

# Still Diggin'

## Showbiz & A.G.

Yeah, 1992, Showbiz and A.G. we about to catch wreck  
And I got my main man, Diamond D  
He's about to catch wreck from diggin' in the crates and all that  
And I'd like to say  
I chop off the head off of all those that commercialize  
We got real bad boy in effect, k alright  
Come Diamond D, come correct Yo check it, see I'm back on the block but my name ain't Quincy  
Yeah, I'm chopping rappers up into mincemeat  
Step up and speak if your shit ain't weak  
The beat's for the jeep kid, they don't come cheap I practice my craft so you can call me macaroni  
And I get cheese and more run that a pony  
Smoke a lotta herb but I don't chew tobacco  
When Show drops the beat I say, "Holy mackerel" The stunts don't front any longer  
See my status is large and the props are getting stronger  
Ride around with Lou Dog in the Path  
Sit back and laugh or maybe sign an autograph I'm walking tall but, yo, I'm not a cracker  
Don't run with the Burgeouis, my crew's much blacker  
So give a shout for the man with the clout  
Sippin' on a Guinness Stout, yo, I'm out Showbiz, my man's still diggin' in the crates  
Diamond D, yeah, I'm still diggin' in the crates  
Showbiz, my man's still diggin' in the crates  
Diamond D, yeah, I'm still diggin' in the crates Ayo, it's often said but it's never read  
That Diamond got a beat for every dread in his head  
But don't be mislead, 'cause breakbeats are dead  
I'm not the Biz, who runs around with Super Pro Keds I'm just a cool brother who hangs out in a top shop  
And I still get my props when giving brothers knots  
So step up front, yeah, that's if you want it  
It's time to breathe there's no future in fronting  
'Cause they know and I know and she know and we know That I'm an old champ like Bruno Samitino  
Or Ivan Pusky or the brother Tony Atlas  
Buy my EP and Showbiz will be the fattest  
And baddest is my status, I knew a man named Thatus  
Who rode a night train to Georgia just like Gladys Knight and the Pips, there's no 40's on my lips  
Yo, pass the Moet, I might flip and take a sip  
And sit back and puff a blunt with Slick Nick  
Sometimes he puff slow, sometimes he puff quick I'd rather grab the mic and concentrate on getting pages  
I'm out and I'm still diggin' in the fucking crates Showbiz, my man's still diggin' in the crates  
Diamond D, yeah, I'm still diggin' in the crates  
Showbiz, my man's still diggin' in the crates

Diamond D, yeah, I'm still diggin' in the crates Showbiz, my man's still diggin' in the crates

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Diamond D, yeah, I'm still diggin' in the crates

Songwriters

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