

## Cheat Code

Sage Francis

(I talk a lot of shit, but I can back it all the fuck up)  
I don't talk about it really, but I'm still the illest  
Still the baddest  
Bless the apparatus I got silverback gorilla status  
I pull the one red string that runs through your mattress  
And make your bed springs sing a song of sadness  
Sad sack of shit, pack your things and go  
I'm hopping freight trains with nothing but a bindle (no hobo)  
Little homie said "YOLO" – no props  
I photobomb your photo ops busting out the robocop  
Teach me how to dougie, kid, I'd rather do the knowledge  
Now go home and get your shine box, you got a couple shoes to polish  
Undergrad, this ain't no humblebrag  
I've sung one too many Johnny come latelies, now baby come to dad  
Cause he don't need no cheat code to go beast mode  
All he really needs is a M-I-C to freak flow  
(I talk a lot of shit, but I can back it all the fuck up)  
I'm a runner up, if I'm not top billing, I'm show stealing  
Sistine Chapel vandal type, tag the whole ceiling  
Sick of hearing rap with no feeling  
Sick of trauma porn addicts thinking they're poets, that's not soul bearing  
Break yourself, fix your face  
My heartbeat breaks the 808's, now update your database  
So many Roc Raida tapes, not enough functional dual cassette decks  
Who will you sweat next?  
Stupid, I maneuver through a school full of rednecks  
Some people I was cool with despite a few death threats  
Sacrificed a social life, food and some rent checks  
So I can grab a mic where the hell ever I like, and catch wreck  
Yeah, I've got swung on from time to time  
Been cornered in some clubs just for speaking my mind  
Mental midgets couldn't come up with the lyrics and rhymes  
Now I'm back popping more shit than ever and I'm fine  
Find me if you need me, son, I'm easy to locate  
You finally gon' feed me then I'm eating that whole cake  
Got license in movies and TV, that's so great  
Don't break your coke-nail trying to throw weight, okay  
Curb stomp your enthusiasm  
Don't expect resolutions just cause every movie has 'em  
Don't expect revolution from the music  
That is solely created for the sake of booty clapping  
Fool, keep rapping  
Release the kraken, beat back the back beat  
Planning instrumentals, running my mouth at the track meet  
My victory lap shows no mercy in this dojo  
Spinning back, kick the Willie Bobo  
Sweep the head, breaking bread with the best of 'em  
Crumbs are left under the table for the rest of 'em  
I don't speak in metaphysics cause I'm not a metaphysicist  
I'll diss the living shit out of these so called lyricists  
Fuck y'all

(Y'll don't like it, kiss my ass you don't like it, this my house  
'Cause we don't need no cheat codes to go beast mode  
All he really needs is a M-I-C to freak flow)

Excuse me for having ethics, I don't eff with little toys

I learned to scratch on phonographs A killjoy, crying over spilled soy milk  
I destroy the shit brick house that you droids built  
You walk tall 'til I kick out your stilts  
Buff 'til I call your bluff and pull up your kilt  
You've been padding your resume  
While I've been rhyming about life like I'm rapping my death away  
Stay well composed, figuratively, literally  
They prefer a hashtag to metaphor, simile  
Brag-rap to poetry, backtrack to symphony  
Sweet talk the sour puss press and push bitterly  
The kids are getting degraded, they ain't diminish me  
Oh uh, but they prefer the skinny me  
I'm an emotional leader of the emcees who sit in salt  
Fuck being complicated, Uncle Sage is difficult  
It's a cult of personality stuck in a false reality  
It's all a bunch of mall punk and dance club rap to me  
Swagger jacking, black cracker, battle rap is gone minstrel  
Born on third base acting like they hit a triple  
With a wiffleball bat walking pretty, talking pretty  
With no act, in fact, it's all theory  
I promised you death threats, don't actually kill me  
But bite my dog, I'mma scratch your kitty

It's like that, y'all, it's like that, y'all  
It's like that-that-that, it's like that, y'all  
It's like that, y'all, it's like that, y'all  
It's like that-that-that, it's like that, y'all  
Talk shit