

Add On

Show & A.G.

[Lord Finesse]

It's Lord Finesse the rhyme vet

Like Biggie I'm "Ready to Die" but it ain't my fucking time yet

I bring the noise like static I cause havoc

When I grab the mic I pack a party like traffic

You know my style I got the hip sound

I should be a construction worker the way I be tearing shit down

One of the best you ought to shout it

Bust a nigga's ass and won't give two thoughts about it

Word, I hunt you down

I got a million reasons why none of you can fuck around

I slay beginners, sautee contenders

Shit, and be damned if I don't walk away the winner

I kick facts, flip raps over hip tracks

You know what I'm saying? (Yeah, I can dig that)

I'm gifted, my rhyme is wicked

When it comes to knowledge, I got jewels like the Diamond District

I'm the dopest, the baddest, one of the fattest

Chickenheads know my status

For those that's waiting to doubt

I'm a play like Pete Rock & C.L. Smooth and "Straighten it Out" Ayo Show, my man (Add on, add on!)

A.G. my man (Add on, add on!)

Ayo Show my man (Add on, add on!)

D-Flow my man (Add on, add on!)[D-Flow]

Check it, I got the herb to bomb your brain

I'm a threat like Saddam Huessein, niggas better know my name

I flow the same in a competition

I break them clowns into something different, buck 'em with the fucking Smith &

Wesson, MC's never leave my section

Finger on the trigger, I figure I kill that nigga for stepping

I tote the four-fifth, riff and get your jaw shift

Flip phones and add jewels got me looking gorgeous

Ignore the style and get bucked down, child

With the three-pound pile, BLOW! How you like me now?

The new improved Flow, you know how I do so

Whatever, a motherfucking terror like Cujo

I'm out to get mine, I want mils, God

Niggas that feel hard chill, fuck around and get your grill scarred

It's D-Flow, you know my steelo, ceelo will let you know how we go

Chop him like a kilo and let him die[A.G.]
And then I'm a add on like arithmetic
Suckers careers get stopped so stop who you riffing with
I'm on point with the snakes and fakes
Ain't the one (Think I am?) You get hung like drapes
And it's proven, point blank that's the conclusion
Seeing me losing, it's all an illusion
Like the raw ism, I'm a kiss him when I hurt him
Then desert him, because the Show & A.G. shit is sickening
Giving stress to them snakes is a ritual
Nights and north flakes, oh yes, they bless the physical
Promote the glock? No I'm not
I use it as an art, ain't got the heart to disrespect hip-hop
Time to breeze, now I'm gone, the Greats is rolling strong
So add on and on

Songwriters

BARNES, ANDRE MAURICE / HALL, ROBERT A. / FLOW, D. Published by
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>