

Sage Francis

"Inner Conflict"

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I conflict with those who are tricked by the gimmick
market and can't think
with logic. Logics are in the distance so I'm makin a pop
hit hip hop is askin'
themselves why this kid talks shit it's just I'm never
breakin' even so I throw an
art fit sick of rappers sayin' fresh but stink like armpit
and couldn't test a single
member that's within our clique. I'll bring it to you right
now but you don't
really want it. I'm born to the sauce that make ya heart
skip, if you rolled as
much as you're told you'd get car sick. a constant my
pissed off audience is at
your concert, sittin in the front row, get wet with what
they all spit. I'll be
standin' in the back hittin' ya with a tall stick. I could
drown your ass in oil and
still ya not slick. Winnin over your fan base make em
say "aw shit" right in ya
damn face. Confidence, you lost it.

Now these super thuggy guns say bring that hard shit
... Inner conflict.
Simple simple Simon Simon says to sing the pop hit...
Inner conflict.
Corny white boys just want jokes, this isn't a comic
strip... Inner conflict.
Still I bring the conflict, I sing of conflict, I'm in a
conflict... I'd rather be
artistic.

Painting pictures with my words while freaking a tar pit,
you're broad strokes
are filed with lead, so what you're eating's toxic. With
this poisonous self
destruction you're feeling, stop it. Taking more than
god's name in vein
making your beating heart quit. Put you on the floor
then pull the carpet out
from under your feet and watch you drop quick, flying

through the airwaves
hit you in a drop kick on the WWF wrought his war tip,
run up in your crib and
watch that horse trip, playing healthy mind games that
keep her thoughts sick
the plot is not the only thing I think is in this porn flick,
once I'm done with
her you really think she wants your dick?

That's not how I'd rather be.
This is not who I would rather be.
This is not what I would rather be.

I am not lit hittin' on some club hoppin' bar chick, I star
to flick name dropping
on some super star trick, only for the sake of seein her
jump on the jock quick
simply get that cock trick spit what your mom drip. Back
to these bastards
who claim they got grip, take your finger off the safety
and let your glock
click. Aim for the back of my fist, make it your target,
stigmata. I let the blood
from my palm drip, I've got to cold and sober(?) socials
in the Arctic, I'll single-
handedly rip through your family make it look like a
mob hit, better stiff it if
your biscuit got limp, I'll go down head first like Fred
Durst for a hot lick of this
lollipop stick.

Sick of suckers thinking they can balk it. Hip-hop rip
offs over a guitar lick. That
little bitch has slit his wrists with his guitar pick. I stick
to my convictions, it
don't make me a convict, I compliment only those who
deserve the prospect,
never tried the chronic chucked the tire tonic, not your
normal human
assuming I'm bionic, bout to blow up listen to my inner
time bomb click.

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