

# Show Must Go On (feat. MGK & Matt Allen)

## Kid Ink

[Intro:]

Dear Lord, forgive us for we know not what we do[Verse 1 - MGK:]

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[Verse 2 - Kid Ink:]

Uh, go on gimme that

Feelin' like Yeezy, tell me where the Henny 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[Verse 3 - MGK:]

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[Verse 4 - Kid Ink:]

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[Hook - Math Allen & Kid Ink:]

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[Verse 5 - MGK:]  
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[Verse 6 - Kid Ink:]  
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[Hook]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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