

## Time For

## Showbiz & A.G.

There's a time to play and there's a time for sex  
There's a time to lounge and there's a time to catch wreck  
Watch your spot, cause if you sleep you'll get got  
Our sound is hot cause we're true to hip-hop

It's the little big man, y'all little niggas just relax  
I'm coming like a nut, butt niggas catching heart attacks  
Adversaries better maintain  
Don't even riff, stram, cause I'm a one-man gangbang  
Boom, I hit it, now money I really did it  
Brung out the beast in me, and the freaks be getting with it  
Yes the fame is what they sweat  
But you came for me to entertain then I'll make you wet  
Meanwhile, got to keep a low profile  
Our style is true, so yes I do smile  
Original, just like the Dirty Rotten  
And while our foes is plotting, Show is riding shotgun

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Since I hit the boom, they say my brain is doomed  
I object, it's sustained, now name this tune  
Bringing more than other brothers on computers  
Long as my vision ain't blurry, don't worry, pass the buddhas  
Forget karate, cause I'd rather kick a lyric  
You ain't trying to hear it? Then I'll be talking to your spirit  
Show hit me off with the hype shit  
Who needs pencils and papers? Brain cells is what I write with  
The format, told you last LP I'm all that  
Step to A.G., then you're best to be sure, black  
Roll with my crew, I got the O.E.  
20 dollar sack, and my hat to the back just like TLC

Now when you play, it'd better not be with Show and Dre

Or sex in between the sheets at my rest

Now it's time to lounge and I'm free from all clowns

Now who's catching wreck? I hit the cess, yes

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I get rough and I hurt 'em like a puff of the ganja  
Tough like Tonka, you'll get seen by the Jolly Green  
Monster, the G sell out? Hell no  
A good fellow who sports the shell toes  
Step to me, I'll shoot you and your deputy  
Everybody's in jeopardy except for me  
They pop shit, like their skills I can't top it  
I'm the one to rock with, lounge and pop some chocolate

I'm coming through, so what you gonna do?  
When I hit you in the head with the lead from the number 2  
A black boo, leaving suckers froze like a statue  
Styles are coming at you, real like my tattoo