads of emcees  
Better pray to God please I don't make it a scary mess  
Marv Won I hold 44's like Jerry West  
These niggas can't see me with knuckles, I'm King Knockout  
So I stay strapped just in case they bring Glocks out  
Play John Wayne, Young Weezy will ring shots out  
Make niggas call coroners and bring cops out  
"He only talk tough on record", man that's a cop out  
Test my nuts guy, I'll be airing your whole block out  
Street y'all niggas best stick to blinging your watch out  
'Fore I have your peeps pouring liquor and singing shout-outs  
Fat Killahz, y'all don't know us, it's nothin' to doubt about  
X-Fam is the dynasty bitch, meaning the Glocks out

Only reason I'm here to spit fair or swallow beers  
Hang with killers that hug trees like koala bears  
Y'all got the right lines that I disconnect  
Only time I pop your collar is when I miss your neck  
Y'all [?] duck us, your bitch a good sucka'  
Protect her nigga because shittt I would snuff her  
Proof always wide awake  
When I lose a battle, King Gordy will jump the Empire State  
Building, sold millions with cold feelings  
Beside my family damn there's no real ones  
"My neck, my back"  
What you scream when I bust off my gat  
You getting hit like hi-hats, with no drumsticks  
One clip to murk you. Why? 'cause nigga it's fun bitch  
I'm nicer, you get fired in a cypher  
We don't like ya', plus they hire that Chrysler bitch

Y'all don't want no part to me  
We the best as y'all can see (As y'all can see)  
Non-believers R.I.P  
When doubting an extended family (The family)  
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My guns like fireworks, J 4th of July, do you really wanna fuck with guy?  
On your back, belly facing the sky, limo ride, nice suit and a tie  
I was blowed Hill tooting the fry  
Y'all trying get loose 'fore I die  
Life different when high  
18-wheelers shippers supply  
Changed up since the 2 G year, do work like Lee [?]  
Need a lame nigga, he ain't here  
Ain't a secret that I'm working the streets

Ain't a secret that I'm working with heat  
Ain't a secret that if you got beef, get murked and beat  
Gotta live by the code of street, my intro is as about as cold the street  
Pencils 'bout as deadly as heat  
Producers gotta meddle your beefs  
I just pick 'em like food from a tree  
X-Fam, you want it? Then come and get it nigga, holler at me

I know you gotta love it  
You see a nigga taking patterns and words, make 'em disgusting  
Sick of a percussion, one verse is like a deep discussion  
Meet a shit even in pre-production, niggas don't want it with me for nothing  
We percussions what you're dealing with  
Come to your worksite and shoot up job, fuck up your benefits  
And make you dress up in daughter clothes  
Beat your ass on your front lawn and drown you with the water hose  
Straight torture, humiliate your kids, hate 'em  
Wife divorced ya, end of the show  
So I hope you got a H.M.O  
Well God gon' take him slow 'cause 44's about to make him glow  
I could promise you this when I bomb you like Osama  
And your colonies split, the 44 will have him hollerin' he hit  
Al Greenin' with these how many grits  
And after this he'll be calling its quits, extended family bitch

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