

Sage Francis, Midgets And Giants

You are really not all that dope
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No-no-no no-no-no
No-no-no no-no-no

You read me all wrong, Bello
You need to do your research
An emcee with a 4-song demo and you've got t-shirts?
Hell no.
I don't want to do a cd trade
I want to see your made-for-TV DJ fade
Into the rave scene it seems he just came from
Glow sticks and energy drinks
Gettin hyped up on white stuff
Never meant to be sniffed
You like dust?
I might bust your whole family
But y'all ain't hippie chicks
And pixie sticks ain't nose candy
You're servin' bags with herbal magic
Sellin' placebos to too many people
Got your girl's ass kicked
Your lady got overpowered and you got played sellin' baby powder
It's over-the-counter drug trade
Oh, you a big shot?
Now you hip-hop?
Shall I stop?
Nah, I think not.
I rip shop like parking tickets
Use sling shots to target bigots
Cause I don't really kill cops
I just want you to think I it

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DJ Undercutter
He wants to feed his turntable scraps
To MC Hollywood who's only fly until his cable snaps
He's a rapper thinking battles were a meal ticket
Came time for the album and he couldn't write real lyrics
8 Mile wasn't true, shit head
It was a promotional tool, but not for you, shit head
So let me tell you exactly what to do, shit head
Don't be a fool, stay in school
shit head

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No
No

But am I really all that fresh?
But am I really all that fresh?
Yes.
Yes.

Fake friends ain't got nothing to do with my world
If you ain't dead, you ain't a suicide girl
You can tattoo that to your back with the broken wings
Then hope for the best while you jump from buildings

I wanna levitate like the featherweights huffin' helium
And float outta this place if I ain't fuckin' feelin' em
They need to study lessons and then posse up
Fuck an Apprentice, I've got more firepower than Donald Trump
BB Gun, one hand on the pump
When I run outta' ammo Ima slap shot this hockey puck
Soccer moms are copulatin with hockey dads
Housewives wear maternity dresses like body bags
They pull out novelty dildos as a party gag and dilly dally at a women's rally where they lolligag
Y'all wear poetry around your neck
It's an outdated laminate and they can't make it to sound check?
You wave your new jack flags like a late pass
"Oh, they ain't all that bad"
Nah, they just fake jacks
They've got a new street slang?
Oh, I'll keep current
No command of language but they act like they're deep cuz of it
Fuck a Def Poet and all the concessions they make
I just filled another pinata with demo tapes
I'm gunnin' for you, chump
With a triple barrel shotgun
Don't try to cover up,
My nipple grabs are AWESOME

Shooting all the midgets and I'm shooting all the midgets
Shooting all the giants and I'm shooting all the giants

Yo, peep this, Ladidadi
I hate party people
Hate the way the DJ just plays pop when he drops the needle
I don't want to socialize with guys that I can't speak to
Or women who are see through
Cause I don't need to.