

## Showbiz & A.G. "Neighborhood Sickness"

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[Party Arty] Now look me in my eyes and tell me what you see

[A.G.] The neighborhood sickness (You know my shit is hot)

So bear witness (Repeat 2x)

[Party Arty]

Yo! You step to me with a style that's good, miss  
Battle me around, bitches when I'm finished they say  
"Oh my goodness!"

I grab the jack and shank the nigga with a knife  
The last nigga that fought me ended up fighting for his  
life

WHAT? I'm quick to leave a nigga comatose  
I'm putting niggas to rest from the East or the West  
Coast

A crazy motherfucker if you've never seen one  
Always pack the heat and I sleep with a machine gun  
Now you know you can't see this  
Where I come from, many die, you'll get crucified like  
Jesus  
Nobody move, nobody get hurt  
Seventeen in the clip, so nigga put your dick in the dirt

[A.G.]

The best that ever did it, so back up and maintain  
I manifest who I be on your chest just like a name chain  
They think they know of me because of my poetry  
You think you're nice, right? Then grab the mic and try  
to flow with me

It's a shakedown, no ends when I'm in town  
Wear my fake smiles since I put them corny Tims down  
I was still cool when it comes to the lyrical  
You want to get physical? That's a Goodfella ritual  
Get with you? Yeah, I can get with ya  
Step to me, A.G., it's got to be for my signature

[Party Arty]

Yo, you know my style, gimme yours since I got mines  
Step up and get done with a gun, call the crack line  
I get the nappy heads blowing  
I get wreck with a Tec under my Woolridge, when it's

snowy  
Ayo, I gots to keep it real, G  
I get crazy, so please don't please me, nigga chill, B  
I'm running wild like a gang from L.A.  
Telling "Don't think, give me your link and your Pelle  
Pelle"

[A.G.] Look me in my eyes and tell me what you see  
[Party Arty] I see the A to the G-I (Rolling with) Show B-I  
(Repeat 2x)

[A.G.]  
It's the A to the G so don't sleep  
My second LP and I'm in too deep  
Always keep a low so you know I'm going to creep  
Always had to rumble in the jungles of the concrete  
Now a nigga try to set it? He'll regret it  
If he's the crowd favorite, then he'll just get upsetted  
Brothers have a fit when I get into my shit  
Today, tomorrow, hollow fever order it  
I'm the nicest, like almighty Isis  
You want my flow? No, it's priceless  
Got to set it, G, to let 'em know my pedigree  
If your skills ain't rap, then perhaps you should let it be

[Party Arty]  
Yo, I'm not Cypress Hill but I'm still insane  
I come with this ruggedness that be fucking with your  
brain  
Niggas always talking about how hot they are  
But I got that boom bap, orginal rap like the KRS-One  
The 6'4" wrecking team is killing crews  
Fuck around and get broke down like syllables  
It's Party Arty and the nigga that you've heard of  
Son, my rhymes are like Tech 9's, my techniques are  
murder, what?

[A.G.]  
I'm strange, deranged, mentally disturbed  
A lunatic that's soon to flip on any nigga (Word)  
Chill in my rest 24-7, no less  
Don't test cause I'm so def (Oh yes)  
My brother's keeper with the flow like Aretha  
Like the Grim Reaper, my murder weapon is a speaker  
If a sucker steps he'll get ate up  
Cash for the blast, I'm smoking White Owls straight up  
And I'm a leave it on that note  
Cock T, L.D., and Wally World pass the smoke

[A.G.] Look us in our eyes and tell us what you see  
[Party Arty] Some real brothers from the gutter, that's

word to mother (Repeat 4x)

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