

## A.G. "Hidden Crate"

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[De Niro from Taxi Driver]

All the animals come out at night  
Buggers, queens, fairies, dopers, junkies  
Sick, venal  
Someday a real rain'll come and wash all the scum off  
the streets  
I go all over- to the Bronx, Brooklyn, Harlem, I don't  
care  
Don't make no difference to me

[The Giant]

I spit stress on tracks, givin all y'all hard time  
So live, swing through par fives with one stroke  
Catch you on a quiet note, without your platoon  
When you sing the same tune...  
I keeps the boom like sonic, my ebonics can't be fucked  
with  
Ass get hit and passed like the bag we just lit  
Terror on tracks, word is that I'm sweet with mine  
Show & A's shit is basic, more than beats and rhymes  
All them honeys in the front row? Those freaks is mine  
All y'all niggas that's gung ho, can't compete with mine  
Like GD, we burn em like Backdraft  
Let the truth hit em like Baduizm, you didn't do the  
math  
I hold my own like Bud Bundy with no date  
Got the poor man's attitude, the kind a rich man hate  
So what's the explanation for my schizophrenic state?  
At times I feel my niggas; at times I can't relate  
Watch me blow spots and show cats how to rock  
properly  
Like Gotti, the head nigga I gotta be

[DJ Greyboy cuts up]

Look me in my eyes and tell me what you see

[The Giant]

I'm the cleverest, top ten terrorist  
Chickens ever dis, they become featherless

? derelicts, certified gold medalist  
You can play fly, I'm the most high like Everest

Look at all these fakes, musically you imitate the Crates  
Won't succeed, movin at full speed with no brakes  
Like jake, watch me take your entourage  
Can't see I'm camouflage, besides, I'm god  
Mad hard, like the S.A.T.  
Shorties, caught up in the mental, watch 'em bless AG  
Evidently, you still don't know because you tempt me  
Thought you was the boss when your wack thoughts  
were empty  
? still jealous ones envy  
Who sent me? D.I.T.C., good n' plenty  
Like the doctor, smoke a Spike joint and watch Clockers  
Get rude like Shabba, make moves behind my Blockers  
The sickness, you want the pill you better pick this  
Bitches can't get this, faggots remain dickless  
Mathematics proves to be supreme  
Got no invisible means to reach my dreams  
Just faith; do little with it, nothing without it  
Replace Show & A? I doubt it, we're here forever  
I'm brainstormin, let it hang out when I'm performin  
See I have to, I'm a natural like Jordan scorin  
Got your brain leakin, nah better yet it's pourin  
Puttin holes in your ideas, blood on your fly gear  
I've had it, raps are anti-steal like magnets  
Crabs get dealt with, no method to my madness

[D] Greyboy cuts up]

Look me in my eyes and tell me what you see

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