

Sage Francis "Different"

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Nothing at last is sacred. Oh how the great have fallen
What have I done to myself? It's been way too long!"

We need to reacquaint. Things are different now, I ain't
the same man I was
Hi, how are you doing? I'm new and improved with
even less to lose
A collector's edition version of a virgin drink ordering
cocktail teller
Gone way wrong...to the point of no rerun

Over the edge and burned out before I even got my
shine
Holding my head in pure doubt
Out of insight. Out of mindful things to shout or rhyme
about

Yeah, I know I was supposed to change the world and
all
But it looks like the world got to me first
If you can't beat em, join 'em..
Then hurt the team by beating yourself

I'm different...in a different way
The only thing that stays the same is change
While people claim their states, I state my claims
Sage Francis made a name for himself
For the record my mother calls me Paul
Which was my father's middle name, but Ray
Stepped in and raised me
It's crazy, but this is a game I play

called "Shut the fuck uuuuuuup!"

Don't bother calling me at all because I'm not
answering
Is that a voice-mail-bomb-threat or a broken promise
I'm mishandling?
Gambling away my money issues, somebody owes me
big bucks
My career depends on explosive vacuums sucking me
in and blowing me up

Poetry struck a nerve in the listenership
Spoken word then got 'em all interested
Now I don't have to serve ice cream to little kids
I serve emcees who think they're rippin' it
And poets who think they're somehow significant
Meanwhile both are loud and ignorant
And don't know how to speak to a crowd in an intimate
environment

I am different. In a different way
The only thing that stays the same is change
While people claim their states, I state my claims
I'm a quiet natured player who outwardly hates the
game
I shake what I got, which is a jingly pocket
I do my mini-market research and make noise for
myself when I walk quick

I talk with authority while I question it
When I ask, "Who am I?" I'm left guessing
But if you're a poor man's version of ANYTHING
It is your self-perception

Growing up in a microscopic town prepared me well for
this petrii dish
Where talk is invisible to the eye and they hate the guy
they're speaking with
I'm a real vegetarian: No chicken...not even fish
I'm a real underground rapper
My tape quality sucks, my records are warped and my
CD skips

Lady Luck is a greedy bitch with itchy palms and a case
of the gimmes
I've got an outtie if she's got an inny, I'll clean her pipes
and then sweep her chimney
The beat that's in me is polyrhythmic. You're only 60
heart beats per minute
A human second-hand-me-down-to-earth-guy who will
thriftshop-lift his hiphop

I may be getting too big for my britches
but I paid my dues when the cost was climbing
If I burn too many bridges I'll never get off of this awful
island
As long as I've been rhyming, they only started
listening
Because for a while they didn't like how
I wouldn't smoke the pot that I was pissin' in

Plus I had no dead homies to pour out the liquor I don't
drink
You can flash your shiny objects in front of my eyes
and I won't blink
I'm motherfucking different. Oooohhhh
yyyeeaaaahhhh..
I'm motherfucking different. Oooohhhh
yyyeeaaaahhhh..

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