

Showbiz & A.G. "All Out"

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"If I wasn't nice, motherfucker I wouldn't be here" -
Redman (Repeat 4x)

I'm rough, when the going gets tough I never give up
If you survive where we grew up, then that was luck
But this rap shit is in my heart to the core
Even the Lord can't stop me, this is what I am made for
Always had to struggle, shit is hard
In fact, my whole age (Two decades) and add four
years to that
But hard work is the answer
Black like a panther, stayin on my toes like a ballet
dancer
I'm a pay the cost to be the boss
Look at these hoes bouncing, with their chicken heads
cut off
I stay focus, and I hope this dedication
(I know that this dedication pays off) That shit is bogus
Giving it what I got, I won't fall
Cause my all is success, so yes yes y'all

I'm a give it my all, cause this is all that I got, plus
"If I wasn't nice, motherfucker I wouldn't be here"
You hope that we fall, you scheme and plot, but
"If I wasn't nice, motherfucker I wouldn't be here"

Rough is how they want it, so here it comes
All sons get silent, I'm getting violent with these drums
Mum's the word, you heard us in action
A lot of stars are missing (Niggas are relaxing)
But Show gets ill with his street skills
I put raps on tracks that's so real that my peeps feel
I got to make it, blues ain't what I choose
Can't stand to lose and a lot more to prove
So truly, to go through me, you must face me
Try to erase me, you'd better bring your toolie
Any platform or stage I stand on, fans stand up
With their hands up because the man's on

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Pardon, while I barge on your squadron
The Eighth Wonder, while you stay in hunger, ideas be
starving
You'll get ate like food for thought
Take these melodies, we gonna bring the truth, fuck
the court
Cause I'm hot like hot sauce
Juice like Mott's, when I stop, that's when you get your
rocks off
(Wack?) That's a rumor (In fact) It's soon to
Show & A shines, stay on your mind like a brain tumor
Here's the facts: Show got the best tracks
Those that shitted, they gots to get it from the back
We attract the rough and rowdy
Got 'em bottom of the nineth, time for the rally
I'm a genius, mics are stamped on my birth
Cover your girl, and be forth God, if that's your Earth
You'd better burst, been deep since you've heard me
speak
Had knowledge of self since ?Anna Ford? had his belts
>From the place where this rap shit originated
I play it cool like a dairy, so just hear me and
refridgerate it
Whoever sleep, I'm a get 'em
>From the cradle to the grave I'm just a slave to the
rhythm

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(Repeat 2x)

"If I wasn't nice, motherfucker I wouldn't be here"
(Repeat til fade)

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