

Add On

Showbiz & A.G.

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 f**k around
I slay beginners, saute 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
Chicken heads, know my status
For those that's waiting to doubt
I'm a play like Pete Rock and 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)

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 and Wesson
M C'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, f**k 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

And then I'm a add on like arithmetic
Suckers, careers get stopped, so stop, who you rifting with?
I'm on point with the snakes and fakes
Ain't the one, you get hung like drapes
(Think I am?)

And it's proven, point blank, that's the conclusion
Seeing me losing, it's all an illusion
Like the rawism, I'm a kiss him when I hurt him
Then desert him, because the Show and 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)
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(Add on, add on)