

Next Level

Showbiz & A.G.

All I see is blinking lights, track boards, and fat mics

950s, SP12s, MP60s

Shit is thumping, ear drums pumping

The shit is type hype cause the sample is tight right

Bite this one and leave toothless

Never sweat that

Cause I'm a cool cat, just like Heathcliff

Peep this - give up the loot

It's '94 and bitch ass niggas yeah they still get the boot

The north flakes cause I be flowing in all states

Show kept digging and digging now he got more crates

That's right nigga roll that dime, and I'm

The only living matter that controls my mind

Peace to every single rapper on this whole earth

Sell-out's got no worth

I think they better go soul search
Brothers can't believe how the skills have gotten
Now here I go again, ready to
flow again

And if the coast ain't clear, hell yeah, I'm still going in

Get it together or you'll be laying on a stretcher

I betcha I'm a getcha, the number one heart stresser

Sorry black, that's right it's a cardiac arrest

Try to triple team the best?

Then where's Party at?

Lost to no one, a warrior like Shogun

And when the show's done stacks and stacks is how the hoes come

I bruise your feelings, confidence is to the ceiling

If I'm sick, I pick a chick for sexual healing

I'm unique, a freak like Malik

In the twilights with more highlights than Dominique

Around my boys is where the jel stops

Up to the streets, the jeeps, my peeps in the cell blocks

I'm not the best but I give you stress

To flatter me your strategy gotta be more complex than chess

Stop bluffing cause you ain't saying nothing, G

And start ducking I'm the A to the fucking G

Last LP we got down right

Showed all these corny motherfuckers what Hip Hop's supposed to sound like

See A.G. and the brother Show

Quiet as kept it's best that you step on the low
Brothers can't believe how the skills have gotten
Well it's me

meaning the A to the dash
I'm fast to get the cash now I'm gone like the past
What's the remedy?
Suckers better get they own identity
And to the enemy, you better roll like it's ten of me
Fake lords they get strangled with mic cords
Taking beats from my LP for sure ain't healthy
Patterson Projects is where I rest
But I claim the whole planet cos it's mine goddamn it
I'm God, quick to pull a fake brother card
Wrecked Boston, running shit in Portland like Rod
It's hard to face defeat when you're raised in the street
No surrender and no retreat
Now dance with the devil? No not hardly
Even though I mamba like La Bamba and smoke ganja like Bob Marley
A bag of sess puts me at my rest
You say it's silly, that's my theory
Get the philly and let it rest
Brothers can't believe how the skills have gotten

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