

Doomage

Sage Francis

Damage, uh, damage, uh
Y'all know good and goddamn well
You're fucking with a brother who ain't never had his hand held
and never seemed passed out
Rolling baby strollers over broken floating bottles
In a shredded forest with a dying shred of hope inside you
For this respect, I sweated and bled
and have yet to be discredited by what a critic ever said
"We're unaware of his racial make-up
we know he's an albino but can't science the face up!"
Never question what I am
G-O-D knows if you don't, you can never understand
so you need only know that I'm unrelenting
Nothing breaking, never ending, seldom bending
Cast shadows like light descending
Must not discuss divorce with the case still pending, but
I got some shit to tell you on my next record
for now, we and Sage Francis connected and did-

Damage, uh
Wrote this one a couple days after Christmas
'Hope' is one struggled game thats persistent
0 plus 1 2, for Self, no assistance
Pistol clear before this new year existed
Somebody get the door
Fuck it, let 'em snore
It's all been said before
buried in a metaphor
Lucy is hip-hop, and Jacob's a prince
Sean is an old man, and Slug is a PIMP now
They say I'm buggin, because of the way I love 'em
Nervous, cause I know I'll never make the perfect husband
What, they treat me like LL for art fucks
They hang out and argue about my clown thought and
From the twin cities, call it the deuce
Skinny grizzly-bear alcoholic on the loose
Sing with me, show your love, give me proof
Flip the switch to damage and make this planet move

Never intended on making records that seemed too slick
Peeps move quick from cheap music to G-UNIT!
Weak bullshit pulls chicks, but Joe Beats..
flosses every day
"Ain't he ain't talkin' 'bout my gold teeth!"
My hobo teeth is no sleep for seeking soulmates
Getting cold feet, if my queen don't awake
My feeble bones break, spines curve (now I'm serious)
People don't take time to learn outside the pyramids
WHAT THE DILLY IS? I'm unsure, but so sin-surr
Get your hurr did, that ain't a perm yo, that's a temporary
That ain't a wormhole, that's a cemetary where they bury the lies..
I'm lampin', I'm cold cold lampin'
out in the snow, campin'
Cuttin' wires so your phone can't ring
You don't know a damn thing after your city gets undertaken
Pass me a sissy so sucka I'll slay him

Damage, uh
Dances
Famine
Damper
Dancer
Francis
Hah, MF Doom on the beat
Non-Prophets, Slug and Ali
Together at last, like cocks and cunts
yeah, let's fuck it up! Clip that beat

You know, we're pretty much humanous
and that's where we'd like to work from
From that vantage point

Exactly, and you know Non-Prophets is spelled
like you know, like P-O-R-P-H-E-T like meaning
like Non-Prophets, almost like a pun in the word