

Sage Francis, Can I Kick It?

[Chorus]

Can I kick it? (yes you can) {*3X*}
Well I'm gone (go on then)

Can I kick it, to all my people who get wicked like Sage does
before this did you know what my real name was
Paul Francis acting like he's on the same drugs
Never even felt the authentic of a strange buzz
You never ever catch me holding a beer mug
Your talking shit like as if you was a real thug
if that's true lick a shot BUCK feel the slug
that's what you get for totin guns like you were Elmer Fudd
I'm selling tapes for three bones wanna catch a dub?
this shit is dope kid it makes you wanna cut the rug
illuminaties got every part of my body bugged
the micro chip is in your wrist now give it a tug
be nice to females give a bitch a hug
Triple X styles comin cleaner than your tub
you better tell your girl about it because she's a scrub
A big brow never had a nip in the bud
droppin me her seven digits while i'm in the club
talkin bout I look I need a back rub
son she's a natural disaster like a flash flood
i ain't playin dawg you better go test her blood
until your positive she's negative don't make no love
with or without a glove, you know what i'm speaking of
the cub scouts try and jump into the briney shrubs
behind the bush turn a back push into a shove
what you thinkin tryin bring the underground above?
AOI make you cry like a dove, for that shit, for that shit

(chorus)