

# 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.

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 them all fall through.  
Non-Prophets.  
If you're jumping up and down right now  
you missed the topic.