

## Sage Francis "Mainstream 307 (Non Prophets)"

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(Chorus)

Then one day it all dawned on me yo

I wasn't down with the mainstream or should I say their  
team

(Easier said than done)

I wasn't down with the mainstream or should I say their  
team

(Gotta find a way)

I wasn't down with the mainstream or should I say their  
team

(Easier said than done)

I wasn't down with the mainstream or should I say their  
team

(Gotta find a way)

Waste away

Sad to see you go the way that you do

Today you're through with yesterday's truth

You know better for the forward actions

As for your past friends, all lost in the holocaust

Of thoughts in a backward caption

Unlucrative talents that used to give balance when you  
had to live with two abusive parents

Waste away create expenses for yourself

I know you're sensitive for the negative effects felt day  
to day

Cash in between your weekly pay checks

Remember when you were free?

I seen you at your apex

Don't tell me you're in a better place just 'cause the rent  
is higher

Spent fuel on retirement now you don't know where the  
fire went

Waste away, the future is charcoal

Everything you make is reduced to a barcode

Everyone mistakes, pain do's is a lost road

Going place to place faking moves on your car's sold

Going gold with a fool's heart?

I'd rather be a fool with a heart of gold

Lose my breaks and save my truth till tomorrow

Remember when I'd hate if my beautiful scar showed?

(Chorus)

The lowest common denominators let the arts suffer  
The only heart you follow is road kill on your car  
bumper  
You're Archie Bunker caught in slumber?  
I hope you burn to death with the trends that are hot  
this summer  
You need to hold the breath you're talking under  
Until you're close to death and no ones left in the pop  
culture you cocksucker  
Freedom to choose between margarine and butter  
The choice should be between fingernail clippers and  
lock cutters  
A little something for the sweet tooth of chocolate  
lovers  
Besides candy rappers reproducing 2Pac covers  
Biggie Small wonders... makin milk from robotic gutters  
The whole motherfucking pop culture is smothered  
Back in the day, NWA made cops shudder  
And 808's replaced rock drummers  
Turn them into job hunters  
Foundation crop dusters  
You were chillin' now you sound faker than Raekwon's  
stutter  
Your whole essence is a stocking stuffer  
On Christmas Day I'll open your presents with a box  
cutter  
Give away secrets to the keys of life  
While I strike these chords I'm ignored while I counter-  
points Bill O'Rielly tries to score  
Wipe the floor with your psyche some more  
And fight the war with Michael Moore in a Nike store  
Battling the general consensus of shit  
As petty as it is Das EFX rocked that band aid ten years  
before Nelly did

(Chorus)

I don't wanna be famous like the artists on your playlist  
The more emotion I put into it the harder they diss  
Actors with scripts thinking they ought to repent  
I'd rather be rich than have a whole lot of resent  
It's the pitiful public I get rush from  
While I'm busting dope lines I'm misquoted  
And you might think I wrote it  
For all you know it's all for the dough  
I fought off a forty O  
And bought the clothes that were affordable  
A scorpio with the stinger sticking into singers and

tawdry holes

Your chorus flows with an awful show of raw audio

They call me slow to adapt, I said FUCK THAT!

(Chorus)

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