

## Trip Lee

### "Show's Over"

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This is the end of my show, this is the end I know

I can't perform no more (eh eh)  
Can't fight this war no more (eh eh)  
I can't endure no more, all ashamed and pain  
I'm feelin strained and can't go on this tour no more  
I'm so tired of this tight rope walk  
Homie I might go psycho my life's strung off  
Eh it's the rest for my soul can this mic go off  
I ain't steppin on the stage tonight, shows off

This is the end of my show, this is the end I know  
I know these chains had me trapped for a while  
Don't know when I last relaxed with a smile  
I need a Saviour ta crack through the clouds  
Shows over gotta turn my back to the crowd  
I know these chains had me trapped for a while  
Don't know when I last relaxed with a smile  
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I can't perform no more (eh eh)  
Can't run this course no more (eh eh)  
I been tryna keep up this image to let em see that I'm  
different  
I'm slippin and this is stuff that I can't ignore no more  
(they trippin)  
Can't let these tears hit the floor no more (they trippin)  
Because of fear I can't (afford?) no more  
Is it a lie what I've been, tryna hide all my sin 'n  
Imprisoned and can't no one open the door no more  
Tired of tryna be righteous, got my world dark  
Like somebody hit the light switch, I don't know where  
to start  
Cause I really don't like this, it's heavy on my heart  
(nah)  
Somebody get me out this crisis, my pain is off the  
chart (please)

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I can't perform no more (eh eh)  
Can't do these chores no more (eh eh)  
I'm feelin like I'm sick, it's silly so I quit  
That's it, I just can't try to please the Lord no more  
Cause really I'm sick of tryna make Him like me more  
(you feel me)  
Cause every day I got a fight in store  
I'm guilty so when I play I never like to score  
No good in me n I'm sick of my plight I'm poor  
They told me homie (whaa) the Christian life is better  
(word)  
But they said to be holy n perform for His pleasure  
But now I'm feelin torn cause the Lord is my treasure  
But I fall and feel scorned when I can't get it together  
But then something clicked, it's crazy I ignored this  
But even when I slip, this ain't based on my  
performance  
Christ was equipped, ran a race with endurance  
When His flesh was hit, His righteousness was my  
assurance (yea! )

I know dem chains had me trapped for a while  
That's in my past, I relaxed in Him now  
Christ my Saviour He cracked through the clouds  
Did it perfect, listen to the claps from the crowd  
I know dem chains had me trapped for a while  
That's in my past, I relaxed in Him now  
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