

Showbiz & A.G. "Spit"

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Featuring D FlowLord Finesse

[Lord Finesse]

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, sautee 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

Chickenheads know my status

For those that's waiting to doubt

I'm a play like Pete Rock & 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!)

[D-Flow]

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 &

Wesson, MC'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
[A.G.]
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 (Think I am?) You get hung like drapes
And it's proven, point blank that's the conclusion
Seeing me losing, it's all an illusion
Like the raw ism, I'm a kiss him when I hurt him
Then desert him, because the Show & 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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