

Show & A.G. "Got the Flava"

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featuring Method Man D. Flow Wali World & Party Arty

Chorus:

Show & A.G. got the flavas (the flavas)

Rollin with the dwellas and the neighbors (the neighbors)

Show & A.G. got the flavas (the flavas)

Rollin with the dwellas and the neighbors (the neighbors)

[D. Flow]

Hey yo no question I'm the best in this rap business

No doubt I'm strapped get back or get clapped
rediculous son

I'm flippin this one (don't be dumb)

You better run or end up like my last victim

Shit that's real I already been through

Scared from the threats I sent you (it's all in the mental)

Jackin niggas like I'm in the Central

Cuttin through that ass like a Ginsu as I commense to

Get big with my nigs, A.G. & Showbiz

Now your idol was doin vital damage to your ribs

Word straight up and down, crab MCs get crushed

I'll leave your style cramped, my crew can't be touched

So when you hear the bomb you know it's D. Flow son

No one can fuck around, yeah that's right (no one)

[Wali World]

Hey yo the honies on the dilz cause I play ball good (it's all good)

I'm still representin the hood

Big shouts to Uncle Pete, you're my number one neighbor

No doubt I'm puffin later with my nigga Gary Aida

Peace to Roc Raider and all the goodfellas

People gettin jealous, well it's the brothers (the brothers)

On some other shit can't forget Shabazz

Representin not to mention that I'm gettin cash

Get with that or get with this because I'm kickin this

With the styles I'm runnin through niggas like Emmitt Smith

[Party Arty]

Touchdown, I buck down MCs that step up

10 G's if you wanna MC wrecked up

The ghetto dwella's in your hood, hoodie down

Stomps from the Bronx, the boogie man from the Boogie Down

Momma never told me there would be days like this

That I'd be rippin tracks, gettin paid with my nigs

On tour, roar with that hardcore stuff

Niggas call bluffs (I give em no chance) I make it more rough

(And even slow dance) on niggas faces, rugged, fuck it

Them niggas got to love it cause we made this

I'm gettin papers with my peeps

As Party Arty keeps Bacardi so MCs meet the shotty

[A.G.]

Check the method but don't sweat the technique

Even made the baddest dime bitches get weak when
the vets speak

(Hopin) That your head meets my bed sheets

(Now you're open) Like the Red Sea cause I'm potent

Don't fit? Don't force it, Flow got that 4-fifth

Who do with that voodoo, my doll it's that cordless

All this and that and then some

Get paid to put raps on tracks, I guess that's my
income

The beat chills so they be comin back for refills

(My man shows his street skills) From here to the
Peekskills

Kill the rumors, givin MCs brain tumors

Time to step off the set, gotta jet like Puma

Chorus (2x)

[Method Man]

What the blood clot, son lick a shot, show your love in
the area

Forget me not, mass hysteria

My style revolves around blunts, the Methical

The one and only piece original, never phony

One love to my muthafucker A.G.

A true giant in the industry, hold your shoes up

(Word to God, youknowl'msayin)

Yeah, that's how it's goin down, you know who got the
flava

We got the flava, the flava

So bring it on, so bring it on, all you muthafuckin corns,
yeah

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