

Sage Francis "I Apologize"

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song: I Apologize (featuring Sole)

written by: Sage Francis

album: Sick of Waiting Tables

label: Strange Famous Records

(these lyrics are for the Sage Francis segments of the song. Sole's segments need to be transcribed by him and sent to us if he wants them posted. I could guess but I would rather not.)

No one else make notes to know thyself.

those who loathe?...love them,

those who love?...show them what it is to loathe, if they don't show you love still...fuck em.

everyone's potential enemy who loves to diss.

virtual acquaintances only exist on a buddy list.

I'll hug and kiss myself to sleep while needing something else to eat,

while needing someone else to feed but eggshells are stuck in my feet.

I'm sick of beating around the bush while needing to push past creative limits,

And I don't have anything else left to say to the critics.

is it just because we're different y'all can't stand it?

or that I backstroke against the current and the culprit is aerodynamic?

heros might panic though I clown around to be the silliest...

man alive, well I'm dead serious.

take me for a jokester and you'll only miss the punchline.

every friend of mine has dissed me at least one time.

I've come to find life is consistently unkind.

I've kissed the sunshine. sip it sometime until your lips become blind.

now i've lost it, or am i losing it, or did i never have it?

aspirin addicts are avid advocates of happiness in tablets.

they're adamant about their acid trip.

i want a bite of the apple Adam bit. Catholics don't know the half of it.

immaculate magic tricks. experimenting with alliteration and assonance,

but speaking too many cold words chapped my lips.
there's an asterisk up on my left arm,
but my foot notes are out of tune from my music
always getting stepped on.
should've kept calm when i was granted the chance,
but that's my song getting me amped, so god dammit
let's dance.
dammit, bring this stuff to fisticuffs if that's the only
thing that'll help
someone like you feel good about yourself and the
things your dealt.
i'll win the belt but if you need to keep your pants on...
here--another battle for you to talk about in your damn
song.
here-- another battle for you to talk about, wow, look at
that..
another...battle...rap
you won't have to duck, i'll just talk over your head,
knowing your dead career has one year left til
everyone else knows what i said.
they're laughing at you but you don't know it yet .
i'd say it to your face but i don't want to waste the
moment. Let..
everyone first understand the open threats that poets
get
who's wet behind the ears? who broke a sweat?
jiggy man - sip your moet
thuggy dun- hold your tek
netcee - go on the net and keystone 'bout how we gets
no respect.

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