

## Fat Pockets

Showbiz & A.G.

I like my pockets fat, not flat  
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I like my pockets fat, not flat  
I like my pockets fat, not flat

I like my pockets fat, not flat, so get back  
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My pockets stay fat and they always like that  
Not only in pocket but in my bank there's stacks and stacks of dough  
'Cause I move slow, I get my cash flow and then I go  
And brother's don't know, I'm on the down low

Some get mad 'cause they can't understand  
That I'm 23 years old, I'm in command  
I'm down with D I T C, that's 'Diggin' In The Crates'  
And my partner A.G., we always keep crazy papas

I'm staying fat 'cause what comes around goes around  
I always look out and help a brother when he's down  
And out, like a boyscout  
Brothers always shout, "Good lookin' out, Show"  
Yeah, without a doubt

But don't try to take advantage  
I'll just leave you alone instead of putting that ass in bandages  
Signing off is Show B I Z  
And next up is A.G., he likes his pockets F A T

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Check it out, yo, A.G. is living fat in the mental  
In other words, can I get a soul clap?  
Diggin' in the crates for something smooth  
Showbiz & A.G., yo money, we make the party groove

And I'm a top-notch competitor, carrying dough like a treasurer  
Getting pussy, oh, that's regular, but the sex, I never take  
'Cause if that bitch screams rape  
Like Mike Tyson, I'm upstate

And you know that's a fact, black  
So if she says no, that means no and that's that  
No matter how cute or how desperate  
(Hey, yo, she gotta get the boot)  
Yeah, she gotta see the exit  
But I'm not mad, I didn't hit it  
I just dial seven digits and some skins, that's with it

Bones in the closet, that's my logic  
You gotta be smart and keep a down low in the projects

Watch your step and take it easy  
Or act like Stevie Wonder because you know you can't see me  
Don't sniff no coke but I might drink a brew or even two  
(Andre the Giant, not you)

Yeah, wrecking MCs with just my demo  
And pulling all the cuties with no problemo  
That's right, 'cause I'm a gamer  
Your girl let you for me, A.G., I don't blame her  
Step back, get your sticks and your bats  
Now you step up because my pockets are fat

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It's time to take brothers from the corner  
Clean up they act and give 'em a chance to do what the wanna  
I'm not trying to be a bum with a 40  
That's not my style, I gotta work hard like Naughty

By nature, you should understand  
To get yours in this land, you gotta work for yours, black man  
You think it's easy because I rap?  
So don't ask me for a dollar, motherfucker, you ain't handicapped

And if you was, you'd still have the chance  
Look how I flip, ain't this a bitch? Now I'm making you dance  
Yeah, it's Show B I Z from your neighbor H double O D  
I R A P because I wanna stay fat

To keep clothes on my back and you know, I never slack  
For all the bums that said that I forgot where I came from  
Eating crumbs on the corner in the slums  
I'm hungry enough to grow fangs

Here's a dollar, go to the store but give me back my fucking change  
I'm not trying to spend on so called friends  
Not even with skins, put that bullshit to an end  
So f\*\*k the groupies on tour, I'm trying to make a million dollars  
Some shit I never saw before, so save that bullshit for later

And when I'm large  
Hoes give me head on an escalator  
Yeah, I like to flow, I'm Show B I Z  
A.K.A. Mr. F A T