

Show & A.G. "Check it Out"

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featuring Party Arty

Chorus: Party Arty

Check it out huh, this is how it's going down
From the Boogie Down, brothers stand around with a
frown (Repeat 2x)

Verse 1: A.G.

It's time to hit ya, let the melody split ya
Poems is deadly, Holmes better get the picture
See these vibes are visible
Fiends see it in the mental, chicks dig it in the physical
We had to lounge, now I'm furious
Fake hip-hoppers, can they do it in '95? I'm curious
Cause my squad has sickness, crazy sickness
Hit the herb, let the words start flowing with the riches
Don't compare me when you hear me
I stay true, and when I'm through, it'll pay dearly
Dre's a giant, no question, but what I question
Is how now this is your profession
I'm charged off the lye
How we do? (Spray 'em) Bless 'em, impress 'em, and
hang 'em high
Taking loot like bakers and produce pages
And styles go for Miles, like Davis
My potential, with Show's instrumental
Got you all zoning on the vibes that we sent you
In the mental, who's that abusing rap?
Pop from the heart, so it's back to the start, black
And these tracks are incredible
S-H-O to the W, true to our revenue
That's how we feel in the BX, mics I bless
Time to get down with the boogie

Chorus x2

Verse 2: A.G.

I got a mind like Minolta

Me and Show go back like the D.A. on Travolta

I want cheese like ziti
You'll get left like ?reunited? (on ice) trying to be me
I jam, sucker, like the God in all the ruckus
Over tracks (Your girl probably claps) Then I stuck her
No front, all I want is to be happy
Probably like Mary, but if you dare me, then we'll get scrappy
Don't lift weights, let the hands be dictate
The Giant is great from back then to this date
I take the cake and I bounce with the whole weight
A weapon, stepping straight from Section 8
If it's me then you might not wait
If you fake the moves, then it's your tools I'm a take
I want to see you stop me to those that knock me
Amazing with blazing talents like Rodney
Strict with the voodoo, peace to Chaka Zulu
In the clutch, I can't be touched, they must be noodles
Too many skills for you to try and doubt
Put your money where your mouth, I'm a make you wear your mouth
I've had it, time to get bruised and battered
I'm like Earvin Orsette, cause I'm great with that black magic
It's nothing when my man's on production
I reign (You catch a blow to your brain) percussion
Rap savior, the more the major
Bring 'em all on, and they'll get shitted on with flavor
Reality is what it's all about
So when you hear the vibes of Show & A, check it out

Chorus x2

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