

I Was Zero

Sage Francis

If it wasn't for the bass, I wouldn't need these hearing aids.
If it wasn't for mistakes, I probably wouldn't be here today.

10 years ago I was 22.
20 years ago I was 12.
30 years ago I was 2.

But when I came out my momma I was zero.
When I came out my momma I was zero. I was zero when I came out my momma, and now everybody knows.

In the before life, I was undead.
I was home schooled, there were no rules.
But I gave it all up, just for the chance to go public.
A celestial scarecrow dancing with the puppets.
A tug in my gut, I'm carrying the world in my stomach.
I'm a surrogate mother-fucker the girls love it.
Birth the suffix and cut the visible string.
Controls much more than a physical thing.
I was born into it, and before I knew it.
I saw the students of poor gettin' hauled off to war.
The law of Judas in the land of the king's tax.
Partaking the Eucharist, then demand your kick-backs.
Spiritual wrist slap, please pass the sacrament.
Ask if big bad black Jesus was African.
Selling a click track, call it a soul-clap.
It's all in how you package it.
The power of a magic trick.
Immaculate concepts, lost in the land of the cross.
I'm standing off with a man of the cloth.
he knows the ins and out's and all I wants the outs.
hes selling real estate for some place in the clouds.
But I'm not investing in intellectual property.
Inventing gender-bending technology.
Because maybe everybody needs to just become a sexual oddity.
Leaving birth to the test tubes and death to the lottery.
There's no one stopping me, I've gotta be self-regulating.
Wealth is escalating, but my poverty was entertaining.
I'm debating, the value of a caste system.
I'm cash backed for wars and wars funded by my tax income.
I find my part of the problem in part of me.
There's always been a difference between what I am and what I wanna be.

It's either Jihadist freak or Jesus seamster.
I heard god is cumming and shes a screamer.

I couldn't understand what she was telling me.
Why everyone thinks that they're their own worst enemy.
I followed the manual and I swallowed the skeleton key.
And it unlocked the hell in me.

(So this is my gift to god!) Rippin' at my dick like a tourniquet, syphilis!
(This is my gift to god!) I'm jumpin' out the cake, naked with a shank.
(This is my gift to god!) Unwrap the package confetti made of maggots.
(This is my gift) You call that talent? here's your image back, you can have it.

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