

Army of Lovers

"E.F.F.E.C.T"

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[INTRO: Dres]

Yeah

A-ha

What?

Yo, check this out

This is how it's done

How you do it?

You can't blow the spot, we already blew it

(Show & A.G.)

And Black Sheep

[VERSE 1: A.G.]

I drop facts over tracks that go ratatat

Fuck the red, white & blue, I'm with the black-black-black

You diss the brother Show, it makes me wonder

You put him to the test and watch the brother molest the SP-1200

Used to rhyme on calls and acapella

Now I'm doin shows forever, but I was always a 'goodfella'

You feel the wrath of the seven and a half

In that ass if you don't pass the microphone quick fast

Brothers been tryin to diss for years

As long as I'm respected by my peers

And get cheers - who the fuck cares?

Yeah, I'm weeded, but I'm undefeated

Niggas is heated because I'm makin a buck, yup, I succeeded

And ain't no time for no ego-trippin

Me and my homies are all for one, one for all, so let's see who's flippin

And I'm still with the brother Show

Whoever said that we broke up, they get the dick, and you can tell it's so

Showbiz & A.G. and Black Sheep

We're in (e.f.f.e.c.t.)

[CHORUS]

You know how it goes (You know how we do it)

You can't blow the spot (cause we already blew it)
You know how we do it (You know how it goes)
It's me or my brother (or me and my bros)
You know how it goes (You know how we do it)
You know how it sounds (when a nigga gets into it)
You know how we do it (You know how it goes)
It's me and my brothers (with the fabulous flows)

[VERSE 2: Mista Lawnge]

Now who can it be, you wanna see who's flowin next
>From the Boogie Down B-r-o-n-x
With that nigga D, Showbiz & A.G.
My crew is mad deep, don't ever try to sleep or try to
play me
You'll never be comp and your head will get stomped in
>From fuckin with the crew that's Boogie Down Bronx
rompin
Yo, the Sugar Dick is the man, and
Even The Gap Band made a song about how I'm
'outstandin'
My favorite passtime is breakin thee
Bitch-ass niggas that apparently mistakin me
For a nigga that's b-u-t-t
But they all end up r.i.p.
So nigga, pause, slow down, baby
Back the fuck up, nigga, you must be crazy
The others tried to tell you, but you didn't heed the
warning
Now you're gettin fucked up from late night to early
morning
You wanna be, but you can't see me
Cause I'm in e.f.f.e.c.t.

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Dres]

"Black Sheep, Black Sheep, where have you been,
where?
Black Sheep, everything you do is cashmere"
Yeah, I travel upward, cause I come from Down South
Just when you try to counter, my hook's in your mouth
Baah! You can't stop me, I do what I wanna
I know you wanna, so yo, come on, I
Got skills for dills, give chills to mills
My style of wild is makin piles of dollar bills
So 'fleeex', and it's time to crack necks
Punks fuck around and get a chest full or Gore-Tex
You don't know me - from silicone titties
I keep shit on lock, Aki got keys in cities
I rock it, my style's your money in my pocket
You jock it and play yourself like Pee Wee when you

knock it
Off the wall like a hanger, I drop my slang, a
Nigga never figured to be in your shit like a booty
banger
Jingle-jigga, nigga, pass the Endo
Cause you fuckin with mees like you stickiin your dick
out the window

[CHORUS]

[OUTRO: Showbiz]
Aiyo, check it
It's the Show-b-i-z from the Bx, knowmsayin?
Showbiz & A.G. in effect
Black Sheep
As we go on in the swing of things
'94 and beyond, knowmsayin?
Legion, [Name], One Love Records in effect
Check it out, yo
D.I.T.C.
Showbiz signin off, yo
Got the flavor rollin on...

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