

## Show Time (Game Diss)

Lloyd Banks

That's it!  
Hahahahh!  
You stupid motherfucker!  
Huh?  
I'm what you wanna be, nigga!  
Huh!  
Talk that shit in front of me, man  
You already know what time it is man, it's the Unit!  
Ain't no one better!

One's for the money! - Two's for the groove  
I cruise! - On the interstate so smooth  
Rather be the rebel, move when I wanna move  
30 days straight, 30 pair new of shoes!  
Fools! - Feelin' like they got shit to prove  
Lose or lose, you do not get to choose  
Sparks crackling off the top of my fuse  
The rap A-Bomb, so nigga stay calm!  
The flow's way gone! - Blue and gray charm  
Long firearm, that'll do way harm  
I'm a don! - Bitch lock on!  
The "www.ididit.com"!  
Tried to ruin 'em! (yeah!) - Now I'm on 'em!  
From midnight to morning the kid Michael Jordan  
Disappear in thin air the car often  
Come to your front door like a orphan!  
Breeze in the lot! - Nibble off the auction  
Dude's exhaustion, I brought New York in  
You ever seen a walkin' and talkin' coffin!  
Well, that's what I see when I see you!  
You bumped heads with the OD'er  
The overseer; see my chrome millimeter  
Either! - You're just dumb or had too much reefer  
Oh, you ain't with it, well I ain't with it either!  
Just my luck, you slip into a seizure  
Rap don't need ya, slip in cold ether  
That's speak through a filter and get a microphone fever  
Big heart, the temperature of the freezer  
News flash - NOBODY believes ya!  
Bumped your fuckin' head! - Developed amnesia  
You ain't me! - Let alone a leader!  
Yeah! - You don't even write your own shit!  
You feeling hype then go sit  
I'll break off a brick and light the whole strip!  
You want attention! - So I'm addressin' ya  
Nigga, I can wrestle ya, or .38 special ya!  
Come Christmas, it gets messier  
The rap messy ya, running niggas over!  
Yeah, I shine! - Line for line, I  
Albert Einstein, pounds of chron chron  
That SouthSide bullshit, I'm on it!  
Time to make 'em sick, lung full of vomit  
That's what you get when you spar with Muhammad  
Cocktail bombs in your car do a comet  
The hood made him cover up the butterfly!  
Now I'll make him cover up the other eye!  
Cause you ain't never merked nuttin, that's another lie

Nigga, don't make me, hum you a lullaby!  
What's that, you ain't got no help now  
They left you all alone for your meltdown  
You cryin' in the dark and I knew it  
Next time you think about killin' yourself, do it!  
Cause you a - bitch-ass nigga anyway you view it  
It ain't no one from Compton 'til I can't do it  
I'm from a town where they all love fluid  
Anybody that can wear a tongue ring can't talk tough  
You ain't even seeing half of Fif'  
You're only one album in and 50 wrote half of it!  
You said you a rider and you thuggin'!  
Then you turn around and hug Joe Budden!  
Now, either that's soft or I'm buggin'  
That's what happens when you turn nuttin' into somethin'  
That boy bluffin', he'll talk if they cuff him  
It's "All About The Benjamins" and playin' phone, fuck him!

Yeah!  
That's it man!  
I ain't finished yet playin' with your stupid ass, man!  
You confused motherfucker!  
Hahahahh!  
I got a little advice for your ass too man  
Next time you in the room and  
You're all alone... with the light off!  
An'-an'- and stuck in the closet!  
With your pistol in your mouth!  
Thinkin' about blowing your noodles out, nigga'!  
Haha!  
Just go ahead and do it man, trust me!  
You're better off that way!  
You're not authentic, nigga!  
You're a copy!  
Faggot!