

## Sage Francis "Whore Monger"

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(verse)

my popularitys on the ri-ise.my self-image is somewhat

sinking

my heads expanding in size but my stomachs shrinking

it all evens out in the end thats what I'm thinking

sing the cashregister raps ch-ching ching.green backs

bring the bling bling

na na I may stay home.rev got the ring ring ha ha hey

hey poem

while my answering machine screening calls.hailing

safe and alone

I want change in your message not the coin return of a

payphone

my boys are concerned that my brains blown

voices get turned away annoyed with what they say

if its a gay tone n they like "hey ho!" then I'm all like

"hey yo..."

few remain prone to spray straight shots with blood

stained glocks

n a face of stone to melt your ice grill it might spill!

n break ya Bone. Thugs-in-Harmony cd presenting tape

should own

replace the thrown with some Non-Prophets drop bass

ON

Sage is know to pull your card kid so chill

I mess up plans like robbers with no skill

my only knowledge is the holy father SO THRILLED

that you dont know still what God is making martyrs

outta molehills

now if your soul is fufilled holed your dills

n realize youre never satisfied til after u die from

overkill

im from Placiboville but we know the drill

obscene is so ill but wait for the nurse to leave so I can

throw the pill..

I AM NOT SICK! demeneted or listed as twisted bitch

whats up with this kid

some insisted that I'm interested in running from the

facts whispered

in a mating call that get a busy signal from a number

thats unlisted

lumberjacks are gifted.when I swung the axe it slid  
out of my grasp n injured this invalid, invalid  
Toss-offs toss their cookies while tossing salads  
I ghost-write the most hype love sonnet n let some  
whore sing the ballad

(hook)

IMA WHORE...A WHORE MONGER! with a platinum voice  
IMA WHORE...A WHORE MONGER! 'cause I havent a  
choice

servin up this 'cause (S!) echo-freaks need to eat  
(verse)

excrement aint flauntin rose peddals  
I breed hard rocks to impregnate stones to grow  
pebbles  
I throw kettles at pan-handlers n pot-smokers  
sell insect to sexually repressed stockbrokers  
I turn impetant pimps to sex slaves  
manifest them with radio activity from x-rays  
I bootleg their skeletons the next day  
son u can sense my dark mood once the sky gets gray  
little kids r like "lets play!haha." not right then  
tell them to act like men then i'll fight them  
let em hit me first then be like "strike again!"  
then its my turn to see how far the limbs of little tykes  
bend  
I tied em up, with burlap rope. "word?thats dope."  
manhandled the girl that lacked hope n her back broke  
she preferred crack cocain. the heroin needed heroin  
never again  
ladies n gentlelelele gentlelelele gentlelelele..  
im from a species of zsars through the deep seas n  
stars  
everything I do is important so I save my feces in jars  
n what I eat seems bizarr I deep-freeze n thaw  
emcees who aint down by the gravities of law  
now these analogies aint raw  
but when u secretly serve this well-done yall then  
become casualties of war  
just call me Francis Allah n I was flattered  
'cause I ghost-wrote the most dope love sonnet let  
dumb harlet sung the ballad

(hook)

...and I havent a choice n if ya snatches aint moist just  
sing-a-long c'mon

la la laaaaa. la la la laaaa la la la la la  
la la laaaaa. la la la la la lala la la.

