

# Sage Francis, Gunz Yo

i'm on fire, i'm on fire  
me too, me too  
guns yo, i keep one in my pillowcase  
it keeps me safe when i sleep, still i keep awake  
what if my dream girl pays a midnight visit?  
i see the world thru the scope but i gain no insight with it  
when i get introspective i put the safety on  
make these songs  
with the biscuit sittin in my shaky palms  
i'm a man now (a real man)  
not the one who went to two colleges  
grovellin' over meal plans  
i'm starin' at the ceiling fan  
all wide-eyed  
amazed by the ways the blades break the silence  
i used to be afraid of firin'  
it sounded startling  
but now i'm starting to hate the quiet moments  
might remind you of a mike  
by the way i hold it (to the grill)  
a homophobic rapper  
unaware of the graphic nature of phallic symbols  
tragically ironic, suckin' off each others' gats & amp; amp; pistols  
i got more back issues than guns and ammo  
cuz my uzi weighs a ton  
and i never let go of the handle  
hangin' on to mommy's pant leg  
double-fistin'  
knee-deep in shells kickin' ballistics  
this dick is a detachable penis  
an extension of my manhood positioned like a fetus  
an intravenous hook-up feeds bullets to my magazine  
nevermind the bullocks, my pistol is a sex machine  
guns yo (sex machine)  
bust it  
i got another gun (what)  
i keep it in my briefcase  
it keeps me safe at my workplace  
cubicle gangster who's in need of his personal space  
gangster of love who's unable to look girls in his face  
cuz i know that all the stupid people increase the birth rate  
i'm just about dumb enough to hold up a sperm bank  
make my demands and then facilitate fur trades  
empty the bird cage and release the mermaids  
huh  
i got a watergun  
i keep it in my mouth  
it keeps me safe from the things i like to speak about  
but words are leakin' out  
and all these smiles that i crack  
are like a dam on the verge of collapse  
there ain't no turnin' back  
in fact i can't hold down my fluids  
can't retract statements  
without water displacement  
flooded the basement  
then sought refuge  
removed my waterproof vest and then i kicked off my wet shoes  
made it to dry land  
pistol in hand  
fistfuls of ammo riding on a camel  
thru a desert of sand  
lucid dreams are a lot like computer screens  
people have pretentious conversations but i shoot the breeze

blow a hole straight thru their long-winded theories  
hold my own and make songs for them to sing with me  
its the same type of heat that millie used  
to break the ice with santa claus  
when she made him sing the christmas blues  
capitalists strung her up for killin'em  
every manufactured holiday they sacrifice another victim  
before wartime depression sets in  
i get to step in  
and shoe shine my weapon  
i'm hemorrhoid, i'm the leader  
you're dead like dey la  
i hold my crotch like a nine-millimeter  
guns yo  
(i'm on fire) (me too)  
(nine-millimeter) (sex machine)