

MF Grimm f/ Bashton the Invisible Man, Lord Smog "Tonight's Show"

Visit "[Tonight's Show](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[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!)

Visit [MF Grimm f/ Bashton the Invisible Man, Lord Smog](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.