

## Prove Sum

Fredo Santana

Call a nigga say what's up man  
Squad shit  
Savage Squad shit bitch  
Savage Squad shit bitch  
Fredo what up man  
Fredo man Lil Reesy we in this bitch  
Reesy, hey what's up man

I'da ran up that paper I got that new money  
Lame niggas hatin' but they ain't gon' do nothin'  
You gon' make me grab my chopper and just shoot something  
You gon' make me grab my chopper & just shoot something  
Say you got a body nigga prove something(prove sum)  
Make me grab my chopper and just shoot something  
Say you gotta body nigga prove something

All my niggas grimy, we gon do something  
Say you gotta chopper, nigga shoot something  
Skeet off from the scene, it was two something  
Skeet off from the scene, I got two thumping  
Now I ain't with the , cause I'ma do something  
Miss me with the talking, nigga you bluffing  
This shit get so deep, man I said fuck my cousin  
Hit that bitch and put her out like it was nothing  
Smoking out the pound, we used to roll for nothing  
Used to be my mans, now like at you like nothing  
I came up from nothing, now I'm on to something  
And all this shit can't stop me, cause I'm keep hustling

Ay  
I'da ran up that paper I got that new money  
Lame niggas hatin' but they ain't gon' do nothin'  
You gon' make me grab my chopper and just shoot something  
You gon' make me grab my chopper & just shoot something  
Say you got a body nigga prove something(prove sum)  
Make me grab my chopper and just shoot something  
Say you gotta body nigga prove something

Light up a fuck nigga crib in broad day  
shoot where his momma stay (fuck it)  
Three killers with me there in your driveway  
a nigga, snatch his chain like Friday  
Trapper died gimmie all his heart away  
You can't get a penny like Tim Hardaway  
I jug, finesse, I get mine the smarter way  
Pull up with AK's where your son and daughter stay  
Extort a lame nigga, yeah he gotta pay  
I put that bag on your head if I gotta pay  
Kill a nigga, I ain't like his ass anyway  
Lil folks shoot you in the face, I ain't gotta spray

Ay, ay  
I'da ran up that paper I got that new money  
Lame niggas hatin' but they ain't gon' do nothin'  
You gon' make me grab my chopper and just shoot something  
Fake ass tough niggas  
Say you out here man

Do something man  
Nigga turn up  
Squad shit man