

## Sage Francis

### "Love, Love, Love"

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Rippin' at the seams, ready to bust,  
It's like one mississippi, two mississippi, rush.  
Fiend smiffin' mine, at the scrimmage line  
I got the drug game and game of life all intertwined  
So I sit behind the sensei and study state of mind  
I chase the line with loaded needles and blaze a kinda  
come down  
Instead I chase the dragon, sun up to sun down,  
With no guns, just lungs set to collapse,  
Hey yo, run rocked rhymes and ??? john wrecked raps  
Get back, I stalk my ex same as a Simpson  
And leave her damaged goods like the financial  
district  
Can I, kick it with gold feet, from upstate to george  
beach  
Anonymous john, though stupid fuck, nobody knows  
me  
Act like we're homies, I'll change the whole style up  
OCD got my head in a ten-car pile up  
Rock paper drop the money and pick the file up  
I'm meltin' rocks for research, how to die quick  
Fuck a sidekick, gettin' wrapped up in violence  
Bullet to the brain, pull it sound of silence  
Let's paint the room with my memory  
Paint me an effigy  
Shoot me up with smallpox and leprosy  
Yo cousin, no need to disguise it  
At night I'm drinkin vials of the west Nile virus

(Chorus)

Love (for raw rhymes and breaks)

Love (for no books and crates)

Love (for however long it takes)

(Sage)

I never chose the path of least resistance  
??? know the math and keep the distance  
Forever go back to speakin' without conviction  
I don't respect the craft if they couldn't know the  
difference  
Dig this, this is a full time love affair

Part time suckers, they come unprepared  
Like as if this was a mistress, for them to fuck around  
with  
This ain't no means of income it's an outlet (outlet)  
Now the counterfeit cash clans get thrown out in the  
trash can  
Internet b-boys are doing a flash dance  
Audio sound scans, audience claps hands  
Funky cos I never dummied it down for the rap fans  
But what's up with the forced vernacular?  
Fuck gangster talk, do an AIDS walk through Africa  
Boasting a Porsche but can't afford a Maxima,  
Your song's full of chorus, you still think you a rapper  
huh?  
In with the out crowd, down with the upper echelon  
I'll be a handy man once my legs are gone  
And I feel like hell on wheels  
Seeking salvation any place that sells hot meals  
Teflon steel, touch tone phones and tin cans  
Recycling bins and get-rich-quick scams  
I just, ripped my pants on the last fence I jumped  
And look I gave the washed up just wasn't intense (???)  
Trust I'm workin' on it, the girl called it quits  
Heard her talkin' shit like  
I ain't there, I ain't care and life ain't fair  
Well guess what baby, life ain't and them's the breaks

(chorus)

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