Pigeon John, Welcome To The Show

Chorus:

Welcome to the show today You're gonna have fun in a major way I know you got bills to pay But its my job to help you let it wash away (2x)

1st Verse:

Who rocks the mic, who rocks the mic right? Mr. black Jack Tripper cause I'm do what I like Between the Janets and Chrissys of the world I stand Not a giggalo but a man microphone in my hand till I die Not doing this for money, not doing this for fame I'm doing this so I can change the whole freakin' game Negroes in colorful clothes dancing like super clones New MC Hammers get the gas face you gotta go You guys are wack now, go hit the back now Man disappear..... POW! New generation of just regular dudes We don't dress the same but sing the same blues So let your hands fly if you do agree with me P-I-G-E-O-N middle name Kenneth then ends with Johnny Used to have a white girl now I gotta white wife Kinda getting used to hearing "brother that aint right"

Chorus:

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2nd Verse:

Freaky deeky deeky shows all up in the LA Weekly Used to pay to play now I play when they pay me And I thank God for that supplying my needs Sometimes my wants get left out but that balances greed And I need that between a life in a spotlight And being sweated by jakes on a curb in a cops light But I stand strong singer/songwriter with Adidas on Head full of Beatles and De La playing ping-pong With Phil Collins and Genesis as the referees Peter Gabriel and Ad Rock banging BDP Who will win the game, hip hop or rock n roll? My inner voice saying "negro it's the same stroll" So I stand still classic like an old photo Of my uncle James in the 70's in Idaho Or Long Beach I really can't tell its kinda blurry It lost in translation and I'm like Bill Murray

Chorus:

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