

Over Under

Sage Francis

You get over me
You get over me
You get over me
You, you

Babygirl I done been over myself (out of myself)
Over the counter and under the shelf
Into the wild-wild hidin' wealth
You think really gonna tell me to do nothing else
Hurled insults to me like that shit helps
Got a malleable muscle in my chest
Yes it breaks (it heals) it freezes (it melts)
It sees itself in the worst of light
And it curses the day that I learned to write
The guys are all "Do you even lift bro?"
Shit no I don't, girls are like "Ew
He drive a Prius, he saving money, he's hoarding cash
Who does he think he is?
What's the point of living if you can't ball and flash?" (Balderdash!)
Even more than half of them broads don't have a passport
I'm a citizen of the world, girl, I couldn't take you there if you asked for
it
Oh I know, get over myself, all you see is me holding myself
What you don't see is an OG oak tree protecting the forest like nobody else
I pop that lumberjack venomous beard, had a gold digger won by the end of the
year
I let it get so long I could fuck it, after that I'll let you cut it
Shyeah, I'm over myself so much that I'm just looking down on myself
As I watch everybody try to bad talk pride
And they constantly strive to be proud of themselves
Follow the beat of another conundrum
Get out of the heat, rent a cottage in London
I'm on a retreat and I'm under the assumption
No matter where I go there I am
Middle-earth excursion, head to New Zealand
Shoot for the stars and I'm breaking the ceiling
Center of the Universe, can't shake the feeling no matter where I go there I
am

Honey I been over myself, out of my self
Extra extra large, rocking sexy socks with garter belts
You ain't really got to tell me nothing (you already said)
You ain't really got to say Nathan (god damn broken record)

Oh I know, I know I let myself go
I simply slipped through my own pathetic crib
Can never really get a firm grasp of my true inner glow
But tell me the truth, you're more pissed that I let go of you cause it was
overdue
In person your life don't look nearly as well put together as all your photo
s do
But that's ok but eventually, since you push me, since you press me
Fuck your non-stop, toxic, drama carpetbagging, fuck your selfie
Oh I'm the pig, you're trying to strangle me in a blanket though
You're a GMO seed of breed in my organic garden
Wanting my resources to make it grow (oh hell no)
It's a courtesy call-back, let the pilot fly

I'll be your emergency contact if you'll be my ride or die
Could've followed the pride and then follow the footsteps
Out of my mind I'm not out of the woods yet
I'm trying to find a location that's good yet
No matter where I go there I am

Over the counter and under the shelf
Into the wild-wild hidin wealth
You ain't really got to tell me to do nothing else
Cause I've heard it all before from a sharper tongue with a lot more scorn
Performing self flagellation with improper form until the copper's gone
(Over myself, out of myself)
(Extra extra large)