

# The Show

Janne Schra

The show, the show, it must go on  
The show, the show, it must go on  
I can't stop, I won't stop  
I will not, I will rock  
The show, the show, it must go on  
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I can't stop, I won't stop  
I will not, I will rock the show  
Uh, and I'm still the one  
Am I a poet or a prophet or a stone to build upon?  
And what's the reason I still perform? Feed my children on  
How I'm on a hustle from dusk 'till dawn  
Where all the love and the trust is gone  
My eyes wider than a baby that just was born  
Fightin' a war they ain't pay me enough to join  
Behind a phrase they was crazy enough to coin  
You kiddin' me? The pursuit of happiness, life, liberty  
And all type of necessities they not givin' me  
I put my body in jeopardy 'cause I'm committed  
Even though they try to stifle your man creativity  
They got hopes and plans of gettin' rid of me  
I hit 'em like Ethiopia hit up Italy  
Swift as the bullet that killed King and Kennedy  
You know the battle is off to infinity now  
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I remember The Show like Doug E. where people quiet was ugly  
Yellin', "Get money", now we're showin', we're dummy  
Still doin' shows where the spots be bummy  
Roaches in the dressin' room, I'm thinkin' of a better room  
Maybe The Upper, where my people won't suffer  
The leather gets tougher, we drive like a trucker through the night  
For every wrong, makin' two rights

And use mics to reach new heights, the blue lights  
Follow, I guess it's the scent of Chicago  
That make 'em wanna mess with my tomorrow  
In these borrowed days, the rhyme and the mind that pays  
The world is a show, you define your stage  
One, two, it's live so you can't undo  
No sleep 'cause then your dreams won't come true  
And every one's like a broad that we run through  
Each finger, this ain't gonn' stop so we just gonn' continue  
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The Ernest Hemingway of B-boy poems  
They can never take the pen away and leave Roy Jones  
Pushing a black [Incomprehensible] in a new time zone  
Nigga knowin' every nuance wit' two eyes closed  
The life I chose, more of a mission  
I make a crowd convulse and act on impulse and intuition  
I've seen the future, listen, believe the superstition  
I keep spittin' 'til it's a truce or crucifixion  
I'm at home in the pressure zone, weakness is never shown  
Let alone I'm a man made of mere flesh and bone  
I can't help that my heart beat as a metronome  
And I've acquired a taste that's upper echelon  
Lyrical professional, maniac megalo  
Plate in my head that spin the way the record go  
And break it down like it's the walls of Jericho  
If they don't know by know they prob'ly never know  
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