

Non-Prophets

"Damage"

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[Chorus]

I'm doing Damage (uh), Damage (uh), Damage (uh),
Damage (uh)

Damage (uh), Damege (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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