

# 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 flavorRecord 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 caperAnd 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 stageSo 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 leatherI'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 CoupeRecord 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 signLabels 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 howRelease 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 advantageAll 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 'emGimme 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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Gimme my props, yo, more than a cop, yo  
'Til I master hip hop, I won't stopThey 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 beastPeople 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 quarterbackI 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 cratesWhere'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 nowadaysOn 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 againI 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 goneGimme my props, yo, more than a cop, yo  
'Til I master hip hop, I won't stop, yo  
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Gimme my props, yo, more than a cop, yo  
'Til I master hip hop, I won't stopYeah, Showbiz, yeah, A.G, yeah  
Showbiz, yeah, A.G

Songwriters  
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