

Show & A.G. "Drop it Heavy"

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featuring Big Punisher, KRS-One

[KRS-One] Ha-ha. Never fear. KRS!

Verse one: KRS-One

I'd rather have a hundred-thousand true heads by me
Than one million of your fake fanatics behind me
I keep it grimy; chase me, you will never find me
I take you out for two or three minutes, you can time
me
You the dopest emcee? I leave that ass sizzlin
I'm giving more rhythm than gang rapes in prison
You small time; you ain't a pro, yeah you kicked the
wrong rhyme
But you showing your flow, that's all mine
Oh silly me, if I call on my lyric ability
I'll bring it right, straight to your jaw, free delivery
Get with me, now I spit rap
I represent peace and knowledge, but I will contradict
that!
Click-a-click clap
You don't wanna battle me, you wanna scatterway
I battle Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
Friday, wait, let me
check the schedule again, Saturday
I think you outta follow your squad, they ran that away
You rapper, you played out, spaced out, no format
Now why would you place your money on that?
I drop more bars than Sing-Sing, cha-ching!
Real teachers teach real things
I bring, knowledge and skill, you should try to get with
it
Challenging knowledge, only means that you're
ignorant
With the Sword of Justice, your throat I'm sticking in
Gossip and scandal, I don't put my lips in it
Grow up, I'm moving like a U-haul truck
You all stuck cause you all suck buck, buck buck-buck-
buck-buck!
Forget the cut, ?hasta la? stops, I bring it to your

buttocks, enough
glocks

Verse two: Big Punisher

Yo; my squad is on it like Elijah Muhammed
But I'm garbage, hard, ain't no richeousness in this
heart of violence
Hard as diamond, but I'm in the rough, listen up
If you ever see me with the Feds, you can better send
the cuffs
Ain't no snitch in us, dickin us, unofficial nuts
Everything we are, your side wish you was
Official thugs in it, ?bust? for fresh air ?? connections,
drug
addictions
Still seeing the judge for drug possession
The 4 D's, all these, is more reas' to either get big
Or leave and let live, we the best that gives, TS
Ain't nobody else, we probably thug, plus its all the way
on top of the
shelf
I'm locking your wealth, with the master keys, freeze
I'm trying to breeze, I'ma squeeze and blast ya back to
your knees
So pass the keys, please don't test the toaster
My tech will roast your body faster than Ferraris test the
roadster

He gettin closer to death, Rico's got a hold on your
breath
Your going straight to Hell, 'less you sell your soul for
your flesh
You was close to the bread, now you froze on your bed
A minute ago, you was probably fucked, holdin your
dick
Now what's the problem? you ain't nothing like what
you said on your
album
I thought you was wilin', bustin your guns and running
The Island
You wasn't violent, you was a child trying to get college
credits
How pathetic, didn't take it out on the ?counter statics?
I ?dial rappers? with power lyrics my machinas is my
insurance
Kill me appearance, I'll shine as a spirit
You gotta fear it, cause every last gem is poison
You gotta share it, you can't win, you better join em
I'm annointing niggaz like the holy gods
Cause I'm the only rapper, loco

To smoke you with fire-blowing nostrils
Watch for the toast, when you see it you better tell
yours
?One law? calling the giant, to smoke yours

Verse three: AG

Went from welfare to Bel Air, and hell ya, I hold heat
With a light on niggaz, like police, so don't sleep
The sun shines, brighter, than any star
Rap terrorist, bomb mikes, in the name of Allah
Show and AG, is who we are
Forever terror all I need is 26 letters and 16 bars
I be bomb dropping, verses, that be so def
Searching for those who cold slept, till there's no left
Curios, how we still around
Mysterious, like a dope fiend, clean, never touching the
ground
And you knew it, when you heard us I'm fluent with this
Emcees wanna serve us, DJ's are mad nervous
But can't hurt us, they got the ??, I beat
GD for life, roll with D-I-T-C
Short for D-I-G-G-I-N, double it
Add the craze, now they lovin it, no need to cover it
Let it shine, like the sun do
Now who reflect like us? None do
But still come through, humble
Even when I play with it, to fan in the weight
That sounds so dope, you wanna quote and learn to
say it
Underdog for life, ain't commercial enough to be the
favorite
I'm trite, I bite, when you bark, so save it
He has to be, a Master P, immitation, cause he ain't
Bout It plus he
ain't Tru
Showing that same two, since he first came through
Fuck selling, ya supposed to rock and blow the spot, I
set the game, too
If we don't climax, we can't blame you
Told shorty riding shotgun, ain't that true?
It musta hit her off guard, she wasn't ready
Mind was occupied on gettin sweaty, we lay it heavy

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