

The Show

Howard Stern

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
The show, the show, it must go on
 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 megalomania
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 now they prob'ly never know
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