

## Catchin' Wreck

Showbiz & A.G.

Catchin' wreck y'all, on the microphone  
Catchin' wreck huh, snapping necks yo  
Ready, ready as can be, to make my debut on the M-I-C  
Showbiz is my name I'm down with the Goodfellas  
I be down to average bootleggers  
For selling my tapes on 125th  
If they said I was weak I show and prove that's a myth  
Cause show is what I give em, and "biz" is short for busy  
If a nigga thinks he's great step up, who is he?  
I have him slaving to the rhythm like Toby Akeze  
I get him dizzy, I toss his ass like a Frisbee  
In other words a kite as his head takes flight  
I'm not the type (Mike Tyson gets paid to fight)  
So cut the bull, make sure your pockets are full  
And stop trying to prove you got pull  
Cause it's a simple beat that me and jay put together  
It's time to catch wreck, yo Dre now or never

Catchin' wreck yo, that's the subject  
I'll break a leg yo, but not a neck check

On my records you hear me kick a verse and  
But I never sound worse in person  
Matter fact, I only get better, and better and better  
And never ever change with the weather  
Now you step to A.G., you get your ass kicked  
A few stitches a cast or a casket  
I'm the calm one, but my crew is sort of sick  
I'm low key, but my pockets stay thick  
Thick like a shake, or thick like a brick  
Matter fact better yet, thick like a...  
Pass me a brew, a 40 ounce of dew  
Take a sip then I pass it to the rest of my crew  
I'm stemo, ready to catch demo  
So I call Showbiz inside the stretch limo  
Gimme a beat and a bassline  
Whoever think I'm wack come and take mine  
A petty diss? I'll ignore it  
But when it comes to hitting skins, you know I'm all for it  
The pretty ones, the big titty ones  
The cuties with the booties not the itty bitty ones  
I line them up and knock em down like bowling pins  
If I don't have a ride then I use my black Tims

Gotta catch wreck, gotta catch wreck  
Gotta catch wreck, I gotta gotta...

Catchin' wreck y'all, on the microphone  
Catchin' wreck y'all, snapping necks huh

I'm far from getting booed, I never met the Sandman  
The Pointers is my sister, so yes we can-can  
And act like a choir and clap with our hands  
Or give a soul clap, that's my jam in demand  
If brothers take a stand, we beating down clans  
Put a peace sign in the air for the 90's that's my plan  
I had to catch wreck to put the suckers in check

I had to catch wreck to get wrecked

Catchin' wreck yo, that's the subject  
I'll break a leg yo, but not a neck check

Show B-I-Z, A.G. that's me  
Andre the Giant for those who can't see  
Soon to be the fattest, I don't want to be the baddest  
All I want to do is maintain my status  
I might rap a tune but I'll never sing a song  
I make my rhymes simple so you can sing along  
You see me at a show, you know I'm good to go  
You can tell cause I don't yell, all I do is flow

Catchin' wreck yo, that's the subject  
I'll break a leg yo, but not a neck check