

Show Must Go On (Ft. MGK & Matt Allen)

Kid Ink

Dear Lord, forgive us for we know not what we do
I used to snatch purses
Now I'm stealin' money from corporate America
Writing these goddamn verses
Tryna get 50 Cent to me
Stupid I turn him a G Unit
Make him beg for mercy
Fuck juice, get a keg I'm thirsty
Walk in the VMA's while your mans rehearsing
I don't give a shit if he went platinum twice
If he ain't a real one I'ma snatch the mic
Uh, go on gimme that
Feelin' like Yeezy, tell me where the Henney at
We deserve it, we been workin'
Even on days when it don't seem worth it
I be two on, new shit your style need a group home
Old bitch I'm beasting, hungry
Mothafucka need me somethin' to chew on
Come here I'm too gone
2 AM gettin' head in the Yukon
Two grams of the kush in the blue bong
Two students in the bed from the Tuscon
What more can a mothafucka do wrong
I'm a sinner I know
Maybe that's why there is fire every city I go
Maybe I'ma just retire and become a supplier
Cause I'm already buying all the fuckin' weed y'all grow
Know I roll, one to the sky and blow
Lock and load, can't nobody stop this show
Can't nobody knock this flow, kick down
Fuck knockin' your door, we doin' it biggie
Gettin' busy, competition is lookin' iffy
You ain't gotta gas me, ridin' on empty
No invite I'm runnin' through the entry
Gone
We live fast but we don't wanna die young
We don't wanna die young but we ain't never gon' run
You can send 'em, I'll be ready when they come
The show must go on, the show must go on
Can't nobody stop this show
The show must go on
Fuck with me, I been trill like [?] with me
Gettin' big like [?] with me

Cleveland from thugs with me
It's the first of the month
Fried shrimp for lunch
Rossi in my cup
Lace the fuck up Said if you got a problem
Baby you can get the back hand
Tryna say that I'm a bad man
Sayin' labor was a bad plan
But I don't feel no pressure
Same way I feel about your impression
It's money over the pressure
Representing for the reckless
Know you could feel my presence
Through the message
Gotta thank God, it's a blessing
Stackin' up like Tetris
And I take more if you let me
Just take five, let me shine
My eyes low, but I'm not tired
Keep quiet, man I tried
This suicide, suicide We live fast but we don't wanna die young
We don't wanna die young but we ain't never gon' run
You can send 'em, I'll be ready when they come
The show must go on, the show must go on
Can't nobody stop this show
The show must go on
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