

Eightball % MJG F/ Suave Circle

"Smoke and Mirrors"

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[Sage Francis]

I am..

More than two faced, I've got at least six with cheap tricks

To hide my not-so-pretty side while accentuating cheeks and lips

I use battin' rouge to battle crews who don't like the remix

And you just act confused by the way I choose to fuck with a double helix

Cuddle with me quick, get befuddled and sea sick

My ugly mug'll be equipped to make it a struggle to see shit

The beat kicks, my belly feels empty I want a person there

I'll curse and swear, and act unmother-like until I persevere

Haven't been to church in years, right now that's the setting

I couldn't think of a better place to cover my face and have a wedding

It's upsetting how plastic my mask is getting

It's melting and releasing toxic fumes

Covered by lots of perfume, never coming out of my closet of costumes

Cartoon versions of myself get drawn out

After that occurs, time gets consumed

I'm in the dressing room with the caricatures

Until my head is cured I'm heading for pedicures and manicures

Man, if your not damn sure of whether or not to pop the question I'll let you in on the answer..

Think of sex in a camper...

A phony life with a trophy wife, menthol cigarettes and cancer

Smoke and Mirrors

So sophisticated

So cool

I AM..
An illusion specialist turning tricks who could never
diss
The one the wake up next to even if it's not the one they
went to bed with
Breakfast at Tiffany's, skip lunch, make sure the dinner
table is candle lit
I squish my feet until they crunch, but I'm unable to
make these sandals fit
I can't just sit I need to MOVE and power walk, because
Oprah said it
And I won't forget it, she does it during the opening
credits
I'm so synthetic
I like the smell of coke, get it? I powder my nose
Power to hoes who pound on a hose while playing in a
pound of snow
I'm getting snow plowed, I KNOW
It's time to fuck a guy now
I just applied blush and look surprised
but it's the way I plucked my eyebrows
Time out, I'm in a tanning booth... reading Danielle
Steel
And I'm planting banana peels beneath every damn
man's heel
Waiting for them to fall for my sad trick I stop, drop
and kneel
With a little touch of magic, I'll let David cop a feel
I'm not real, but I've got FEELINGS...
except in my nipples because of the breast implants
To have my chest enhanced I pant in dresses but never
dress in pants
A club hopping strobe light honey...addicted to wrinkle
cream
Sipping on Listerine, Mr. Clean don't like the smell of
nicotine

Smoke and Mirrors

So sophisticated

So cool

I AM..
Dirtyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy

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