

## Activate "Stages And Lights"

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Yeah, yeah  
Once again as we join Sadat X  
On the great hunt for dough  
Along with my man Show B-i-z  
Representin D.I.T.C.  
Wild Cowboys make a lotta noise

[ CHORUS ]

Stages and cameras and lights don't affect me  
Same on the wax as the same on the street (2x)

Now for the good things in life, Show, let's keep this crowd minglin  
Been everywhere like twice, my latest trip been to England  
Learned this whole scene from the Grand Puba  
Peace to Lord Jamar and Nas Escobar  
My people Crime Family, they finally got a chance  
Long live Ralph [Name] and his crazy man Sam  
My man [Name], can I get a suit from Mecca?  
Brother [Name] from Karl Kani, can I get a shirt so I can be fly?  
I'd also like a Walker Wear suit made from April  
Hit me off in May when I'm heard on Ed and Dre, Scoop  
Jackson on the late night, New Jersey week night  
??? say it, my joint they better play it  
Rhyme after rhyme after rhyme after rhyme  
Line after line after line after line  
Somebody said did I know my man Kid Capri?  
I grew up on him and my man Brucie Bee  
The lone mic for hire like the viking  
If shit ain't to my liking  
I run and get the axe  
It's not that I'm a racist, it's just I'm pro-blacks  
You can't sleep in this here game  
Cause there's cheese and  
There's a million MC's in public housin  
A nigga'll step on your back  
Just to get a crack  
Got to go reign, the whole thing is like a game  
I ain't never been gold, but I got the platinum fame

Like this

[ CHORUS ]

My energetic show is just half of the picture  
I take your suggestion, no question inflicted  
Add to it, then get bad to it  
The music man and I got what's hot  
I be the pleasure principle  
Reignin and restrain from buggin out  
And luggin out the heavy arms  
I'm to rap what Allen Iverson's to Georgetown  
The truth sayer, never team player  
I move, groove, groove and parlay  
If I could bone every day, would I go that way?  
Check it out  
At first I'll take a little lead to lead the whole world  
Jump and make the earth shake and expose the fake  
This is no coincidence, this was bound to be  
Tell the young history is bein made  
Goin backwards I had a low one, a baldie, and a fade  
Bein fresher neverthelesser makes me go all out  
Cause I'm out in the street too much  
Not to be too clutched  
Showbiz is my man, no question, ace  
Hit me off with the head-nod ???  
My tunnel vision has my shit on collision  
We're makin dough, makin investments  
And stackin up the property  
30 years from now the young boys is livin properly  
As the foundin father  
Of the style that niggas ain't even bother to find out  
It will blow your mind out  
Missioned in the circles of royalty  
Wild Cowboys I owe my whole loyalty  
At the scene of the crime, the new essence of the  
rhyme  
Comes out like a dime piece, braided and shredded  
Wack rappers get mean shouts from my team  
The riches, the bitches and all the fan fanfare  
But I stay aware just like the black bear  
'96 is my year

[ CHORUS ]

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