

Sage Francis

"Francis Can I Kick It"

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[Chorus]

Can I kick it? (yes you can) {*3X*}

Well I'm gone (go on then)

Can I kick it, to all my people who get wicked like Sage
does

Before this did you know what my real name was

Paul Francis acting like he's on the same drugs

Never even felt the authentic of a strange buzz

You never ever catch me holding a beer mug

Your talking shit like as if you was a real thug

If that's true lick a shot BUCK feel the slug

That's what you get for totin guns like you were Elmer

Fudd

I'm selling tapes for three bones wanna catch a dub?

This shit is dope kid it makes you wanna cut the rug

Illuminati's got every part of my body bugged

The micro chip is in your wrist now give it a tug

Be nice to females give a bitch a hug

Triple X style comin cleaner than your tub

You better tell your girl about it because she's a scrub

A big problem that I had to nip in the bud

Droppin me her seven digits while I'm in the club

Talkin bout I look I need a back rub

Son she's a natural disaster like a flash flood

I ain't playin dawg you better go test her blood

Until your positive she's negative don't make no love

With or without a glove, you know what I'm speaking of

The cub scouts try and jump into the brownies' shrubs

Behind the bush turn a back push into a shove

What you thinkin tryin bring the underground above?

AOI make you cry like a dove, for that shit, for that shit

Come on, Come on

(Chorus)

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