

## Cross tha' Line

Proof

Why you actin like I don't know y'all?  
Tryna tell me I don't know y'all?  
Hehehehe, aight

Your niggaz is young, your niggaz is bums  
Your niggaz is weak, your niggaz is HOES...  
Your niggaz is bitch, your niggaz is snitch  
Your nigga done flipped, your nigga is GONE...  
Your niggaz is scared, your niggaz is shook  
Your soldier is drunk, your soldiers is WRONG...  
Your niggaz is moved, your niggaz is beat  
Your niggaz retreat, your niggaz is GONE!

Shit, now I'm the first to pull it, so bullets is useless  
A Proof diss I heard is stupid  
The truth is reality is mine, wanna battle me for shine  
Don't make daddy paddle that behind  
bound soakin mics at night with daytime  
Contemplate on your fate and play God  
Easy to run over the peasly with measly bucks  
I'm Roy Jones, who wanna beat me up? (C'MON~!)  
Squeezin butts on pesty children  
Get a Western Union to hit at your next reunion  
Didn't think I'll be back again this quick  
I'm a African sick lip, blastin a biscuit  
Harassin your district, put my mag on your bitch lips (shut up)  
Killers want that ass like fags with stiff dicks  
In a Jag with my mistress  
Blab while your interest and lashes repent this

Walk with many often times  
Make the enemy's paws recline  
With the pressures you done lost your mind, no caution dyin  
Motherfucker you done crossed the line

Don't need fingerprints who smaller than the average  
Vince Carter of this rappin shit, harder than actin scripts  
Get caught up with acrid hits, from out the Smith and the Wesson  
In town he was found with his chest pressed in  
Proof is so-so on tracks, most of the crap  
that sells make you think fans all smokin the crack  
Open the facts, Jigga's the baller and Pac's the thug  
Biggie's the king, Shady's an act of drug  
Nas is the truth, The Lox is the block  
D-12 is slept on, 50 is hot, miss me or NOT!  
I'm back for respect, love and war  
Put blood on Source and the fool's in person to hug the Lord  
Tell Bugz I'm raw and I'll see him soon  
Needin room, I'm deep as a bleedin womb  
proceedin through the trenches with a message until I exit  
You best respect it for credit I'll leave you headless

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Make the enemy's paws recline  
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("Walk with many, walk with many, walk with many often times")  
(scratched\*: "Walk with many, walk with many..")  
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