

Pras

"One Monkey Don't Stop The Show"

Visit "[One Monkey Don't Stop The Show](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[10 second instrumental to open]

[Chorus: Pras Michel]

He who fights, runs away, lives to fight, ohhhhh
Another day, some would say, one monkey don't stop a
show
He who fights, runs away, lives to fight, ohhhhh
Or he'll fight, one more day, one monkey don't stop a
show

[Pras Michel]

Aiyyo the ghetto's red hot, hotter than the summer day
Goin on a quest to the thick Milky Way
Walk many miles like my man Isaac Hayes
Wheel up, wheel up, don't start the gunplay
Easy with the feezy let the boy down easy
Keep the hands clean so I won't get the greasy
Believe me moms said there'd be days like this
Where they'll, spit in your face and, take a piss
Betray the son of man with a, double kiss
But you a shootin star and you'll, never miss
Cause life ones big road with lots of signs
So when you ridin through them rocks don't complicate
your mind
And I have learned, every rose has a thorn
And every cowboy sings a sad sad song
And the playback's long and you may lay back long
But if you don't watch your back 'til November you'll be
gone

[Chorus]

[Pras Michel]

Aiyyo ambush in the night, guns pointed at me
Square me off, dey open fire on me
But Lord knows one monkey won't stop the show
Six feet under, baby kissed me from head to toe
Can't keep a good man down, y'all know how the story
goes
I suppose there's no difference between friend or foe
My nigga Frank Sneed said what's known need not be

said
I'm a man on the run and they all want me dead
Monkeys on my back with a bounty on my head
But I got nuttin but love homey, let's break some bread
You see I been accused, of many a-things
Like the real hip-hop and the fame it brings
Respected, I'm connected
From the bottom to the top of the food chain
I'm real bank money, mentally you're loose change
I do thangs; while y'all get tied up like shoestrings

[Chorus]

[Pras Michel]
Sometimes I feel like my vision's, been distorted
And my cry for help, has been prerecorded
Lord don't abandon me to the will of my foes
When the time comes, only you know my highs and
lows
So help me surf over all my daily troubles
Cause yesterday seems so far away in bubbles
I pray to you Lord, and ask for forgiveness
Even when my heart is hard and the soul is restless
See I love few, and I can't trust none
So this time around I'ma load up the guns
Hope my enemies don't become, prisoners of war
Cause my gangster is mean and I'm back for an encore
I'ma take what's mine and give nothin back
When I move with my niggaz I'm the leader of the pack
Feet, please don't, fail me now
I'm on a journey, and I gotta cover these grounds

[Chorus]

Visit [Pras](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.