Sage Francis, Doomage (Damage Remix)

[Brother Ali] Damage, uh, damage, uh (4x)

Y'all know good and goddamn well

You're fucking with a brother who ain't never had his hand held

and never seemed passed out

Rolling baby strollers over broken floating bottles

In a shredded forest with a dying shred of hope inside you

For this respect, I sweated and bled

and have yet to be discredited by what a critic ever said

& amp; quot; We're unaware of his racial make-up

we know he's an albino but can't science the face up!"

Never question what I am

G-O-D knows if you don't, you can never understand

so you need only know that I'm unrelenting

Nothing breaking, never ending, seldom bending

Cast shadows like light descending

Must not discuss divorce with the case still pending, but

I got some shit to tell you on my next record

for now, we and Sage Francis connected and did--

(*whispers*)

Damage, uh (repeated)

[Slug]

Wrote this one a couple days after Christmas

'Hope' is one struggled game thats persistent

0 plus 1 2, for Self, no assistance

Pistol clear before this new year existed

Somebody get the door

Fuck it, let 'em snore

It's all been said before

buried in a metaphor

Lucy is hip-hop, and Jacob's a prince

Sean is an old man, and Slug is a PIMP now

They say I'm buggin, because of the way I love 'em

Nervous, cause I know I'll never make the perfect husband

What, they treat me like LL for art fucks

They hang out and argue about my clown thought and *snort rocks*

<---(reversed)

From the twin cities, call it the deuce

Skinny grizzly-bear alcoholic on the loose

Sing with me, show your love, give me proof

Flip the switch to damage and make this planet move

[Sage Francis]

Never intended on making records that seemed too slick

Peeps move guick from cheap music to G-UNIT!

Weak bullshit pulls chicks, but Joe Beats..

flosses every day

My hobo teeth is no sleep for seeking soulmates

Getting cold feet, if my queen don't awake

My feeble bones break, spines curve (now I'm serious)

Péople don't take time to learn outside the pyramids

WHAT THE DILLY IS? I'm unsure, but so sin-surr

Get your hurr did, that ain't a perm yo, that's a temporary

That ain't a wormhole, that's a cemetary where they bury the lies...

I'm lampin', I'm cold cold lampin'

out in the snow, campin'

Cuttin' wires so your phone can't ring

You don't know a damn thing after your city gets undertaken

Pass me a sissy so sucka I'll slay him

Damage, uh (repeat)

Dances
Famine
Damper
Dancer
Francis
Hah, MF Doom on the beat
Non-Prophets, Slug and Ali
Together at last, like cocks and cunts
yeah, let's fuck it up! Clip that beat

(spoken interview clip)
You know, we're pretty much humanous
and that's where we'd like to work from
From that vantage point

Exactly, and you know Non-Prophets is spelled like you know, like P-O-R-P-H-E-T like meaning like Non-Prophets, almost like a pun in the word