

**Show & A.G.****"Q&A"**

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featuring Ghetto Dwellas

[Party Arty]

Question: why crime cats keep on testing?

Answer: cause dirt bitches keep on stressing

The dirty dancer, cancer, 9th of July

So I srtike only when I'm high, no lie

So why? I don't know why I smoke lye

And stay so high trying to be the multi-

Billionaire, niggas ask, you feel 'em there

Pull 'em here, over here, kill 'em here

And send 'em there, over there, where you rest

I stay double busted, nigga, where's your vest?

Is it a test or is it that they stress these rats?

Or is it the trees that make me want to bless these tracks?

These cats, GD cats, we be cats

Giving niggas lessons in the rap sessions

[A.G.]

Ayo question: who's whipping the black Expedition?

With that booming system, that'll be me

With these chickens in the back seat holding gats for me

Toting, flattering me, open, chatting with me

I write these rhymes and stay high

Be rolling in a black stolen driving by

And I'm holding, the only thing that I'm smoking is lye

With no cup, full brew, no cup, smoke up

I'm so clutch in big games when big names choke up

I'm so tough over Show stuff now flow's up

[D-Flow]

Question: why Flow smoke a lot of hydro?

Simple, cause I like to feel clouds in my fucking temple

Maybe you high, I've been to

Puffing more than one, on the run is where I sent you

Must have forgotten I cut like a Ginsu

Bust off a shot to ride the rock instrumentals

Show you the gat, now you figure it's subliminal

Holding down the track, just me and my criminals

On the move, production Show and prove  
Be a ruse, GD go win not lose  
Got jewels, pay dues, got crews  
Want to blow with us, roll with us, think they getting  
dough with us

Not here, you niggas step to the rear  
GD get dirty and blow some Hershey in the air, what?

All this is is choruses  
Phat rhymes and beats with kicks like Norrises  
We trying to get the money for the kids so peep how  
raw it is  
How raw it is, how raw it is (Repeat 2x)

[D-Flow]

I got rock ready in vials, niggas kill me with their petty  
styles  
Tie 'em to the Chevy while I drag 'em every mile  
Let the cheddar pile, I need designer clothes, find the  
hoes  
Watch how the diamond glows, time to go, wind the  
more  
Dimes to grow, you throwing mine to blow, you trying to  
flow  
You brought the drama slow and I'm about crime and  
dough

[Party Arty]

It's time to shine and glow cause I'm the kind to blow  
I'm loud, y'all rhyme is low, blowe with my nine to go  
Time to blow Five-Oh and knock you down like  
dominoes  
Got the gat between your eyeing holes, make you spine  
flow

[A.G.]

Well I'm a flow, shine with Show, your mind ghost  
See the man behind the dough, you didn't get it? Man,  
you kinda slow  
We, holding down that fort lovely  
Us three terrorists like Die Hard 3  
Rock Mercedes back to back followed by half a G  
Topless, like the golden lady, yo I got 'em going  
Crazy, Billboarding, cause of my ill recording  
Think it's sweet, let the nine mil stall them  
Kill 'em slow like Lauryn, full of dough when I'm touring  
Me, Party, and Flow create raps that pack the Forum, so  
warn 'em

All this is is choruses

Phat rhymes and beats with kicks like Norrises  
We trying to get the money for the kids so peep how  
raw it is  
How raw it is, how raw it is (Repeat 2x)

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