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 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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