

## Check It Out

Showbiz & A.G.

Check it out huh, this is how it's going down  
From the Boogie Down, brothers stand around with a frown

It's time to hit ya, let the melody split ya  
Poems is deadly, Holmes better get the picture  
See these vibes are visible  
Fiends see it in the mental, chicks dig it in the physical  
We had to lounge, now I'm furious  
Fake hip-hoppers, can they do it in '95? I'm curious  
Cause my squad has sickness, crazy sickness  
Hit the herb, let the words start flowing with the riches  
Don't compare me when you hear me  
I stay true, and when I'm through, it'll pay dearly  
Dre's a giant, no question, but what I question  
Is how now this is your profession  
I'm charged off the lye  
How we do? (Spray 'em) Bless 'em, impress 'em, and hang 'em high  
Taking loot like bakers and produce pages  
And styles go for Miles, like Davis  
My potential, with Show's instrumental  
Got you all zoning on the vibes that we sent you  
In the mental, who's that abusing rap?  
Pop from the heart, so it's back to the start, black  
And these tracks are incredible  
S-H-O to the W, true to our revenue  
That's how we feel in the BX, mics I bless  
Time to get down with the boogie

I got a mind like Minolta  
Me and Show go back like the D.A. on Travolta  
I want cheese like ziti  
You'll get left like ?reuniti? (on ice) trying to be me  
I jam, sucker, like the God in all the ruckus  
Over tracks (Your girl probably claps) Then I stuck her  
No front, all I want is to be happy  
Probably like Mary, but if you dare me, then we'll get scrappy  
Don't lift weights, let the hands be dictate  
The Giant is great from back then to this date  
I take the cake and I bounce with the whole weight  
A weapon, stepping straight from Section 8  
If it's me then you might not wait  
If you fake the moves, then it's your tools I'm a take  
I want to see you stop me to those that knock me  
Amazing with blazing talents like Rodney  
Strict with the voodoo, peace to Chaka Zulu  
In the clutch, I can't be touched, they must be noodles  
Too many skills for you to try and doubt  
Put your money where your mouth, I'm a make you wear your mouth  
I've had it, time to get bruised and battered  
I'm like Earvin Orsette, cause I'm great with that black magic  
It's nothing when my man's on production  
I reign (You catch a blow to your brain) percussion  
Rap savior, the more the major  
Bring 'em all on, and they'll get shitted on with flavor  
Reality is what it's all about  
So when you hear the vibes of Show & A, check it out