

The Buzz Kill

Sage Francis

You are listening to the heartbeat of the Sage
Sage posses the newest and most revolutionary advance in split second presentation
As well as split second calculation
To protect the future of America
The defense techniques of tomorrow had to be discovered now
But Sage needed more than this
New concepts, new tools, new weapons
By analyzing the past, Sage can project into the future

I used to think that rappers had it figured out
Brass Monkey, St. Ides, Old English, and Guinness Stout
Once a man twice a boy with a choice of vice or voice of spite
Not enough poisons to pick to enjoy this life
Now I thought suicide was a suburban myth
I couldn't see my own hands being the ones I'm murdered with
That is until I travelled this world a bit
I understand now if I lose my nerve I'll get the girl to do it!
She heard the music but preferred the person, she's worth it
The only one I left behind the curtain to work with
Pushin' buttons and playin' with levers
We'll stay together as long as I'm honest in my songs
(Radio) Suckers never play this
Scared shitless of dismissing clear channel playlists
Poorly developed, yet highly advanced
The black music intertwined with the white man's line dance

Supersonic, super destructive, seemingly unresistable
On the job, around the clock, with 24 hour a day reliability
Constantly monitoring, pulse-taking, controlling
Into a continuous flow of interpretation, which could be understood at a glance

It's not only a time I'm kept
Busy with shivers and cold shakes
Sitting on snow banks
Waiting to be delivered some soulmates
Or wait
Lift and tuck my fate for several levels
Fill my body till they send me an empty face with the head of devils
My breath resembles the smell of flowers
Yanked from life, placed in a vase
Sits and wilts and watch 'em dies in the name of grave mistakes
That we all make
Believe that we're getting by treating ourselves wrong
Throw me a reindeer John letter party
And ill be there with bells on
Hell spawn
So if he calls the city hall
They still got the gall
To blame the victory on biggie smalls
From strip malls
To strip clubs
They slip drugs
Into the drinks that kids love
Tell us to drink up and get buzzed
This is the buzz kill jump into the saddle

Emerge from the dust kicked up in the uphill battle
With my guns drawn and sword out
Pointed towards the couthouse
I sort out words from my war torn mouth
I disassociate the actions with their meanings
Songs from "ends justify their means" mentality
Plus I'm bleeding
Give me a bandaid a band that can play
A fanbase with hearing aids and a voice like a hand grenade
I pull the wool over their vision
Pull the pin and push it in 'em
Using women as a pin cushion
A super villian
With some war paint and jokes done in poor taste
We'll see who laughs last all the way to foreign banks

Ready to take over in a matter of seconds
to protect the future of America
Sage also has protection too
(Come on come on, feel it feel it)
The protection which comes with the possession weapons of retaliation
But is this protection enough?

(I was) I was B-boyin' in my former body
Singing all the songs at parties
Now I'm like don't let nobody
Through the door in the hotel lobby
I'd wear Armani if they endorse me
So people who are poor can rob me
Then forcefully sex me up
Color me confused when they paint issues black and white
Resuscitate their grey matter right back to life
It's my destiny she wants me she beckons
She left me for dead but death didnt want no sloppy seconds
I'm certified fresh
Our freedom kissed the French for their political dissent
Like *mwah* I do it with tongue this time
And take that bovine blood out your wine
And take that statue back to the lab it was created at
Your huddled masses yearning to breath free
Take 'em back!
Your homeless tempest-tossed to me
Take 'em back!
The U-S-A has cracked

And as long as we're on guard
As long as we're ready to look ahead
To move ahead
The future of America is secure