

Showbiz & A.G. "Time For"

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There's a time to play and there's a time for sex
There's a time to lounge and there's a time to catch
wreck
Watch your spot, cause if you sleep you'll get got
Our sound is hot cause we're true to hip-hop

It's the little big man, y'all little niggas just relax
I'm coming like a nut, butt niggas catching heart
attacks
Adversaries better maintain
Don't even riff, stram, cause I'm a one-man gangbang
Boom, I hit it, now money I really did it
Brung out the beast in me, and the freaks be getting
with it
Yes the fame is what they sweat
But you came for me to entertain then I'll make you wet
Meanwhile, got to keep a low profile
Our style is true, so yes I do smile
Original, just like the Dirty Rotten
And while our foes is plotting, Show is riding shotgun

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Since I hit the boom, they say my brain is doomed
I object, it's sustained, now name this tune
Bringing more than other brothers on computers
Long as my vision ain't blurry, don't worry, pass the
buddhas
Forget karate, cause I'd rather kick a lyric
You ain't trying to hear it? Then I'll be talking to your
spirit
Show hit me off with the hype shit
Who needs pencils and papers? Brain cells is what I
write with
The format, told you last LP I'm all that
Step to A.G., then you're best to be sure, black
Roll with my crew, I got the O.E.
20 dollar sack, and my hat to the back just like TLC

Now when you play, it'd better not be with Show and Dre

Or sex in between the sheets at my rest

Now it's time to lounge and I'm free from all clowns

Now who's catching wreck? I hit the cess, yes

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I get rough and I hurt 'em like a puff of the ganja
Tough like Tonka, you'll get seen by the Jolly Green
Monster, the G sell out? Hell no

A good fellow who sports the shell toes
Step to me, I'll shoot you and your deputy

Everybody's in jeopardy except for me

They pop shit, like their skills I can't top it

I'm the one to rock with, lounge and pop some
chocolate

I'm coming through, so what you gonna do?

When I hit you in the head with the lead from the
number 2

A black boo, leaving suckers froze like a statue

Styles are coming at you, real like my tattoo

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