

## The Set Up

Sage Francis

I set it up, you knocked it down, lay the foundation, I built this house  
I feel cracks underneath my feet, I feel cracks underneath my feet  
The walls are breathing heavy, sucking up the oxygen with no plans of leavin  
g any  
For as long as I've been hoarded, it's taking me forever to gather up all my  
belongings

I get attached, near attached to people who I've loved and lost  
Even though I gotta admit, there are few who've run me off  
But I'm under no illusion how relationships get ruined  
How I'm ancient to this movement when I'm just stuck to a cross  
Tossed into the underworld and give in specific info  
Forced to find another girl, sick of living in limbo  
But I have my songs to play so I got lost along the way  
And now I'll never see the light of day thanks to the tinted Limo  
I was hopelessly romantic, emphasis on antic  
Now run hopeless along the open coast of the Atlantic  
Bought an overcoat that says "Francis, Showboat captain"  
Did my best to scrub it off cause it's utterly embarrassing  
Every night I'd re-write my will on a sandbar napkin  
I'd crash after sticking it to the window of my cabin  
Once I awoke I'd notice it, read it then remove it  
Just stunned I left nothing to my loved ones but music  
Muses abandon me while choosing family over continued support  
For my intuitive thought, who would've thought?  
Worst thing I ever did to another person in this world is nothing  
Only a few can claim that's what I did when I could have done otherwise  
Every single last one of them sang for nothing-types  
Made me pay the price at any cost, I've got buyer's remorse  
How many toxins will the doctors find inside this corpse?  
Suicidal watch it's diamond studded  
Tells me when my time's up, trying to keep my eyes from it  
It's so swag, I flash it at the fashion shows  
Walks with a limp, it's so pimp, and it smacks the hoes  
Rappers used to brag about intelligence, made me want to be smarter  
Then I harbor no regrets, whether it sells or not is irrelevant  
I would have sold coke if making dough was the sole motive  
It wasn't but fuck being a broke poet  
Without paying debts, begging friends for loose ends  
If your so-called talent only results in loan extensions  
There's no defenses, or buyouts, you don't get a per diem for good intention  
s  
Do you want to sign now?  
Promise that a job doesn't define you as a person  
If your words don't carry weight, it's not the worlds burden  
And in no certain terms am I suggesting that you shouldn't set fire to the s  
tage and let the curtains burn  
Just be aware of the exits  
Keep in mind that the closest one might be behind you, the entrance  
in the event that I can't live better as an honest rapper  
Without my past self being my benefactor

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You laid the foundation, I built this house

Gamble away my better half in hopes of doubling up  
is a double or nothing, I laughed, I was shit out of luck  
But what have I got to lose? At least I'm whole now  
Half man, half clone, the bad composite sketch of a one-  
hundred percent asshole  
But it wasn't without help, many people did their part  
To make me take the time to Frankenstein was ripped apart  
And put it together again, all the king's horses and all the king's men  
Couldn't admit that this was a predicament they put me in  
You want a piece of this? Welcome to the eggshells  
I'm barefoot and pregnant to my kitchen, y'll can help yourselves  
To the feast but tippy-toe away if you can't take the heat, or over-  
used clichés  
Back in the days I'd leave you heartbroken  
These days I simply reach into your chest and tear those scars open  
Evaluate appreciation, write you off for tax purposes  
I'd rather be homeless than settle in that worthless nest

[Hook]