

DJ Skribble F/ B.G., Juvenile

"Dodger - Show And Prove"

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[Flawless]

Primo Shit! Tony Touch. We got the livest lyricist in NYC, The Hottest Producer in NYC, and the Hottest DJ in NYC! Bout to get real ugly up in here.

[Touch Scratches various "Live Wun" Tracks]

[Scratches Continue throughout the entire track]

I come strapped for combat, Wit a craftsmen axe
I commit fraud on tax, Skillfully cover my tracks
Me and my doggz come hard, Rough wolf packs
Credit maxed, Ya'll chumps be like DON'T DO THAT
But when I spat on your track, You sold out when you hit racks

The album was wack, At 125 you proved that
But since I was on that, Mad headz done bought that
The track was like a bad battle, You tried but you ain't fought back

My verse was played on the mixed-tapes,
They ain't put you on, You was a waste of space
I see how you eatin' off that single hit
It was your LP, But you ain't wrote the shit
Shoulda called that track changed up, Cuz when I finished up

You stepped up and layed nut
I've had rhymes on the brain since the sixth grade
While ya'll was bringin' the pain, I was getting' paid
Makin' mixed-tapes to promote my name
Writin' in rhyme books to elevate my game
Kept my head in books increasin' vocabulary
And the first shit I laid down left 'em jus a lil' bit worried
Since then, A rush to help the game evolve
I mastered all the problems ya'll still tryna solve
On the 1 and 2's, My skills ain't quite like GQ
But I guarantee I'ma chirp a 12 better than you
You still think sharp sounds come from fast scratches
My Game I reworked like Dialated, And sewed up all the patches

I was the first one to rap about gasoline and matches
Always had thick game, I mean I kept game thick
Ya'll party on weekends while I work on my mix

The thought of college scares me, I can't take shit with
me
Wit out practice it's guaranteed a strong game will turn
flimsy
Plus tables get dusty, And fingaz get rusty
And without rap - Piss me off, I get a lil' bit touchy
Rap and mathematics what I enjoy the most
I likes east and west coast, Division and exponents
I eat burgers and rib roast, Fried Eggs and Rye Toast
Too proud to beg like TLC, But I sure as hell Boast
Every creation I concoct, Is repeatably knocked
Everyone always got ideas, For sale in tiendas and
shops
Some say I should stop, Some want me to still drop
Regardless of public opinion, I'm stayin' on top
If you wanna sample, Go buy a tape
Ain't getting' shit free from me, I'm bout to win the
whole race

[Flawless]

Thas that true hip hop! Jus straight rap! No hook.
We ain't even gotta curse. We jus speak the real, the
truth!
Dodger did it again New York...(Echoes and Fades)

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