

## Trick Daddy F/ Twista "Damage"

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[Chorus]

I'm doing Damage (uh), Damage (uh), Damage (uh),  
Damage (uh)  
Damage (uh), Damage (uh), Destruction (terror),  
Motherfucker say WHAT?  
(ONE) something's got to give  
(TWO) something's got to give  
(THREE) something's got to give  
Arrrrrggghhhhhh..

[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. Fuck 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 fucking 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 fuck 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)

[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 STUPID!"

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

[Chorus 2]

I'm doing Damage (uh), Damage (uh), Damage (uh),  
Damage (uh)  
Damage (uh), Damage (uh), Destruction (terror),  
Motherfucker say WHAT?  
(ONE) It's nothing wrong with me  
(TWO) It's nothing wrong with me  
(THREE) It's nothing wrong with me  
Arrrrrggghhhhhh..

[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 nickel-plated 9 MM  
When it's time to rock SHUT THE FUCK 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 fuck 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  
Arrrrrggghhhhhh..

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