

Lupe Fiasco - The Show Goes On

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N-ggas holdin back that the world is theirs!
Alright, already the show goes on
                                                                 Yeah yeah, the world is yours, i was once that little boy
Alright, till the morning we dream so long
                                                                 Terrified of the world
Anybody ever wonder, when they would see the sun up
                                                                 Now im on a world tour
Just remember when you come up
                                                                 I will give up everything, even start a world war
                                                                 For these ghetto girls and boys im rapping round? the world
The show goes on!
Have you ever had the feeling that you was being had
                                                                 Africa to new york, haiti then i detour, oakland out to
Dont that sh\_t that make you mad
                                                                 Gaza strip to detroit,
They treat you like a slave, with chains all on your soul,
                                                                 Say hip-hop only destroy
And put whips up on your back, they be lying through they
                                                                 Tell em look at me, boy!
Hope you slip up off your path
                                                                 I hope your son dont have a gun and that would be a d-boy
I dont switch up i just laugh
                                                                 Alright, already the show goes on
Put my kicks up on they desk
                                                                 Alright, till the morning we dream so long
Unaffected by they threats than get busy on they a_s
                                                                 Anybody ever wonder, when they would see the sun up
See thats how that chitown made \ensuremath{\mathsf{me}}
                                                                 Just remember when you come up
Thats how my daddy raised me
                                                                 The show goes on!
That glittering may not be gold, dont let no body play me
If you are my homeboy, you never have to pay me
                                                                 So no matter what you been through
Go on and put your hands up, when times are hard you stand up
                                                                 No matter what you into
                                                                 No matter what you see when you look outside your window
L\text{-}u\text{-}p the man, cause a brand that the fans trust
So even if they ban us theyll never slow my plans up!
                                                                 Brown grass or green grass
                                                                 Picket fence or barbed wire
Alright, already the show goes on
                                                                 Never ever put them down
Alright, till the morning we dream so long
                                                                 You just lift your arms higher
Anybody ever wonder, when they would see the sun up
                                                                 Raise em till your arms tired
Just remember when you come up
                                                                 Let em know youre there
The show goes on!
                                                                 That you struggling and survivin that you gonna persevere
One in the air for the people that aint here
                                                                 Yeah, aint no body leavin, no body goin home
Two in the air for the father thats there
                                                                 Even if they turn the lights out the show is goin on!
Three in the air for the kids in the ghetto
                                                                 Alright, already the show goes on
Four for the kids who dont wanna be there
                                                                 Alright, till the morning we dream so long
None for the n-ggas trying to hold them back
                                                                 Anybody ever wonder, when they would see the sun up
Five in the air for the teacher not scared to
                                                                 Just remember when you come up
Tell those kids thats living in the ghetto that the
                                                                 The show goes on!
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Acordes

