Next Level

Show & A.G.

All I see is blinking lights, track boards, and fat mics
950s, SP12s, MP60s
Shit is thumping, ear drums pumping
The shit is type hype cause the sample is tight right
Bite this one and leave teethless
Never sweat that
Cause I'm a cool cat, just like Heathcliff
Peep this - give up the loot
It's '94 and bitch ass niggas yeah they still get the boot
The north flakes cause I be flowing in all states
Show kept digging and digging 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
Sell-out's got no worth
I think they better go soul searchBrothers can't believe how the skills have gottenNow here I go again, ready to flow again
And if the coast ain't clear, hell 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 arrest
Try to triple team the best?
Then where's Party at?
Lost to no one, a warrior like Shogun
And when the show's done stacks and stacks is how the hoes come
I bruise your feelings, confidence is to the ceiling
If I'm sick, I pick a chick for sexual healing
I'm unique, a freak like Malik
In the twilights with more highlights than Dominique
Around my boys is where the jel stops
Up to the streets, the jeeps, my peeps in the cell blocks
I'm not the best but I give you stress
To flatter me your strategy gotta be more complex than chess
Stop bluffing cause you ain't saying nothing, G
And start ducking I'm the A to the fucking G
Last LP we got down right
Showed all these corny motherfuckers what Hip Hop's supposed to sound like
See A.G. and the brother Show
Quiet as kept it's best that you step on the lowBrothers can't believe how the skills have gottenWell it's me

meaning the A to the dash
I'm fast to get the cash now I'm gone like the past
What's the remedy?
Suckers better get they own identity
And to the enemy, you better roll like it's ten of me
Fake lords they get strangled with mic cords
Taking beats from my LP for sure ain't healthy
Patterson Projects is where I rest
But I claim the whole planet cos it's mine goddamn it
I'm God, quick to pull a fake brother card
Wrecked Boston, running shit in Portland like Rod
It's hard to face defeat when you're raised in the street
No surrender and no retreat
Now dance with the devil? No not hardly
Even though I mamba like La Bamba and smoke ganja like Bob Marley
A bag of sess puts me at my rest
You say it's silly, that's my theory
Get the philly and let it restBrothers can't believe how the skills have gotten

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