

40 Acres and My Props

Showbiz & A.G.

Showbiz got props, tell me who got the props?
A.G. got props, tell me who got the props?
Give me my props for '92
It's me and Showbiz and this is what we gonna do
Give you some now, save some for later
Here's a portion, ayo Show, kick the flavor
Record labels try and juice me, for what? For my papers
The offer me a mule and what else? And 40 acres
I'm dissing snakes now, there's no time to catch the vapors
And I'm not a pup, for what? A Muppet caper
And all the ghetto groupies get free with the quickness
And Show concentrate and only thinks about business
I hate a sellout because he put me in a rage
I play KRS and throw that ass off the stage
So give me my props because I always stay clever
And ain't nothing changed but the weather
Get your act together 'cause I got mines together
Please don't front on the brother with the Pelle Pelle leather
I'm Show B I Z, my partner's A.G.
Chill with Greg N I C E or my brother D R E S
And what's up to Lord Finesse
And I'd like to give shouts to my peeps Shorty and Wes
People say, I'm soup, crazy cash, I recoup
Nowadays I just troop in my green Legend Coupe
Record companies try to juice me for my papers
They offer me a mule and about 40 acres
They try to gain from my royalties
Push me towards the dotted line but you know I didn't sign
Labels know straight up when we meet
Interfere with my career, then it's back to the streets
Bang bang or the pow pow
I settle the beef the best way I know how
Release the savage beast if I'm not taking care
Rap is my career and it's my only way outta here
Every chance I do damage
And I manage to use all the anger to my advantage
All that is cool but the brain is the tool
Gimme my props so we all can rule
Don't show off my skills, I just sprinkle 'em
And now you're sleeping on my props
Wake up before you wrinkle 'em
Gimme my props, yo, more than a cop, yo
'Til I master hip hop, I won't stop, yo
Gimme my props yo, more than a cop, yo
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They say BMW's a black man's wish

I wish for an SP-1200 and some discs
Negativity the least, material's is cease
Saying peace to the brothers in the belly of the beast
People saying, "Why Show wanna rhyme?"
I didn't wanna get back and do Fed time
I wanna live right and exact, I don't wanna be a fat cat
Off the crack and have the Feds down my back
If the money's stacked, take a step back, black
Or you'll be wearing four four numbers like a quarterback
I was raised one deep by Mom dukes and no Dad
And now I grab a number, 2 pencil and a pad
Or Erasermate, if I make mistakes I erase
And me and Diamond go digging in the crates
Where's my 40 acres? Not the projects of course
I asked for a mule, I got an iron horse
Shit goes on as the song plays
Can a devil fool a Muslim? Nah, not nowadays
On your mark, get set, pass the 40, let's jet
A fat rhyme is what you want, a fat rhyme is what you'll get
It's thorough from beginning to end
The beat is phat, what can I say? Show you did it again
I got the hat on my head, Pepe's on my behind
Fans on my back and money on my mind
I don't sweat the stress, take the bitter with the sweet
Did I let you know I have the Tims on my feet?
You knew my stats when I came around
Saying, "Damn, he's living fat", when I haven't even gained a pound
Friends til the end, never will I diss ya
My people's R.I.P., you know I'm gonna miss ya
40 acres and my props, the name of the song
A.G. is saying peace and I'm gone
Gimme my props, yo, more than a cop, yo
'Til I master hip hop, I won't stop, yo
Gimme my props, yo, more than a cop, yo
'Til I master hip hop, I won't stop, yo
Gimme my props, yo, more than a cop, yo
'Til I master hip hop, I won't stop
Yeah, Showbiz, yeah, A.G, yeah
Showbiz, yeah, A.G

Songwriters

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