

## **Showbiz & A.G. "Add On"**

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It's Lord Finesse, the rhyme vet  
Like Biggie, I'm 'Ready to die', but it ain't my fucking  
time yet  
I bring the noise like static, I cause havoc  
When I grab the mic, I pack a party like traffic

You know my style, I got the hip sound  
I should be a construction worker, the way I be tearing  
shit down  
One of the best, you ought to shout it  
Bust a nigga's ass and won't give two thoughts about it

Word, I hunt you down  
I got a million reasons why none of you can fuck  
around  
I slay beginners, saute contenders  
Shit, and be damned if I don't walk away the winner

I kick facts, flip raps over hip tracks  
You know what I'm saying?  
(Yeah, I can dig that)  
I'm gifted, my rhyme is wicked  
When it comes to knowledge, I got jewels like the  
Diamond District

I'm the dopest, the baddest, one of the fattest  
Chicken heads, know my status  
For those that's waiting to doubt  
I'm a play like Pete Rock and C L Smooth and  
"Straighten it out"

Ayo Show, my man  
(Add on, add on)  
A G, my man  
(Add on, add on)

Ayo show, my man  
(Add on, add on)  
D-Flow, my man  
(Add on, add on)

Check it, I got the herb to bomb your brain

I'm a threat like Saddam Hussein, niggas better know  
my name  
I flow the same in a competition  
I break them clowns into something different

Buck 'em with the fucking Smith and Wesson  
M C's never leave my section  
Finger on the trigger, I figure, I kill that nigga for  
stepping  
I tote the four-fifth riff, and get your jaw shift

Flip phones and add jewels got me looking gorgeous  
Ignore the style and get bucked down, child  
With the three-pound pile, blow, How you like me now?  
The new improved flow, you know how I do so

Whatever, a motherfucking terror like Cujo  
I'm out to get mine, I want mils, God  
Niggas that feel hard, chill, fuck around and get your  
grill scarred  
It's D-Flow, you know my steelo, ceelo will let you know  
how we go  
Chop him like a kilo and let him die

And then I'm a add on like arithmetic  
Suckers, careers get stopped, so stop, who you riffing  
with?  
I'm on point with the snakes and fakes  
Ain't the one, you get hung like drapes  
(Think I am?)

And it's proven, point blank, that's the conclusion  
Seeing me losing, it's all an illusion  
Like the rawism, I'm a kiss him when I hurt him  
Then desert him, because the Show and A G shit is  
sickening

Giving stress to them snakes is a ritual  
Nights and north flakes, oh yes, they bless the physical  
Promote the glock? No, I'm not  
I use it as an art, ain't got the heart to disrespect hip-  
hop  
Time to breeze, now I'm gone, the greats is rolling  
strong  
So add on and on

Ayo show, my man  
(Add on, add on)  
A G, my man  
(Add on, add on)

Ayo show, my man  
(Add on, add on)  
D-Flow, my man  
(Add on, add on)

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