

Sage Francis, Mainstream 307 (Non Prophets)

(Chorus)

Then one day it all dawned on me yo
I wasn't down with the mainstream or should I say their team
(Easier said than done)
I wasn't down with the mainstream or should I say their team
(Gotta find a way)
I wasn't down with the mainstream or should I say their team
(Easier said than done)
I wasn't down with the mainstream or should I say their team
(Gotta find a way)

Waste away

Sad to see you go the way that you do
Today you're through with yesterday's truth
You know better for the forward actions
As for your past friends, all lost in the holocaust
Of thoughts in a backward caption
Unlucrative talents that used to give balance when you had to live with two abusive parents
Waste away create expenses for yourself
I know you're sensitive for the negative effects felt day to day
Cash in between your weekly pay checks
Remember when you were free?
I seen you at your apex
Don't tell me you're in a better place just cause the rent is higher
Spent fuel on retirement now you don't know where the fire went
Waste away, the future is charcoal
Everything you make is reduced to a barcode

Everyone mistakes, pain do's is a lost road
Going place to place faking moves on your car's sold
Going gold with a fool's heart?
I'd rather be a fool with a heart of gold
Lose my breaks and save my truth till tomorrow
Remember when I'd hate if my beautiful scar showed?

(Chorus)

The lowest common denominators let the arts suffer
The only heart you follow is road kill on your car bumper
You're Archie Bunker caught in slumber?
I hope you burn to death with the trends that are hot this summer
You need to hold the breath you're talking under
Until you're close to death and no ones left in the pop culture you cocksucker
Freedom to choose between margarine and butter
The choice should be between fingernail clippers and lock cutters
A little something for the sweet tooth of chocolate lovers
Besides candy rappers reproducing 2Pac covers
Biggie Small wonders... makin milk from robotic gutters
The whole motherf**king pop culture is smothered
Back in the day, NWA made cops shudder
And 808's replaced rock drummers
Turn them into job hunters
Foundation crop dusters
You were chillin' now you sound faker than Raekwon's stutter
Your whole essence is a stocking stuffer
On Christmas Day I'll open your presents with a box cutter
Give away secrets to the keys of life
While I strike these chords I'm ignored while I counter-points Bill O'Rielly tries to score
Wipe the floor with your psyche some more
And fight the war with Michael Moore in a Nike store
Battling the general consensus of shit
As petty as it is Das EFX rocked that band aid ten years before Nelly did

(Chorus)

I don't wanna be famous like the artists on your playlist
The more emotion I put into it the harder they diss
Actors with scripts thinking they ought to repent
I'd rather be rich than have a whole lot of resent
It's the pitiful public I get rush from
While I'm busting dope lines I'm misquoted
And you might think I wrote it
For all you know it's all for the dough
I fought off a forty O
And bought the clothes that were affordable
A scorpio with the stinger sticking into singers and tawdry holes
Your chorus flows with an awful show of raw audio
They call me slow to adapt, I said F**K THAT!

(Chorus)