

Sage Francis, Garden Gnomes

(I'm over time)

Welcome to my life (welcome)
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Welcome to my life where everybody wants to cipher
They've never held a mic, but they swear they nice,
cause they boys told em so
and surely enough they suck my dick in front of they girlfriend like
Look, this is how you do it, you gotta f**kin' do it slow then fast, slow then fast,
eat that shit, check-check

If this is you, you're not alone
This world's a rock of drones
Girls flock like birds
Cause they heard lots of poems from the mystery man
When my name gets spit it echoes
Straight-faced people say grace with evil smiles
I'll stick to Velcro
Let go of these claims I hold true
This is Sage, don't say I ain't told you
Fake gold tooth
Real problems with garden gnomes who talk shit
My respect's the best bargain known to the consumin' market
So pay me it
To my love-hate relationship with love-hate relationships
Makes me rich
My old lady thinks that I done did it
But I done didn't
Save my breath during dramatic movie endings hold the stub of the ticket
When credits roll I'm heading for the exit hole
Your track record is such a short shelf-life bless its soul
It's about you, all about you
That's probably why you don't really respect it or know how to
F**k a fickle fan base, stuck a middle finger in they damn face
Does the pinnacle of my hand taste dirty like the suggestive gesture
You're best to drop out the school of hard knocks
Get murdered by stress and pressure, pressure-cooker
I leave the party with a mass amount of assed-out demo tapes to butcher
Could ya give it a little bit of a listen, bro?
Into " do me a favor and play it on a big system though
Into " give me a detailed critique of my hot shit
Sure thing boss, I'll get right on it
Oh hell no he didn't, oh yes he done did my friend
Think he was so very special among the hundred thousand
You play the fence, your flow is weak and your concepts suck
It makes no sense, slow to speak " your logic's f**ked
You made no dents over beats that got lots of cuts
Noise you do have toys like you stocked with Tonka Trunks

You're not a lone, this world's a rock of drones
Who rock microphones and abuse generous ears
With the yeah, yeah . . . off the dome

You're not a lone, this world is stocked with clones
And my dear Watson's are coming to bite a style near you
You best for sure lock your homes
You best for sure lock your homes
You best for sure lock your homes
You best for sure lock your homes and beware,
Beware the garden gnomes.