

Eightball % MJG F/ Suave Circle "Personal Journalist"

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(spoken)

Sage Francis...Personal Journalist, 1968 to 2001

(Verse 1)

He left with deep breaths in each chest that needs less
innovating Cause

there still debating over what rhyme skill is

Sick of waiting for time killers to get over there murder
raps

And then he sold his own shirt off his back for cheap
exposure

Seek for closure but stayed open minded

Always seemed to keep composure, peeking over both
his eyelids

Speaking vulgar in misleading cultures of ultra
violence

Teaching others how to be more loving with brotherly
guidance

A bleeding soldier knows the science

He does the math quick and writes without having to
think twice

Without asking for advice, letting the scalps peel

Having brains picked by head lice before the scabs
heal

His death mask conceals his face paint

It feels like a safe place, but it ain't

Feels like its safety seals faith, but it don't

He's not a real saint, just another one of those religious
political jokes

And that's not even half of the nutshell

Cats are compelled to crack open and extract his blood
cells

From, when he comes back from hell again

He'll have a few bones to pick with a fractured skeleton

(over scratching)

Sage Francis...anti-socialite...secret admirer

Student loaner...continental drifter...professional day
lifter

Spin doctor...self-referentialist...personal journalist

(bridge)

Word, its the worthless wordsmiths
We're conversing with impersonal twists
Heard the concern with making the Earth ship
These kid games are silly
When all art is signed anonymous
He'll turn that big bang theory into a small pop
hypothesis

(spoken)

Sage Francis...death merchant...1968 to 2001
Devoted son, father to none

(Verse 2)

Husband to something soulless
He didn't spend his life on what we love
The hardest workers in showbiz need no diamond
studded glove
His time is up! He's still the type of boy who makes a
comeback
Kill the white noise til the sun's black
Moonwalk around New York City and get murdered
By flocks of sheep who square-dance circles inside a
box of beats
The California Dream sequences end quick
Got to find middle ground in little towns
That's the Midwest tradista, for something
Fell for every trick in the book
So we stop believing, in the long-forgotten Garden of
Eden
Get off the cross! Of course we need the wood to burn
in Godless heaving
Catch him red handed, only if his hands are bleeding

(over scratching)

Sage Francis...Non-profit...artificially intelligent
...of our guardian angel does in life...
1968 to 2001...it's been a pleasure, it's been a pleasure

Get out my weatherface with all that sunshine
(Get out my weatherface with all that sunshine)
Get out my weatherface with all that sunshine
Get out my weatherface...

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