

Sage Francis

"Fresh"

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Yeah... just chilling in the closet... yeah still in here y'all.

N-O-N-P-R-O-P-H-E-T-S is
stupid deaf
N-O-N-P-R-O-P-H-E-T-S is
funky fresh

Sage Francis...
Joe Beats...
The Non Prophets LP!!!.....

this blood that runs through me for now flows for YOU
for whatever year sounds best.. bringing it.
from the littlest state killing the mix tapes keeping it
nimble like fingers flipping through singles in milk
crates
filthy like fingertips guilty of pilfering increments the
beats to match a rappers pleading innocence
thinking this is going to be the best damn karaoke jam
ever ever since third base a devoted fan of Sam Sever
never really was a metal-head i'd settle the score with a
remix instrumental of 'never no more'
reppin' the cause of ill MCs who like confusing
metaphors with similes

so what you want sage?

to drop science in my rhymes

what you want sage?

to kick knowledge all the time

what you want sage?

to diss your posse... and my name up in lights, S-A-G-E

[joe]
i hang producers with my loops
watch me get loot

[sage]
i got more styles than a pedophiles got proofs
in a van full of candy after one of their photo shoots
deflowering more virgins than thurston's got polo suits
rocking golden boots on the road to the riches

got a poem thats cute called 'an ode to my bitches'

[joe]

yo hold up, that ain't righteous!

[sage]

well a god didn't write this although i'm told a rhyme is
mold is that of his likeness

(like thiiis)

don't you see how fucking beautiful life is? how dare
you waste it stuck in a cubicle with tight lips
stand up!

push out your chair. jump on your desk
and if you've got a crush on your coworker...
touch her breasts!

and if you hate your boss cause hes a sucker...
punch his chest!

pull his wig back with pimp slaps... crush his kicks
kick a hole in his computer pull the plug and then jet,
you're the goddamn man, motherfucker thats fresh

[chorus]

F-R-E-S-H

fresh, fresh, fresh

x2

F-R-E-S-H

yo thats fresh!

[sage]

now the to-do list grew thin but i still haven't proven
myself to myself i done an album with rick reuben

we have to keep slick RULIN!

don't romanticize your disease saying she keeps your
dick drooling

check yourself for a genital wart scare
generals all prepare for chemical warfare
my neighbors have identical lawn chairs
one of them's violating (penetrating a fraud)

ain't no escape a automobile train or plane
swimming great lakes scaling mountain ranges or
skating terrain

making cake doesn't make what you sayin' bang
you cant make me relate, change your aims
cause the buck buck buck ... will call you shot callers
suck suck suck... are you the dotcom-ers?

i'm a writer, a poet, a genius, i know it.

i don't buy cheeba, or moet.

ahhhhhh.... yeah

non prophets in your area y'all

sage francis and joe beats letting you know...
if i ever ever catch you drinking alcohol or smoking
drugs of any kind
i will punch you dead in your melon motherfucker do
not be smoking cigarettes in my breathing space

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