Non-Prophets
"Any Port"

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(Intro)

[Sage Francis]

Uh-uh-uh

Ha, Ha, Ha!

(Chorus)

[Sage Francis]

You ain't been where I've been

And I don't pretend to know where you come from, Jack

But most likely, I've been there, Mmm-Hmm

And, I've done that, Mmm-Hmm

You ain't been where I've been

And I don't pretend to know where you come from, Jack

But most likely, I've been there, and done that

And if your lucky enough (lucky enough), I'll come back

(Verse 1)

[Sage Francis]

Back from hell again, a sack of skeleton

Corroded bones, and a saggy bag of flesh and skin

Head of medicine, hands of labour pains

A sexy grin on the man with a face that strains

A change of eating habits, (who did you back)

Like a love needs its magic, a drug needs its addict, (a crack)

In the coded language, askin for open statements

A plastic mask and a nose with reloaded fragrances

A sense of when a situation stinks

It keeps me and my relationships indifferent

In the same way

The only thing that changes is the blood stains on the razor blade

(My rain doesn't stop), 'til all you got is flooded gardens

When the president runs out of excuses, hes sure to make a couple pardons

(Where I'm from), you can't run from your problems

(When my time comes), it had better wear a studded condom

indispensible pleasures with a price tag

Forgetable treasures burried in the mind of my dad

Erotic love is masturbation when lifes sad

A product of the Last Temptation that Christ had

(But don't get cross with me) unless youve come to touch my palms

Just to get me up in alms

Watch me part your Red Sea Legs, till they bleed when I force em open

Searching for Any Port when I see the Storm Approching

(Chorus)

[Sage Francis]

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(Verse 2)

[Sage Francis]

Back to the grill again, (back with a vengance)

A million men with expired sex packets of adolescence

Back to the essence, (back to the grindstone)

A world went through earthlings, a traveling cyclone

Passing time zones, (stuffing my pocket of airlumes)

A Sly Stallone Stunt Double with Rocky career moves

Backin up to square one, (laughing when I hear some)

DJ's who should start from scratch, flash their flare gun

Rapping in my ear drum, (Emcees can't smile)

Graff kids who gave daps with wack hand styles

Goin back to the basic roots (Rappers in Asics suits)

Master the breaks, produce classics, in A-List groups

Back on the Vegas Group, Playing Blackjack

So I can take this loot, back from the fat chicks in latex boots

Back from (??) (stabbed in the abdominal)

A lot of suckers like to say they were in Drama School

They're in the game to rape the industry

I'm here to get what should've been given to me

In the first place, and then fake an injury

For the sake of simplicity, (bringin it back)

For the sake of complex theory, some are considering quitting rap

Side saddle riding cowboys, we calling the motions of home life

And then leading their horse through smoke rings

A breed of cross-promotion, (I see that lost (??))

Searching for Any Port when I see the Storm Approaching

(Chorus)

[Sage Francis]

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(Outro)

[Joey Beats]

Various Samples Scratched and Production until End