The days are cold livin' without you
The nights are long, I'm growing older
I miss the days alone, thinkin' about you
You may be gone, but you're never over

If Proof could see me now, I know he'd be proud Somewhere in me deep down, there's something in me he found That made him believe in me, now no one can beat me now You try, it'll be them doors, on Dre's Phantom believe me clowns That means suicide homie, you'll never throw me Off of this course, blow me Bitch I do this all for the sport only But I want it all, I'm not just talking awards homie And the balls in my court and it's lonely On top of the world when you're the only One with the balls and your shorts To leave them jaws on the floor with no re-Morse, remember that when they get to doggin' you boy homie So y'all can just get to bloggin' about bologna I'm not gonna stop the saga Continue, no stoppin' the force Obi, I'm moppin' the floors With them, I keep tryna pass it, but they keep on droppin' the torch And it won't be, long til this sport is O-V- $\ensuremath{\text{E-R}}\xspace$, just blazin' and we knockin' them doors and no we Ain't pumpkins on Halloween but we'll show up on your porch, so be Careful what you say, there ain't no punks over here so follow me Through the fog like I'm S-N-double-O-P Let me guide you through the smoke G If only I wasn't travellin' down this road by my lonely No one who knew me like you will ever know me I don't think you understand how much you meant to me

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And it don't stop (oh)
And it don't quit (oh)
And it don't stop (oh)
And it don't quit (oh)
And I miss you (oh)
I just miss you (oh)
I just miss you (oh)
Homie I'll never forget you (no)

For you, I wanna write the sickest rhyme of my life
So sick it'll blow up the mic, it'll put the dyna in mite
Yeah it'll make the dopest MC wanna jump off a bridge and shit hisself
Tap dancin' all over the beat, it'll jump off the page and spit itself
Yeah it's the best thing I could do right now for you Doodi is to rap
So I'm a fuck til I die, yeah I'm a do it to death
And itstead of mourning your death, I'd rather celebrate your life
Elevate to new height, step on the gas and accelerate, I'm a need two mics
Cause the way that I'm feelin' tonight, everything I can just do right
There's nothing that I can do wrong, I'm too strong and I'm just too hyped
Just finished the rhyming and bust it and excuse the corny metaphor

So God just help me out while I fight through this grievin' process Tryna process this loss is makin' me nauseous But this depression ain't takin' me hostage I've been patiently watchin' this game, pacin' these hallways You had faith in me always Proof you knew I'd come out of this slump, rise from these ashes Come right back on they asses, and go Mike Tyson on these bastards And I'm a show 'em, blow 'em out the water slaughter 'em homes I'm on so many bells the only place they can hit me is below Homie I know I'm, never gonna be the same with you I woulda never came in this game, I'm going insane without you Matter of fact it was just the other night, had another dream about you You told me to get up, I got up and spread my wings and I flew You gave me a reason to fight, I was on my way to see you You told me nah Doodi you're not layin' on that table I knew I was gonna make it, soon as you said think of Hailie, I knew There wasn't no way that I was gonna ever leave them babies, and Proof Not many are lucky enough to have a quardian angel like you Lord I'm so thankful, please don't think I don't feel grateful, I do Just grant me the strength that I need, for one more day to get through So homie this is your song, I dedicate this to you I love you Doodi

They'll never catch up to all this energy that I've mustered

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And it don't quit (oh)
And it don't stop (oh)
And it don't quit (oh)
And I miss you (oh)
I just miss you (oh)
I just miss you (oh)
Homie I'll never forget you (no)