

Sage Francis, Damage

(Chorus)

I'm doing Damage (uh), Damage (uh), Damage (uh), Damage (uh)
Damage (uh), Damage (uh), Destruction (terror), Motherf**ker say WHAT?
(ONE) something's got to give
(TWO) something's got to give
(THREE) something's got to give
rrrAarrrrggghhhhhh...

(Verse 1)

Sage Francis is out of it. He done switched his tone
Closet Alcoholics Anonymous, bitch, I drink alone
Nobody knows so I press on..
I go to Fugazi shows requesting Minor Threat songs
Drunk driving for Exxon. Don't slalom the icebergs
It's smooth sailing til the boat bottom bites curbs
No problem, but my sight's blurred. Don't serve me drinks
Because I'll write the words that make this whole world sink
I'm bitter, sweet and sour, shit, I need to shower, shit and shave
Stuck to the TV and completely out of it these days
I've got a CD. F**k the counterfeit DJs
Who first fronted on our vinyl then bought Bounce off EBAY
I'm sick of headwraps...they meditate on rhymes
Swing lead bats...to elevate their minds
Get back...Emcees ain't f**king righteous
Craig Mack ain't never got his meat lumped like this

(CHORUS)

(Verse 2:

I am a nightmare walkin', psychopath stalkin'
Natalie Portman with a blank tape in my walkman
talkin to myself over instrumental cassettes
the essential steps of having graphic, telepathic mental sex
Mind f**k me or get the hell off of my head case
Suck it up or spit it out. How's that medicated bed taste?
I replaced the sheets. I love ripping off pillow cases
Breaking teeth, shoving lip glass in your little faces
Like that! "Do you like that?"
"If you had hands attached to your arms would you fight back?"
I hijacked your daughter's school bus
Dismantled ridiculous religions that supply Gods that you trust
Whose plush style of living and senseless spending
is eh-heh-heh-heh-endinnnnnnng
Sage Francis manages bandages on cancerous mannequins
standing in pajamas with bananas and candid cameras

Damage (Damage) You know what I'm saying

(Damage) (Damage) Yeah, do it with me! (Every chance I'm doing damage)

Come on y'all! (Damage) You know the damage (Damage) (SMILE FOR ME! - BRUISE YOUR FACE)

(Verse 3)

This music's got abusive roots, fists hit my face on rough nights
You think bruises are cute but, trick, you ain't my blood type
Some strike the wrong nerve (the way they converse is weak.)
Others write with strong words (they can't build the nerve to speak.)
Verbally inept except when subjects are expected
Preconceived conversation styles. "That small talk shit was written kid!"
Caught me. Watch me freestyle this bowel movement
You won't hear no "ooohs" or "ahhhs" when I choose to use no vowels STU
Thought I was kidding when I wasn't, bitch?
Shit is HOT. Plumbers unclog my toilet wearing over mitts
Your mommy thinks I'm dope...there's no pretending I'm not
Put hockey sticks in your throat...from the penalty box
Enemies jock while their girl shows athletic support

Having sex for the sport of it on basketball courts
Maintaining my composure when game night is over
and I don't strike a pose...I strike a poseur. Doin' DAMAGE

I'm doing Damage (uh), Damage (uh), Damage (uh), Damage (uh)
Damage (uh), DAMEge (uh), Destruction (terror), Motherf**ker say WHAT?
(ONE) It's nothing wrong with me
(TWO) It's nothing wrong with me
(THREE) It's nothing wrong with me
RRRAArrrrggghhhhhh..

(Verse 4)

I quickly enter your honey dip, strip ends from your money clip
Joe Beats you to death with the shit end of his ugly stick
Fighting drama queens in the white college scene
Wiping pockets clean when we make them run their shit like soccer teams
After they're chased with an axe...half of their face'll collapse
You ain't copped it when Non-Prophets dropped bass on wax?
Well, I'm your typical hip-hop political figure
But I'm not left wing OR right wing. I'm the middle finger
And Joe's a sick, demented, jaded mind reader
Who shoots the shit with a nickle-plated 9 MiliMeter
When it's time to rock SHUT THE F**K UP
I never had writer's block and Joey's never been in a production slump
(Jump, Jump) It's totally worth it now
(Jump, Jump) Don't listen when they say it's not
(Jump, Jump) It always hurts coming down
This is MY house, you don't like it? Get the f**k off of my rooftop

(Yeah, yeah, cousin? coming through your area, we're Non Prophets
Sage Francis on the lyrics, Joe Beats on production
and my man DJ Mek-a-lek on the cut, bring it!)
(ONE) It's nothing wrong with me
(TWO) It's nothing wrong with me
(THREE) It's nothing wrong with me
rrrAArrrrggghhhhhh..

I do damage
everychance I do Damage