

## Showbiz & A.G. "Diggin' In The Crates"

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f/ Diamond D, Lord Finesse

Ah keep on, and you don't stop (Repeat 8x)

[Diamond]

Yo, praise the Lord for Showbiz  
My partner with the beats with the Nikes on his feet  
Buying old records is a habit  
I get more run than a Volkswagon Rabbit  
You know I gotta have it  
I got more props than the cop Paul McGary  
Who played on Hawaii Five-O  
And I formed a production company with Show  
And Jay's Studio is the lab (The lab)  
But the session is closed because I know you got a big  
nose  
Trying to skip out the name  
You lack originality, and that's a damn shame  
Don't front, I know I got you open  
Like a pack of Coke and yo I pulled your coat and  
I'm not the one to be gamed on  
I didn't know it was your girl we ran the train on  
But no hard feelings, your girl was appealing  
Did my share of dealing sexual healing  
You didn't know she was a groupie  
But I'm a put you up on a scoop, B  
Used to live in Forrest, my daughter lives in Morris  
Used to play softball with my man Horace  
I kick flavor like my man Sonny Chiba  
Aries is my sign, I'm compatible with Libra  
I like to program beats  
Diamond D is out, I wanna say peace  
Showbiz, there's deals to make  
So let's get busy and dig in the crates

[Showbiz]

Yo, thank the Lord for Diamond D  
No afro, instead he keeps dreads in his head  
My partner from the past from 163rd  
Back when I was a hoodlum beating on nerds  
Started way back (Way back when?)

About 12 years ago, I was 9, he was 10  
Before smoking weed or hanging out and playing  
hooky  
We used to breakdance and the jam's "Electric Boogie"  
Girls walk jocking, my nickname's Rock and  
Rhymes I was shocking, beats I was clocking  
Step up and see Showbiz perform and  
My beats is hard like big George Foreman  
So MC's and DJ's thought they were nice and  
Get upset like Buster did to Tyson  
That was in Japan and he's still my man  
???? outside Dapper Dan  
Wait a minute, that's a different subject  
Talk about the Moet and the pipe that's in effect  
Back to the Show, the Show B-I-Z  
Down with D.I.T.C., A.G. is my MC  
Relying on the Giant, the Giant I'm relying  
Never lying on the track because I'm not a crack client  
Girls stick like Crazy Glue, they think they're getting  
dough  
But I treat hoes like drugs, I just say no  
I lamp in the residence and keep dead presidents  
It's a fact, I like my pockets fat not flat  
A rapper not a singer, so I hope you don't bring a  
Product to me, so go ahead you humdinger  
Show's about to blow in '91 so I'm straight  
Down with the crew called "Diggin' in the Crates"

[A.G.]

So get back, get your sticks, get your bats  
Get your licks and I'm a still get fat  
Try to diss and get the backhand  
I'm dressed in black, a black hat for a black man  
The Giant is better and clever  
Go ahead sleep, and you'll rest forever and ever  
I'm like a bomb, sometimes I'm calm  
No telling what can happen when the mic is in my right  
palm  
Yeah, Showbiz too deep, but don't sleep  
Go ahead and retreat or face agony of defeat  
A.G. is in command  
You remember the black hat? At the bottom are my  
Timberlands  
Save it, if you think you pose a threat  
Just chill and watch how many hoes I get  
Now you sweat the props I got  
(Kick a rhyme) A rhyme? Sure, why not?  
Always get fat to a hype track  
So Finesse (What's up?) Sike, give me that mic back  
The crowd I'll catch up, microphone master  
Finger licking and kicking lyrics from here to Africa

I'm the bold kind, my rhyme's a goldmine  
Let it off, set it off, just for old times  
Think you're ready for this? You battle, you lose  
You brittle rapper, your rhymes are scribble scrabble  
The Giant is greater so I'm great  
Down with the group called Diggin' in the Crates

[Lord Finesse]

Yeah yeah, we gonna set it off like this...  
Now when it comes to lyrics, mics I pulverise  
It's Lord Finesse, time to go for mine  
So stand back, let the men play  
I put rhymes in shape just like Ben Gay  
I'm great and honorable, suckers I bomb a few  
I run more games than a carnival  
I'm a get mine, as soon as you say "start"  
Sweat hoods and funky rhymes is my trademark  
I'm a get fame, not from her or his name  
Cause yo (What's up?) I'm funkier than a shit stain  
Mics I smoke, rhymes I hurl  
My hobby is collecting fly-looking girls  
Strictly for the ladies, call me Lord Finesse  
And I'm all about money and sex  
Finesse is the name to say, and I came to play  
We could have fun, but put the whips and chains away  
Sex and money is what makes me a happy man  
And I sport more styles than Jackie Chan  
I keep rising, I'm not the type to sink low  
Me take a loss on the mic? I don't think so  
Lord Finesse is out to make papes  
Down with the crew called Diggin' in the Crates

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