Represent

Showbiz & A.G.

Refrain: ("I'm the calm one, but my crew is sorta sick")
Yeah, Big L is the first to represent.Verse One: Big LYo, on the mic is Big L, that brother who kicks flavs, God.
Known for sendin' garbage MCs to the graveyard.
I pack a gat, not a slingshot;
step to this and get an ass-whoopin' like Rodney King got.
Or get beat to your death like Cochise,
my laws is no peace, fuck the police.
MCs get braggin' about cash they collect,
but them chumps is like Ray Charles,
'cause they ain't seen no money yet.
Trash rappers I tax and spark,
I be wettin' niggas up like water rides at Action Park.
A nigga stuck me, and that ain't funny son,
so I got money gun, they wet him and his honey bun.
'cause phony faggots I froze, it's a fact,
I flip fast on foes with fabulous fantastic flows.
L is the rebel type, I'm rough as a metal pipe,
fuck a Benz, 'cause I could pull skins on a pedal-bike.
Props, I got the most, no MC comes close,coast-to-coast,
shows I host, foes I roast, adios, I'm ghost...RefrainVerse Two: D'ShawnYo, street ? in New York is a place
this nigga stands
with a machete I'm a crazy Eddie Scissorhands.
Born with such a thirst to kill,
I can tap 200 quarters from a $50 bill.
Cuttin' bitch-niggas down with a hundred pound axe
like I was raised by psycho-crazed lumberjacks.
So in a battle I be stabbin',choppin' MCs like trees,
piece-by-piece buildin' cabins.
I'm a maniac magician, abra cadabra,
makin' pain appear 'cause I'm-a grab arusty chain to make a noose
to choke your ass so hard, you're spittin' fuckin' Adam's Apple juice.
So come check the magic show by Deshawn,
and witness the way I put you to death with a magic wand.
Turnin' your home to a casket,
turn your wife into a widow and your son into a bastard.
'cause I love to keep MCs sufferin',
beggin' for big, heavy bags of Bufferin.
Baseball battin' 'em, splattin' 'em,
so many homicide records, my cases went platinum.

D'Shawn is nice;
known for givin' out head cracks without touchin' dice.
Just pain and punishment from the Boogie Down Bronxter...
D'Shawn the maniac street mobster.RefrainVerse Three: Lord FinesseIt's the F-I-N-E-double-S-E,
don't play or stress me
Cause that shit don't impress me
I make papes off the shit I create, and then dictate
So get your motherfuckin shit straight
I got skills and I'm hard to kill,
So y'all bitch-ass rappes better chill and just guard your grill
You grab a mic and always get hype
Talkin bout fuckin niggaz up
When you can bearly beat your dick right
So stop ridin my dilznick
cause I can still kick the ill shit on the motherfuckin real tip
Hit like Foreman when I'm brawlin
Those who think I'm fallin, I'll play your monkey-ass like a organ
I got crazy niggas in the city noid
Got mad bitches, but it's not cause I'm a motherfuckin pretty-boy
I'm ruthless, I'm not on that goody-goody tip
That shit played out with that Beat Street/Electric Boogie shit
I'll stomp any rapper that you ???
if they ass is weak, they better chill and grab a seat
And go 'head with they master plan
Stevie Wonder probably see me 'fore half you rappers can
You can't hang and you're fallin fast
You rappers that's trash better dash and start haulin ass
'cause I'm out to rag shit
Fuck up a show, collect my dough
and step off with a bad bitch
Spectators always have the best time
When they come to a show and hear a funky Lord Finesse rhyme
I'm out to get bigger, lounge and make rich figures
You'll never catch Finesse associating with bitch niggaz
I work overtime when it's time to go for mine
Crab-ass rappers, don't even front 'cause ya'll know the time
So it's time for me to step
Peace to Showbiz and AG and I'm off to the leftRefrainVerse Four: AGCheck-check-check it. A to the G is
gonna wreck it.
On stage, on my record, so nigga don't forget it.
I'm the man. The one-man-band is on my right hand.
(His name is Show nitwit, so get wit the program)
I get a hit from my buddha blessed.
Turn my hat to the back, now let's see who's the best.
I like my pockets fat, never ever flat.

Niggas wanna jack, my .45 ain't havin' that.
Hoes get no dough, so why try?
Think it's gonna be a hit 'n' run? Wrong, it's a drive-by.
Niggas catchin' tantrums,because your girl's never safe around
the Midnight Phantom.
They predicted I'm-a fall;
they must be down with Michael Jackson 'cause that shit is Off The Wall.
You don't believe me, ask that brother Show:
snatchin' hotties, grabbin' hotties, lettin' mothafuckers know.
You come wrong if you don't come strong...
YOU BETTER CATCH WRECK! Mothafucker, I made the song.
Styles will vary, they won't carry over.
Don't fuck with no Devil, I'd rather marry Oprah.
Yeah, you got it, I'm pro-black,
and my skills are so phat, I pay my dues, I don't owe jack.
You bite my style, I can spot it.
Tryin' real hard to get it,
you can forget it, because you don't got it.
And my skills are excellent.Diggin' in the Crates
and it's time to Represent!Refrain

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