

# Midgets And Giants

Sage Francis

You are really not all that dope  
You are really not all that dope  
No-no-no no-no-no  
No-no-no no-no-no

You read me all wrong, Bello  
You need to do your research  
An emcee with a 4-song demo and you've got t-shirts?  
Hell no.  
I don't want to do a cd trade  
I want to see your made-for-TV DJ fade  
Into the rave scene it seems he just came from  
Glow sticks and energy drinks  
Gettin hyped up on white stuff  
Never meant to be sniffed  
You like dust?  
I might bust your whole family  
But y'all ain't hippie chicks  
And pixie sticks ain't nose candy  
You're servin' bags with herbal magic  
Sellin' placebos to too many people  
Got your girl's ass kicked  
Your lady got overpowered and you got played sellin' baby powder  
It's over-the-counter drug trade  
Oh, you a big shot?  
Now you hip-hop?  
Shall I stop?  
Nah, I think not.  
I rip shop like parking tickets  
Use sling shots to target bigots  
Cause I don't really kill cops  
I just want you to think I it

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DJ Undercutter  
He wants to feed his turntable scraps  
To MC Hollywood who's only fly until his cable snaps  
He's a rapper thinking battles were a meal ticket  
Came time for the album and he couldn't write real lyrics  
8 Mile wasn't true, shit head  
It was a promotional tool, but not for you, shit head  
So let me tell you exactly what to do, shit head  
Don't be a fool, stay in school  
shit head

You are really not all that dope  
You are really not all that dope  
No  
No

But am I really all that fresh?  
But am I really all that fresh?  
Yes.

Yes.

Fake friends ain't got nothing to do with my world  
If you ain't dead, you ain't a suicide girl  
You can tattoo that to your back with the broken wings  
Then hope for the best while you jump from buildings  
I wanna levitate like the featherweights huffin' helium  
And float outta this place if I ain't fuckin' feelin' em  
They need to study lessons and then posse up  
Fuck an Apprentice, I've got more firepower than Donald Trump  
BB Gun, one hand on the pump  
When I run outta' ammo Ima slap shot this hockey puck  
Soccer moms are copulatin with hockey dads  
Housewives wear maternity dresses like body bags  
They pull out novelty dildos as a party gag and dilly dally at a women's rally where they lolligag  
Y'all wear poetry around your neck  
It's an outdated laminate and they can't make it to sound check?  
You wave your new jack flags like a late pass  
"Oh, they ain't all that bad"  
Nah, they just fake jacks  
They've got a new street slang?  
Oh, I'll keep current  
No command of language but they act like they're deep cuz of it  
Fuck a Def Poet and all the concessions they make  
I just filled another pinata with demo tapes  
I'm gunnin' for you, chump  
With a triple barrel shotgun  
Don't try to cover up,  
My nipple grabs are AWESOME

Shooting all the midgets and I'm shooting all the midgets  
Shooting all the giants and I'm shooting all the giants

Yo, peep this, Ladidadi  
I hate party people  
Hate the way the DJ just plays pop when he drops the needle  
I don't want to socialize with guys that I can't speak to  
Or women who are see through  
Cause I don't need to.