

Bounce

Sage Francis

I've been patient.
I've been a mental patient.
I've been a parental replacement
for kids sent to the basement.
I'm a has-been. I've been had.
I've become best friends with a pen and pad
understanding the logic of an inanimate object
standing in the projects with a sign around my neck
saying "Show me my respect!"
They thought it as a setup, upset.
I've been unusual.
I've been an unusual suspect.
You're beautiful, just check
to make sure that you're musical on set.
I'll be back in a minute.
React to the limit
and find out if ya act offended
asking me if you can kick it?
I said "No you may not."
Cause your flow just ain't hot.
So you busters stay shy.
What the fuck do they got?
Watch your mouth. What'd that bitch say?
That went way out.
No doubt hit by the ricochet.
Kids today. I just don't trust em.
When I have mine I'm a make him speak in rhymes.
He'll think that it's custom
I'll tell him that he's Muslim every Christmas
so on December 25th he'll be giftless.
Then I'll convince this dumbass
he's actually a witness of Jehovah,
flip mat sheets on the sofa,
have him bring fat chicks on over.
Give em drinks if they're sober.
We'll make some noise soon.
If she stinks up an odor,
send it to my boys room.
This is my house.
You don't like it you can get the fuck out.
Cause under my roof, you live by my rules, son.
I make you want to bounce.

Sage Francis makes you wanna bounce.
Joey Beats makes you wanna bounce.
Non-Prophets weathered and deep cuts.
We send battle rhymes to shatter minds.
The Secret Service Crew
But they'll all fall through.
Non-Prophets.
If you're jumping up and down right now
stop it.

I've made a man mad.
I've been a mad man.
I've been a goody two shoes
who walks bare footed in a bad land.

I've been to Madison.
"What's up?" to my Boston heads.
I came to visit y'all
but you know me I got lost instead.
I toss in bed.
Keep myself awake at night.
Worried that I might not fall asleep
until I see the light.
My friends wanna see me fight
cause I'm a Black Belt Karate Master!
I'd rather have my freestyle raps
sale the party's laughter.
Plus I'm out of shape
and haven't trained in months.
Can't count how many times
my face has been punched.
I'm feeling cranial lumps.
They made you a chump.
I left you walkin a course of
mind anguish with sign language
is y'all def or what?
That depends. You mean the d-e-a-f kind?
He must've read my lips so hard
that he was left blind.
I've never been signed
but I've been signed off.
Cause I never rhyme soft
or wore designed cloth.
Every time I cough
I swear to God that it's a cardiac arrest
Feel my chest.
Make sure it's not a heart attack.
I'm stressed.
It's rest that I probably lack.
Yes. I'm a full fledged
over the edge hypochondriac obsessed
with cleaning the rims on my Pontiac.
Rollin through the plaza asking
"where tha party at?"
come in hardly last
but hardly fat
buying oil in Iraq
to get him violent
and his car keys back.
My wife don't want me back.
I want to hold her.
It's a shame she ain't been the same
ever since I told her
"This is my house.
You don't like it, you can get the fuck out.
This is my roof, you live by my rules bitch."
She said I had to bounce.

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If you're jumping up and down right now
you missed the topic.