

Showbiz & A.G. "You Know Now"

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My raps are homicide, raps are clear like crystal
Never packed a pistol, well I used it, ain't the issue
And if you insist to test us, trust me
We're official, a bite-proof style you can't get through
New shit was real from day one
Say one verse, then I burst with the love so I can slay
hon
Ain't none, that's the answer on who's better
Want more cheese than cheddar, soon to breeze like
the weather
My companion is standing on non-believers
With mics you can't test me, you lose against the SP
Blacker than Wesley, almost perfect like Gretzky
You supposed to be the best? Step up, let's see
Check one two, that means I'm coming, too
But in my song, if I say "Peace, I'm gone" that means
I'm through
Monster, will stomp ya, til you suffocate
Turn read, now dead is your mental state

If you didn't know before, guess you know now!
(It's Show & A.G. and this is how it's going down)
(Repeat 2x)

It's the A to the G-I, still with Show B-I
I can't see why you're trying to play me when you're
knee-high
To a giant, moneygrip, you don't know me
Try my like Opie, cause I'm low key
With the spotlight I'm not concerned
You can ask Guru and Primo cause we know it's "Hard
to Earn"
Spo burn, baby, burn
It's the year of the only little big man, so wait your turn
Who can get with the man with no gimmicks?
Got the mad team like the '96 Olympics
I used to wish chicks would notice me
They be scheming, got them bitches fiending just like
Jodeci
Hopelessly, cause the dialouge is tight
I rip it and split, never hog the mic
Write with my brain cells, not a pencil

Can't survive what I've been through, or rent space in
my mental

If you didn't know before, guess you know now!
(It's Show & A.G. and this is how it's going down)
(Repeat 4x)

Bring me on some happy shit, I turn this bitch into
Happy Land
Burn it down, call the fireman, cause I'm around
So eat your Wheaties and your vitamins
I smoke a pound of the black cheeba cheeba
I'm a see you on the verse, Back and Forth like Aalyiah
From the vill and the have, I rocks on like Rage
Party with Arty, around the World with Wally
Artificial mic handlers get broken, I'm potent
Shit I be quoting be having brothers open
You'll get knocked off the top if you think I can't rock it
Rush ya like Russia, call my bluff, I'm a hush ya
I'm cocoo for Coca, you slowpoke, we had this style
last year
This past year we was no joke
This year, I'm getting light from gripping mics
Fans getting hype and my pockets getting right
With my nigga Trigger T.O., you know how we go
On that reel-to-reel shit, you feel it, fuck your ego
Peace to brother Show, who's on this track, and in fact
I'm out with no doubt, peace and it's like that
To all my fellas, I got your back (I got your back)

If you didn't know before, guess you know now!
(It's Show & A.G. and this is how it's going down)
(Repeat 8x)

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