Next Level

Showbiz & A.G.

All I see is blinkin' lights track boards and fat mikes
950's SP12's MP60's
Shit is thumping ear drums pumpin'
The shit is tight right 'cause the sample is tight right
Right that's one to leave teethless
Never sweat that 'cause I'm a cool cat just like Heathcliff
Peep this give up the loop
It's 94 and bitch ass niggas getting still with the boot
the north flakes 'cause I'll be flowing in all states
Show kept diggin' and diggin' and now he got more crates
that's right nigga roll that dime and I'm
the only living matter that controls my mind
peace to every single rapper on this whole earth
sellout's got no worth I think they better go soul searching...Showbiz... A.G. (brothers can't believe how the skills have gotten)
Showbiz... A.G. (brothers can't believe how the skills have gotten)Now here I go again ready to flow again
And if the course stay clear oh yeah I'm still going in
Get it together or you'll be laying on a stretcher
I betcha I'm a getcha the number one heart stresser
Sorry black that's right it's a cardiac
caress try to triple be the best then where's party at
Law's to no one and a warrior like Shogun
And when the show's done stacks and stacks is how the O's come
I bouge your feeling confidence is to the ceiling
If I'm sick I pick the chick for sexual healing
I'm unique a freak like Malik
In the twilights with more highlights than Dominique
Around my ? is where the jell stops
The jeeps the streets my peeps in the cell block
I'm not the best but I keep it stressed
To flatter me is strategy it gotta be more complex than chess
Stop bluffin cause you ain't saying nothing gee
start duckin I'm the A to the fuckin G
Last LP we got down right
Showing all these corny motherfuckers what hiphop's supposed to sound
like
See A.G. and the brother Show
Quiet as kept is best that you step on the lowWell it's me meaning the A to the dash
I'm fast to get the cash now I'm going like the path

What's the remedy suckas better get their own identity
And took the enemy you better roll like it's Cannamy
Fake lords they get strangled with mic cords
Taking beats from my LP for sure ain't healthy
Madison Projects is where I rest
But I claim the whole planet it's mine god dammit
I'm God took the bulla fake ?
Wreck Boston running shit ?
It's hard to face the feet when you're raised in the street
No surrender and no patrique
Now dance with the devil no not hardly
Even though I mamba like a bomber and smoke ganja like Bob Marley
A bag of sess puts me at my rest
You say ? hit the philly and let it rest

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