

**Showbiz & A.G.****"Full Scale"**

Visit "[Full Scale](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

featuring Big Punisher KRS One

[KRS One] Ha ha. Never fear. KRS!

Verse one: KRS One

I'd rather have a hundred thousand true heads by me  
Than one million of your fake fanatics behind me  
I keep it grimy; chase me you will never find me  
I take you out for two or three minutes you can time me  
You the dopest emcee? I leave that ass sizzlin  
I'm giving more rhythm than gang rapes in prison  
You small time; you ain't a pro, yeah you kicked the  
wrong rhyme  
But you showing 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 scatterway  
I battle Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,  
Friday, wait, let me  
check the schedule again, Saturday  
I think you outta follow your squad, they ran that away  
You rapper, you 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 bring, 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 sticking in  
Gossip and scandal, I don't put my lips in it  
Grow up, I'm moving like a U-haul truck  
You all stuck cause you all suck buck, buck buck-buck-  
buck-buck!  
Forget the cut, ?hasta la? stops, I bring it to your  
buttocks, enough

glocks

Verse two: Big Punisher

Yo; my squad is on it like Elijah Muhammed  
But I'm garbage, hard, ain't no richeousness in this  
heart of violence  
Hard as diamond, but I'm in the rough, listen up  
If you ever see me with the Feds, you can better send  
the cuffs  
Ain't no snitch in us, dickin us, unofficial nuts  
Everything we are, your side wish you was  
Official thugs in it, ?bust? for fresh air ?? connections,  
drug  
addictions  
Still seeing the judge for drug possesion  
The 4 D's, all these, is more reas' to either get big  
Or leave and let live, we the best that gives, TS  
Ain't nobody else, we probably thug, plus its all the way  
on top of the  
shelf  
I'm locking your wealth, with the master keys, freeze  
I'm trying to breeze, I'ma squeeze and blast ya back to  
your knees  
So pass the keys, please don't test the toaster  
My tech will roast your body faster than Ferraris test the  
roadster  
He gettin closer to death, Rico's got a hold on your  
breath  
Your going straight to Hell, 'less you sell your soul for  
your flesh  
You was close to the bread, now you froze on your bed  
A minute ago, you was probably fucked, holdin your  
dick  
Now what's the problem? you ain't nothing like what  
you said on your  
album  
I thought you was wilin', bustin your guns and running  
The Island  
You wasn't violent, you was a child trying to get college  
credits  
How pathetic, didn't take it out on the ?counter statics?  
I ?dial rappers? with power lyrics my machinas is my  
insurance  
Kill me appearance, I'll shine as a spirit  
You gotta fear it, cause every last gem is poison  
You gotta share it, you can't win, you better join em  
I'm annointing niggaz like the holy gods  
Cause I'm the only rapper, loco  
To smoke you with fire-blowing nostrils  
Watch for the toast, when you see it you better tell

yours

?One law? calling the giant, to smoke yours

Verse three: AG

Went from welfare to Bel Air, and hell ya, I hold heat  
With a light on niggaz, like police, so don't sleep  
The sun shines, brighter, than any star  
Rap terrorist, bomb mikes, in the name of Allah  
Show and AG, is who we are  
Forever terror all I need is 26 letters and 16 bars  
I be bomb dropping, verses, that be so def  
Searching for those who cold slept, till there's no left  
Curios, how we still around  
Mysterious, like a dope fiend, clean, never touching the  
ground  
And you knew it, when you heard us I'm fluent with this  
Emcees wanna serve us, DJ's are mad nervous  
But can't hurt us, they got the ??, I beat  
GD for life, roll with D-I-T-C  
Short for D-I-G-G-I-N, double it  
Add the craze, 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, to fan in the weight  
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 trite, I bite, when you bark, so save it  
He has to be, a Master P, immitation, cause he ain't  
Bout It plus he  
ain't Tru  
Showing that same two, since he first came through  
Fuck selling, ya supposed to rock and blow the spot, I  
set the game, too  
If we don't climax, we can't blame you  
Told shorty riding shotgun, ain't that true?  
It musta hit her off guard, she wasn't ready  
Mind was occupied on gettin sweaty, we lay it heavy

Visit [Showbiz & A.G.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.