

## Markus Meier

### "Tonight's The Night"

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The party's gone wild  
Tonight's the night  
This club is on fire  
Put up your lights

The party's gone wild  
Tonight's the night  
Put your hands in the air  
Put up your lights

Yeah, they call you the Bling  
But your jewels look spoiled  
Your platinum chains  
Look like aluminum foil  
Hat's too small  
'Cause your head's too big  
Hair under your arms  
Like a real big wig

Stop, quit  
Bling retire  
Your breath so bad  
That your face needs a shower  
Marathon wash  
Two or three hours  
The roof of your mouth  
Your mouth is on fire

It's about to go down  
It's about to go down  
Put your hands in the air  
It's about to go down

They call you the boss  
But you have no wealth  
No employees  
You should fire yourself  
And your pants so tight  
That you can barely move  
Your a bum that says  
I'll rap for food

You're an actor dude  
With an attitude  
I'm the street's theme song  
You're an interlude  
Gonna put you on a plate  
Watch you get chewed  
They should call you a ghost  
The way you get booed!

The party's gone wild  
Tonight's the night (C'mon, c'mon)  
This club is on fire  
Put up your lights (Let's go, let's go)  
[X2]

Anything you can do  
I can do better  
Bring it when you want to  
I'm ready whenever

Show me what you got, got  
I'll show you what I got, got  
Will you rise or fall?  
The winner takes all!

Lights up, lights up [x4]  
C'mon, c'mon  
Lights up, lights up  
C'mon, c'mon  
Lights up, lights up  
C'mon, c'mon  
Lights up, lights up  
C'mon, c'mon

I know I'm ready and able  
But still a kid bussin' all of these tables  
I can show I got what it takes  
But I already used my fifteen minute break  
I'm, working for minimum wage  
When I should be up on the stage  
Feel like I'm in the cage, I need to turn the page  
'Cause the other guy's a fake, I could leave the crowd  
amazed

The party's gone wild  
Tonight's the night (C'mon, c'mon)  
This club is on fire  
Put up your lights (Let's go, let's go)  
[X2]

I'm Bling like my watch  
So let's get it tockin'  
Your clothes full of holes  
Like your granny's ripped stockings  
Your style is old  
Not a good look  
Watch the boss get burnt  
Like the food she cooks

Bling, I think you need a shower  
I hear you scream  
But your odor's much louder  
No, that's the sound of victory  
Now do your day job  
And get my car for me

The party's gone wild  
Tonight's the night (C'mon, c'mon)  
This club is on fire  
Put up your lights (Let's go, let's go)  
[X2]

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