

40 Acres And My Props

Showbiz & A.G.

Showbiz got props, tell me who got the props
A.G. got props, tell me who got the props
Give me my props for '92
It's me and Showbiz, and this is what we gonna do
Give you some now, save some for later
Here's a portion, yo Show, kick the flavor

Record labels try and juice me (for what?) for my papers
The offer me a mule (and what else?) and 40 acres
I'm dissing snakes now, there's no time to catch the vapors
I'm not a pup (for what?) a Muppet caper
And all the ghetto groupies get free with the quickness
And Show concentrates and only thinks about business
I hate a sellout cause he puts me in a rage
I play KRS and throw that ass off the stage
So give me my props cause I always stay clever
And ain't nothing changd but the weather
Get your act together, cause I got mines together
Don't front on the brother with the Pelle Pelle leather
I'm Show B-I-Z, my partner's A.G.
Chill with Greg N-I-C-E or my brother D-R-E-S
And what's up to Lord Finesse
And I'd like to give shouts to my peeps Shorty and Wes
People say I'm soup, crazy cash I recoup
Nowadays I just troop in my green Legend coupe

Record companies try to juice me for my papers
They offer me a mule and about 40 acres
They try ot gain from my royalties
Push me towards the dotted line but you know I didn't sign
Labels know straight up when we meet
Interfere with my career and it's back to the streets
Bang bang or the pow pow
I settle the beef the best way I know how
Release the savage beast if I'm not taking care
Rap is my career and it's my only way outta here
Every chance I do damage
And I manage to use all the anger to my advantage
All that is cool, but my brain is the tool
Gimme my props so we all can rule
Don't show off my skills, I just sprinkle em
And you're sleeping on my props, wake up before you wrinkle them

Gimme my props yo, more than a cop yo
Til I master hip-hop, I won't stop yo (Repeat 4x)

The say BMW's a Black Man's Wish
I wish for an SP-1200 and some discs
Negativity the least, my material's is cease
Saying peace to the brothers in the belly of the beast
People saying "Why Show wanna rhyme?"
I didn't wanna get back and do Fed time
I wanna live right and exact, I don't wanna be the fat cat
Off the crack and have the Feds down my back
If the money's stacked, take a step back, black
Or you'll be wearing four four numbers like a quarterback
I was raised one deep by mom dukes and no dad

And now I grab a #2 pencil and a pad
Or Erasermate if I make mistakes I erase
And me a Diamond go diggin' in the crates
(Where's my 40 acres?) Not the projects of course
I asked for a mule, I got an iron horse
Shit goes on as the song plays
Can a devil fool a Muslim? Nah, not nowadays

On your mark, get set, pass the 40, let's jet
A fat rhyme is what you want, a fat rhyme is what you'll get
It's thorough, from begining to end
The beat is fat, what can I say? Show you did it again
I got the hat on my head, Pepe's on my behind
Fans on my back, and money on my mind
I don't sweat the stress, take the bitter with the sweet
Did I let you know I have the Tims on my feet?
You know my stats when I came around
Saying "Damn he's living fat" when I haven't even gained a pound
Friends til the end, never will I diss ya
My people's R.I.P., you know I'm gonna miss ya
40 acres and my props, the name of the song
A.G. is saying peace and I'm gone

Gimme my props yo, more than a cop yo
Til I master hip-hop, I won't stop yo (Repeat 4x)