

Proof

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

(Ayo, Ran, turn that up)
I've been
I don't even know when I'm doin' good

You go, you leave if you want to
Misguide me usin' your body (Ooh)
You know I'm lovin' you (What you feelin' like?)
What that do?
I wan' see you, I'm like I wanna see you too
Bought Jimmy Choo, Pucci, Prada, Balmain too
I'm a shotta, millions of dollars, how you get me glued to you?
Jump out the coupe, I flew the Lear to a place in her mind, no clue
Beggin' me to say the truth, I can't explain without no proof

So much shit I had to face, I'm up to date, I made it through
He dirty, worked him with that K 'cause he got paid that's so cool
My mind feel chained, heart up in flames
Soul full of pain, along the way, a lonely go
Chris is the chain, got the crowd sayin' my name
There's a new Maybach truck over there ten times I ain't drove, I'm sold
That's my childhood friend named named Mel on the phone
Right now he fucked up tellin' me to hold it down
I'm all alone, he got a disease inside his body, I'm tryna pay for to get it gone
I'm never sleep when he asleep, soon as he call, pick up the phone
Life sticked me deep inside the streets, duckin' bullets, runnin' home
Long range shots fired, I learned to return with my first chrome
You knockin' on my window, Mel, I miss granddaddy home
She ain't stick with me on the come-up, but now she with me that I'm on

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Misguide me usin' your body
You got me, oh
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Sporsinator, terminator, swing with the God, come out the roof
I bleed the block, I be the truth, am who I'm not 'til my shit blue
Is who I'm are, I'm not who they say I'm is, I'm this way until the day I'm killed
Tryna save up thirty dollars to thirty mil', oh, yeah, my God real
I ain't had my rod, they wet up my whole car, duck from a line of steel
This ain't no façade, as a child, I had it hard, as a man, I shed tears
In my daughter eyes, I see her future, fell out of love, now I beef with Cup id
She don't know how to love, she think I'm stupid (Nah, for real), bitch
This my girl, what I say, she do it, with a girl who I met out when tourin'
Skipin' school, gotta run from truant, victim to the streets, he murder shi
t
He took off, tried to run, I had a clear shot where the hurdle went
Tried diggin' from that Altima, he heard that thirty spit
Fell in love with her in middle school, but my nigga took the bitch

She wanna go, we tear apart, she ain't cut for this

You go, you leave if you want to

Misguide me usin' your body

You got me, oh

You know I'm lovin' you (What you feelin' like?)

What that do?

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I can't explain without no proof

Can't do no controllin' you