

## Kampf

### "40 Acres and My Props"

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[Intro: Showbiz & A.G.]

Showbiz got props, tell me who got the props  
A.G. got props, tell me who got the props  
Give me my props for '92  
It's me and Showbiz, and this is what we gonna do  
Give you some now, save some for later  
Here's a portion, yo Show, kick the flavor

[Showbiz]

Record labels try and juice me (for what?) for my papers  
They offer me a mule (and what else?) and 40 acres  
I'm dissing snakes now, there's no time to catch the vapors  
I'm not a pup (for what?) a Muppet caper  
And all the ghetto groupies get free with the quickness  
And Show concentrates and only thinks about business  
I hate a sellout cause he puts me in a rage  
I play KRS and throw that ass off the stage  
So give me my props cause I always stay clever  
And ain't nothing changed but the weather  
Get your act together, cause I got mines together  
Don't front on the brother with the Pelle Pelle leather  
I'm Show B-I-Z, my partner's A.G.  
Chill with Greg N-I-C-E or my brother D-R-E-S  
And what's up to Lord Finesse  
And I'd like to give shouts to my peeps Shorty and Wes  
People say I'm soup, crazy cash I recoup  
Nowadays I just troop in my green Legend coupe

[A.G.]

Record companies try to juice me for my papers  
They offer me a mule and about 40 acres  
They try to gain from my royalties  
Push me towards the dotted line but you know I didn't sign  
Labels know straight up when we meet  
Interfere with my career and it's back to the streets  
Bang bang or the pow pow  
I settle the beef the best way I know how  
Release the savage beast if I'm not taking care

Rap is my career and it's my only way outta here  
Every chance I do damage  
And I manage to use all the anger to my advantage  
All that is cool, but my brain is the tool  
Gimme my props so we all can rule  
Don't show off my skills, I just sprinkle em  
And you're sleeping on my props, wake up before you  
wrinkle them

Gimme my props yo, more than a cop yo  
Til I master hip-hop, I won't stop yo (Repeat 4x)

[Showbiz]

The say BMW's a Black Man's Wish  
I wish for an SP-1200 and some discs  
Negativity the least, my material's is cease  
Saying peace to the brothers in the belly of the beast  
People saying "Why Show wanna rhyme?"  
I didn't wanna get back and do Fed time  
I wanna live right and exact, I don't wanna be the fat  
cat  
Off the crack and have the Feds down my back  
If the money's stacked, take a step back, black  
Or you'll be wearing four four numbers like a  
quarterback  
I was raised one deep by mom dukes and no dad  
And now I grab a #2 pencil and a pad  
Or Erasermate if I make mistakes I erase  
And me a Diamond go diggin' in the crates  
(Where's my 40 acres?) Not the projects of course  
I asked for a mule, I got an iron horse  
Shit goes on as the song plays  
Can a devil fool a Muslim? Nah, not nowadays

[A.G.]

On your mark, get set, pass the 40, let's jet  
A fat rhyme is what you want, a fat rhyme is what you'll  
get  
It's thorough, from begining to end  
The beat is fat, what can I say? Show you did it again  
I got the hat on my head, Pepe's on my behind  
Fans on my back, and money on my mind  
I don't sweat the stress, take the bitter with the sweet  
Did I let you know I have the Tims on my feet?  
You know my stats when I came around  
Saying "Damn he's living fat" when I haven't even  
gained a pound  
Friends til the end, never will I diss ya  
My people's R.I.P., you know I'm gonna miss ya  
40 acres and my props, the name of the song  
A.G. is saying peace and I'm gone

Gimme my props yo, more than a cop yo  
Til I master hip-hop, I won't stop yo (Repeat 4x)

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