

The Story of "100 Proof": An Uncut Narrative

1. Introduction: More Than a Moment

Some songs are born from a hook and a beat. Others are carved out of a moment so real it feels like a myth. "100 Proof" is the second kind. It wasn't written; it was lived on a night when the world stopped spinning just long enough for two people to see each other clear. The whole brand is built on a simple creed: *Authenticity Ain't Optional*. This is the story of a night that was the living embodiment of that truth. Me and a woman named Skittlez, our whole history is a complicated map. But to understand the song, you gotta understand the world we move through. Out here, sex is easy. You can trip and fall into it. Intimacy, though? Real, raw, unfiltered closeness? That shit's damn near extinct. This is the chronicle of the one night that bridge was crossed, a dose of uncut connection that gave birth to an anthem.

2. The Backstory: A History of Creek Beds and Loyalty

Before the song, there was the grind. A history written on the margins, camped in creek beds and tucked away on county land. It's the kind of life that grinds you down or sharpens you into a weapon. In that world, I found my lane. I'm the Shadow Knight. Not the first call, not the hero in the sun. I'm the last resort, the one who shows up with unwavering loyalty when every other light's gone cold. It's how I find faith in the filth. Our dynamic was always a study in contrasts. You embrace the suck to survive, and we did it from opposite ends of the spectrum. He was a minimalist, she was a maximalist. That's the simplest way to put it. | The Narrator (Minimalist) | Skittlez (Maximalist) || ----- | ----- || Carries only what is necessary: "a backpack, a heartbeat, and my word." | Embraces life fully: "lives big, loves big, hauls big." | Filling the "man role" in her world was, I'll admit, "labor." It's a heavy lift matching that energy. But the truth? I missed it. I missed the will it took to build a life out of nothing. That shared history of loyalty and contrast set the stage for a night that would shift everything.

3. The Catalyst: A Meeting at McDonald's

The night that changed it all started with a call. "Meet me at McDonald's." Say less. I had her dog, Diamond, with me. We grabbed the bus. Bones full of sand from a long day's grind, but we went. When I walked in, her energy was different. Not the usual spark, but a "steady glow," a "focus" in her eyes. She slid a notepad across the table. On it, a handwritten tarot reading. Mysticism ain't my lane—I count steps and carry weight—but she asked what I thought. I fed the spread of pentacles and wands to ChatGPT. The translation was stark: "It says we should go to San Francisco." My default is to roll. Right now. But I'm grounded in our reality. We'd had versions of this talk before, and life always seemed to grab Skittlez by the "ankle each time." She has too many moving parts—loose ends, people, bags. But this time, the idea hung in the air with a new kind of weight, paving the way for something deeper to unfold.

4. The Turning Point: A Bridge Built on Intimacy

What followed that meeting was the real catalyst. This was the first night since her boyfriend had been released from prison—and for months prior—that Skittlez allowed real affection. Not tension, not memory, not almosts. Intimacy. A breakthrough so monumental it felt like finding water in a desert. Out here, the distinction between the physical and the emotional is life or death. It's the difference between a transaction and a covenant. "Out here, sex is easy. You can trip and fall into it. Intimacy isn't. Intimacy is almost mythical—endangered." The moment itself was simple but sacred: "laying next to her, brushing her hair back with my hand, softly kissing the back of her neck." For me, that small act of uncut closeness was a sacrament. I was "high on nothing but closeness," a feeling that "hit like sunrise after a month of rain." This was it—the faith in the filth, the grace found in the grind.

5. The Spark: A Morning of Inspiration

That high carried into the next morning, leaving me in an altered state. I walked Skittlez partway to where she was going, peeling off before her people could see me—they don't appreciate "extras." On the walk back, her presence was humming in my bones. I felt: "Dazed. Confused. Like I'd been spun through a wind tunnel and set down two inches to the left of reality." As I walked, it all started to braid together in my head. The tarot reading, the dog, the bus ride, the San Francisco maybe, and most of all, the raw intimacy. The whole experience wove itself into a rhythm. The song was being born right there on the pavement. I could "hear the beat before the beat existed," a sonic blueprint forming from the truth of what we'd just lived.

6. The Creation: Forging "100 Proof"

That rhythm in my head needed a body. The title, "100 Proof," named itself. It was the only name that fit. The night was "uncut. No mixer, no mask. Straight to the vein." It was a pure, undiluted dose of what's real in a world that's drunk on fake. It was authenticity, served straight. The sound was already there, a dark, intense pulse that matched the feeling:

- **Genre:** Dark trap
- **Rhythm:** Heavy 808s
- **Melody:** Eerie piano
- **Vocals:** Sharp, with no mud or mumbleThe hook didn't need to be written; it "arrived" fully formed, a perfect distillation of the night's central truth. "Fucked up fate got us tangled, you and me, But I'm done with the fake—let's be who we're meant to be. When I hold you close, I'm searchin' for truth, Love with no bullshit, straight passion—that's 100 proof." The track became more than music. It became a permanent record of a bridge built between two souls in a world that rarely allows for such construction.

7. Conclusion: The Uncut Anthem

That's why the song hits like it does. It's not a memory. It's a dose. A permanent record of the one night we chose truth over performance, intimacy over transaction. It's an anthem for a connection forged in the filth, a testament to a love that's potent, raw, and undiluted. Straight, no chaser. 100 proof.