## Sage Francis, Question Their Motives Freestyle

Hi, good evening everyone,

out there in rapper world

sitting at home

next to your stereos

with a blank tape and a cassette deck

(you want me to do somethin and then throw it up to you)

massaging the pause button, sure

(I'll get you into the mood or whatever)

alright, ok

as long as I can get rowdy son

I have entered

this wonderful world of politics

where white collar tricks got me on a proper fix

till they want me to talk about

hollow tips, gonja hits and vodka sips

they got sick of topics like the apocalypse

so I start to mix lots of sh suggested by outsiders

who should get off on the(?) open their mouths wider

I'd rather go down on the vagina of little Kim

during her period

then be forced to make a joke of my existence

and be a silly kid

who never questions the placement and purpose

of each Egyptian pyramid

I'll stick to eccentric epics

and construct another Iliad

turn on my television and channel Homer

ward off the evil spirits

with some incense and candle aroma

that's not as sellable as a vandalist persona

so to hell with them

I'm a tough guy

watch me crush this can of soda

Rrrr tin is putty in my hand

I'ma continue to sit over til everybody understands

that sincerity is sincerely lacking in show biz

talking about walking a route of evil

giving your ho hivs

I'd rather be having you walk the avenue of insight that my flow gives

when an MC records records question his motives

when a DJ plays that record question his motives

see you don't understand

I know kids who say they're addicted to sex

when in actuality they're addicted to sexual images

masturbating

their brain in intellectual scrimmages

inside of every conceptual lyricist is a thug rapper

and in every gun-clapper there is a metaphycisist

heads listen to this knowing there is truth in the sarcasm

but who's hearts spasm

when they hear us execute arts to the maximum potential

blast an instrumental

find a self professed freestyle king

and ask him to get mental

confiscate his writing utensil

dental records link the teeth marks he left biting his pencil to his crab actions

another fraud is identified

now when there are cyphers he is no longer let inside

he shall remain an outsider

feel the pain of a pariah

if you've got a closed mind

then I'll open your brain wider

say hi to your jock writin counterparts

as I rip your town apart

with people you consider confidants

after my mantra starts

bask in my nonchalance

and creates a relaxing ambiance

as I drip wax on your body parts

the rapture hardly stops

I capture hardy's(?) hearts with a spatula cause it's probably hot

catapult some ish

to Milosavic

till he stops acting like such a bitch

trying to make cultures switch

and that'll end the sorrow

inside of Denver Colorado

servin secrets you do not know

ADM spit a hot flow