

# 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