

Fame Becomes Me Movie

"A Big Black Lady Stops The Show"

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Honey, don't you know what time it is? Check your
watch, take your bow and get the hell out. Hit it!

Now the show's wrapping up

You know what that means

No matter the plot the sets or the scenes

it's a broadway tradition

if the show needs some bling

for someone like me to come out and sing

(take it home kid)

Yeeeeeeaaaaahhhhhh

ha cha cha cha cha

Yes I have just one question

that i'll ask if I may

why the hell did they name it the great white way

cause if you want a hit

learn what Sondheim doesn't know

and let a big black lady stop the show

next the audience will stand

nobody ever dares walk out

when a big bold mama starts to wail and shout

if your something something

and your ticket sales are slow

let a big black lady stop the show

(Conversation)

you know the show is almost over

seems your star has up and died

he sure sounds like a ...

so white folks step aside

and you break out the organ

(more on its way...)

[Thanks to Alyssa! for lyrics]

Here are the complete lyrics best as I could understand them from the CD. Still missing a couple lines at the Julie Andrews part. If anyone knows what those are, please feel free to correct.

--John

Now the show's wrapping up

And you know what that means,

No matter the plots,

The sets or the scenes,

It's a Broadway tradition

If your show needs some bling

For someone like me

To come out and sing.

(take it home kid)

Yes, I have just one question

Which I'll ask if I may

Why the hell did they name it

The "Great White Way?"

Cause if you want a hit

Learn what Sondheim doesn't know

And let a Big Black Lady stop the show.

Yes the audience will stand

Nobody ever dares walk out

When a big old mamma starts to wail and shout

If your plots running thin

And your ticket sales are slow

Let a Big Black Lady stop the show.

"Can I sing something from Toska?"

No it has to have some grit

"Can I dance a dream ballet?"

Oh please don't bore us with that shit.

You know the show is almost over

Seems your star has up and died

It sure sounds like a queue to me,

So white folks step aside.

And just break out the organ

Go and grab your tambourine,

Marty Short go have a coffee

And I'll go get Ben Verene.

All I ever gets to plays

Are goddamn maids or tacky hos

But at least I get to stop the show

Now if old Julie Andrews had a black maid in that play

Well then, My Fair Lady would be still running today

There (garbled)

If a big black lady stops the show

Now will somebody please explain

Why whether gospel or some blues

These songs are always written

By some old fart white gay Jews

That's because they love that music

And the way their profits grow

When a Big Black Lady stops the show

"Well, can I sing some folk?"

You're better off with R&B

"Well, can we clap along?"

Alright, but not on 1 and 3.

If you need some body humor

Or a dose of righteous rage

Lose that pale face and foster

And put me center stage

So short here's the deal,

If you promise not to lie and just be yourself

We'll sing you back

If not, then to hell with you

What's it going to be?

I'll take that as a yes.

And I'll tell you all

You've got the power

You've got the power

To bring Marty Back

Yes, bring him back

Just Clap your hands

Clap your hands

"I'm alive I'm aglow"

Can we share one last riff before I go?

(sing-off, Marty quacks like a duck and is shot)

Yes, a Big Black Lady stops the show

Oh oh oh

Yes, a Big Black Lady stops the show

Wooh wooh wooh wooh

Yes a Big Black Lady stops the showâ€¦

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