

## Needle

Sage Francis

It's the b-boy, its the MC, they cant read the grafitti  
It's the b-boy, it's the MJ, its the VJ they cant read  
the grafitti on the walls

Throw away my tools, scrape with my hands make as much  
noise as I can banging on sand  
I used to play in a band but those people are gone  
Now the turntable got a needle in it's arm

I'm in a van flying without parachutes, wifey didn't  
plan to have marriage disputes  
Everytime I stand at the door to say goodbye, its like  
shes watching her man go to die.  
I packed in a rush but it was too fast for us, handed  
me an ultimatum as i grabbed all my stuff  
Put a pillow in my briefcase I come with no rebates a  
gaurantee of return when i leave state  
I make mix tapes, but they're cd-r's  
Diggin in crates, do you see these scars?  
They're from big breaks that i stripped from a song,  
now the turntable got a needle in its arm

Flame on like burnin', i'm burnin', i'm burnin', i'm  
burnin' but wait...

I fill up the milk crates, collect the LP's  
Eric B laughin' at me c-c-check out my melody  
DJ Polo doin' pawn, terminator X on an ostrich farm  
Jam master J is gone and that's a shame  
They say its better to burn out quick than faddddeee  
I toured the states with a guy named CR, he had nothin  
but a tube of toothpaste and guitar  
He was a soul brother, a baby mama back at home brother  
A good reminder what it is to rock and roll brother.  
Mashed potatoes every meal and if it ain't served outa  
greasy spoon he don't deal  
Real as it gets with a puff that don't quit put him at  
a piano and he smokes it  
A blues man, to old to go back to school man, still  
grinding it out but he already payed his dues man  
I could see it in his face when he said Sage brother I  
gotta get out of this place  
Embarassed, he knocked me off balance truth of the  
matter is you can't live off raw talent  
Perhaps you could at one point but those days seem gone  
Now the turntable got a needle in its arm.