

# Sage Francis, Mullet (Spoken Word Recorded Live)

It was the (beatboxing) that got me (beatboxing)  
It was the (beatboxing) break (beatboxing)  
Deflate 'cause I was gassed  
head over heels in love with the electric drums  
and spoken vocals which was the joke of locals  
and laughing stock of my rock and roll ass town  
but the rhythmic acupuncture pierced my skin  
pinning the butterflies to my stomach  
which would flutter everytime i heard the (beatboxing)  
more than the (beatboxing)  
I WAS NO DEVIL WORSHIPER  
higher level interpreter  
i refused to lose focus and recite satanic verses  
with manic curses  
drug induced worst i know they were saying  
kill your mother 'cause it paid them well  
yet in my flashback i see the foreshadow  
ironic twist my first purchase was a hip hop record  
called raising hell  
i should have run when i had the chance but DMC's  
made be wanna breakdance, made me wanna spin vinyl,  
made me wanna graff-write, made me want to not act white  
and not to perpetuate any stereotypes but  
i was not about the mullet icehockey haircut  
you know the mullet, short on top for the fellas  
long in back for the ladies, yea!  
i was not about the stonewashed nuthuggers with the french  
rolls on the bottom so tight that it turned my toes purple  
nor was i about the ripped jean jacket with the megadeath,  
metallica, and slayer patch  
i had an internal itch for the (beatboxing) and never  
could i get with () guitar riff, () guitar riff, ()  
I had wild style wars, i rented beat street every week  
as i rocked steady wearing out the play rewind and slow mo  
buttons on my VCR  
I did the pause-play, rewind-stop-play, pause-play, pause-play, pause-play  
all day forcing my way into comprehension of inner city invention for me  
was in the expression which would eventually win me acception  
(one exception) those around me couldnt give me affection  
but i played and paid that video attention till i eventually i  
completely bit the (beatboxing)  
and found my new religion, born again B-boy, born to destroy  
decoys and be the real mccooy, YEA boy!  
i wore the clock so you could know the time  
chuck d told me to keep a sober mind, and even though his  
sidekick liked the flavor of BASS, i swear to god  
hip hop was about being drug free  
i swear to god hip hop was about the upliftment of humanity  
and i swear to god hip hop was what rock was not was what bach  
was not was not pop, (pop! pshhhh)  
guess i was gassed!, see i remember when dr dre used to expressss  
himself about hating the chronic, a few years later he's  
endorsing it while drinking gin and tonic  
suburbanites that blast Mase learned their mad face from onyx  
it was a rat race the first to properly use ebonics  
dynamite like JJ, but it was a fad like super sonic  
hip hop flipped from being autistic to a pop hit  
mainstream took control and we cannot stop it  
its a black art, being manipulated by white controllers  
just like rock and roll is ... we took the (beatboxing)  
we took the (beatboxing) ...