

## **MF Grimm f/ Bashton the Invisible Man, Lord Smog**

### **"Tonight's Show"**

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[Chorus]

Ready to perform and your flow is tight  
There'll be no show tonight  
Guns are busting now bullets take flight  
There'll be no show tonight  
Fans pissed saying you ain't right  
There'll be no show tonight  
In the club a riot we incite  
There'll be no show tonight

[MF Grimm]

We gonna wet your whole show up  
Throw a grenade on stage, watch it blow up  
Body parts scatter, females throw up  
Whole shit tore up, paid mercenaries  
Fuck the whole club up  
Gonna have niggas running out leaving women behind  
Losing they mind, audience terrified, few people died  
Motherfucker can't hide  
Fuck who you are, so what you a star  
It's about memories and scars  
Wills are raised to be strapped all the time  
What it pays to be  
Nigga fuck peace I'm blazing see  
The walking dead ain't fazing me  
Dry ya ass out like a raisin see  
Air your ass out like hand washed jeans  
MF pure dope on cuts kill fiends can't cope  
Stress out, murder whole team  
Evaporate green, inhale steam

[Chorus]

[Bashton The Invisible Man]

Hey you, get the fuck off  
Your winning stakes are lost  
And head toss, while I rock crowds  
And get money like motherfucking stars  
Sang like Lou Rawls and spit on y'all  
Plus we can get ball  
And get down with a Decepticon type of brawl

I violating turds who are native tongue  
Busting shots then you fall  
You can pay Peter, Mary and Paul  
My heat will still turn your brain cabbage  
To fucking coleslaw  
Nat King Cole is here to brawl  
Here to grinch your shit and all your Santy Claus  
I'll bust your mouth 'til you need Anbesol  
Yes yes y'all, you can't rock the presentation  
You an imitation of another illustration  
Illustrating, you wack boys perpetrating  
I took the case when Percy Mason  
Told me y'all what's for certain, motherfucka fakin  
You dead and stinking from your intake of bacon  
So when I get on stage, what's shakin?  
What's shakin?

[Chorus]

[Lord Smog]

I find these various emcees hilarious  
The only time they rhyme's behind police barriers  
I guess that's industry rhyming  
Ya probably find Scotch out in the street rhyming  
With indiscreet timing, M.I.C. lifer  
With no parole and won't be deciphered  
Beat-biter, party contaminate  
Wilding in ya venue with out no laminate  
Is that your drink? I think I spit a clam in it  
Backstage platter better not have no ham in it  
Motherfucker  
(Point Blank!)

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