

Sage Francis "Doomage"

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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

Damage, uh
Damage, uh

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

From the twin cities, call it the deuce
Skinny grizzly bear alcoholic on the loose
Sing with me, show your love, give me proof
Flip the switch to damage and make this planet move

Never intended on making records that seemed too slick
Peeps move quick from cheap music to G-UNIT
Weak bullshit pulls chicks, but Joe Beats flosses every day

Ain't he ain't talkin' 'bout my gold teeth
My hobo teeth is no sleep for seeking soulmates
Getting cold feet, if my queen don't awake
My feeble bones break, spines curve
(Now I'm serious)

People don't take time to learn outside the pyramids
What the dilly is? I'm unsure, but so sin surr
Get your hurr did, that ain't a perm, yo, that's a temporary
That ain't a wormhole, that's a cemetary where they bury the lies

I'm lampin', I'm cold, cold lampin' out in the snow,
campin'
Cuttin' wires so your phone can't ring
You don't know a damn thing after your city gets undertaken
Pass me a sissy so sucka I'll slay him

Damage, uh, damage, uh
Dances, famine
Damper, dancer, Francis
Hah, MF Doom on the beat

Non Prophets, Slug and Ali
Together at last, like cocks and cunts
Yeah, let's fuck it up, clip that beat

You know, we're pretty much humanous
And that's where we'd like to work from
From that vantage point

Exactly and you know Non Prophets is spelled
Like you know, like P O R P H E T like meaning
Like Non Prophets, almost like a pun in the word

