

Joyce Sims

"Doomage"

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[Brother Ali]

Damage, uh, damage, uh (4x)

Y'all know good and goddamn well
You're fucking with a brother who ain't never had his
hand held
and never seemed passed out
Rolling baby strollers over broken floating bottles
In a shredded forest with a dying shred of hope inside
you
For this respect, I sweated and bled
and have yet to be discredited by what a critic ever
said
"We're unaware of his racial make-up
we know he's an albino but can't science the face up!"
Never question what I am
G-O-D knows if you don't, you can never understand
so you need only know that I'm unrelenting
Nothing breaking, never ending, seldom bending
Cast shadows like light descending
Must not discuss divorce with the case still pending,
but
I got some shit to tell you on my next record
for now, we and Sage Francis connected and did--

(*whispers*)

Damage, uh (repeated)

[Slug]

Wrote this one a couple days after Christmas
'Hope' is one struggled game that's persistent
0 plus 1 2, for Self, no assistance
Pistol clear before this new year existed
Somebody get the door
Fuck it, let 'em snore
It's all been said before
buried in a metaphor
Lucy is hip-hop, and Jacob's a prince
Sean is an old man, and Slug is a PIMP now
They say I'm buggin, because of the way I love 'em
Nervous, cause I know I'll never make the perfect

husband
What, they treat me like LL for art fucks
They hang out and argue about my clown thought and
snort rocks

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