

# 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 toothless  
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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