

## **A.G. f/ Big Pun, KRS-One**

### **"Drop it Heavy"**

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[10 second news intro]

[KRS-One]

That's right, on any beat we sail  
Don't put your money on bail, put it on full scale  
Ha hah! Never fail, KRS

I'd rather have a hundred-thousand true heads by me  
Than one million of your fake fanatics behind me  
I keep it grimey, chase me, you will never find me  
I'll take you out in 2 or 3 minutes, you can time me  
You the dopest MC? I leave that ass sizzlin  
I'm givin more rhythm than gang rapes in prison  
You small time, you ain't a pro; yeah you kick the raw  
rhyme  
But your show and your flow - that's all mine  
Oh silly me, if I call on my lyric ability  
I'll bring it right straight to your jaw, free delivery  
Get with me, now I spit rap  
I represent peace and knowledge, but I will contradict  
that!  
Click-a-click clap, you don't wanna battle me  
You wanna scat away - I battle Monday, Tuesday,  
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday  
Wait, let me check the schedule again, Saturday  
I think you oughta follow your squad, they ran that-  
away  
These rappers be played out, spaced out, no format  
Now why would you place your money on that?  
I drop more bars than Sing-Sing, cha-ching!  
Real teachers teach real things!  
I brings knowledge and skill, you should try to get with  
it  
Challenging knowledge, only means that you're  
ignorant  
With the sword of justice, your throat I'm stickin it  
Gossip and scandal? I don't put my lips in it  
Grow up, I'm movin like a U-Haul truck  
You all stuck cause you all suck, duck duck buck buck  
buck  
Forget the curb hops, your luck stops

I bring it to your buttocks, with nuff glocks

[Big Pun]

Yo, my squad is honored it like Elijah Muhammed  
But I'm God-retarded, ain't no righteousness in this  
heart of violence  
Hard as diamond but I'm in the rough, listen up  
If you ever see me wit the Feds you can bet it's in the  
cuffs  
Ain't no snitchin us, bitchin us  
Unofficialness, everything we are star, you wish you  
was  
Official thugs in the drug profession  
Drug connections, drug addictions  
Still seein the judge for drug possession  
The four-D's, all these is more reas'  
to either get big, or leave or let live  
We the best there is T.S., ain't nobody else  
We probably Dove; cause we all way on top of the shelf  
I'm lockin your wealth, with the master keys freeze  
Don't try to breeze, I'ma squeeze and blast the back of  
your knees  
Just pass the cheese, please don't test the toaster  
My tech'll roast ya body faster than Ferrari's Testarossa  
You gettin closer to death, reaper's got a hold on your  
breath  
You goin straight to hell as you sell your soul for your  
flesh  
You was posin a threat, now you froze in the bed  
Minute ago, you was poppin shit, holdin ya dick  
Now what's the problem? You ain't nuttin like you said  
on your album  
I thought you was wildin bustin your guns and runnin  
the Island  
You was't violent, you was silent tryin to get college  
credits  
How pathetic, did it to get out of the calisthenics  
I'm "Dianetics" combined with lyrics  
My matureness is my insurance, kill my appearance,  
I'm a shinin spirit  
You gotta fear it, cause every last gem is poison  
You gotta cheer it, if you can't win you better join 'em  
I'm head-annointin niggaz like the Holy Gospel  
I'm the only vato loco to smoke you wit fire-blowin  
nostrils  
Watch for the toast, when you see it, you better draw  
yours  
Warlords, callin The Giant, it's all yours

[A.G.]

Went from welfare to Bel Air, and hell yeah, I hold heat

With a license to kill like police, so don't sleep  
The sun shines, brighter, than any star  
Rap terrorist, bomb mics in the name of Allah  
Show & A.G. is who we are, forever terror  
All I need is 26 letters and 16 bars  
I'll be bomb droppin, verses, that be so depth  
Searchin for those who co-slept, 'til there's no left  
Curious, how we still around, mysterious  
Like a dopefiend clean, never touchin the ground  
And you knew it when you heard us, I'm fluent with this  
MC's wanna serve us, DJ's are mad nervous  
But can't hurt us, they get the dick, I be  
G.D. for life, roll with D.I., T.C.  
Short for D-I, G-G, I-N  
Double it, add the Crates, now they lovin it  
No need to cover it, let it shine like the sun do  
Now who reflect like us? None do, but still come  
through  
Humble, even when I play with it  
Convey it in a way that sounds so dope  
You wanna quote and learn to say it  
Underdog for life, ain't commercial enough, to be the  
favorite  
I'm trife, I bite when you bark, so save it  
He has to be a Master P, imitation  
Cause he ain't "bout it" plus he ain't +TRU+  
Show & A the same two  
Since we first came through, niggaz yellin  
Y'all supposed to rock and blow the spot, I said we aim  
to  
If we don't climax we can't blame you  
Told shorty ridin shotgun, ain't that true?  
It must have hit her off guard, she wasn't ready  
Mind was occupied on gettin sweaty, we lay it "Heavy"

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