

# Different

Sage Francis

"Nothing at last is sacred. Oh how the great have fallen  
What have I done to myself? It's been way too long!"  
We need to reacquaint. Things are different now, I ain't the same man I was  
Hi, how are you doing? I'm new and improved with even less to lose  
A collector's edition version of a virgin drink ordering cocktail teller  
Gone way wrong...to the point of no rerun  
Over the edge and burned out before I even got my shine  
Holding my head in pure doubt  
Out of insight. Out of mindful things to shout or rhyme about  
Yeah, I know I was supposed to change the world and all  
But it looks like the world got to me first  
If you can't beat em, join 'em..  
Then hurt the team by beating yourself  
I'm different...in a different way  
The only thing that stays the same is change  
While people claim their states, I state my claims  
Sage Francis made a name for himself  
For the record my mother calls me Paul  
Which was my father's middle name, but Ray  
Stepped in and raised me  
It's crazy, but this is a game I play  
called "Shut the fuck uuuuuup!"  
Don't bother calling me at all because I'm not answering  
Is that a voice-mail-bomb-threat or a broken promise I'm mishandling?  
Gambling away my money issues, somebody owes me big bucks  
My career depends on explosive vacuums sucking me in and blowing me up  
Poetry struck a nerve in the listenership  
Spoken word then got 'em all interested  
Now I don't have to serve ice cream to little kids  
I serve emcees who think they're rippin' it  
And poets who think they're somehow significant  
Meanwhile both are loud and ignorant  
And don't know how to speak to a crowd in an intimate environment  
I am different. In a different way  
The only thing that stays the same is change  
While people claim their states, I state my claims  
I'm a quiet natured player who outwardly hates the game  
I shake what I got, which is a jingly pocket  
I do my mini-market research and make noise for myself when I walk quick  
I talk with authority while I question it  
When I ask, "Who am I?" I'm left guessing  
But if you're a poor man's version of ANYTHING  
It is your self-perception  
Growing up in a microscopic town prepared me well for this petrii dish  
Where talk is invisible to the eye and they hate the guy they're speaking wi  
th  
I'm a real vegetarian: No chicken...not even fish  
I'm a real underground rapper  
My tape quality sucks, my records are warped and my CD skips  
Lady Luck is a greedy bitch with itchy palms and a case of the gimmes  
I've got an outtie if she's got an inny, I'll clean her pipes and then sweep  
her chimney  
The beat that's in me is polyrhythmic. You're only 60 heart beats per minute  
A human second-hand-me-down-to-earth-guy who will thriftshop-lift his hip-hop  
I may be getting too big for my britches  
but I paid my dues when the cost was climbing  
If I burn too many bridges I'll never get off of this awful island

As long as I've been rhyming, they only started listening  
Because for a while they didn't like how  
I wouldn't smoke the pot that I was pissin' in  
Plus I had no dead homies to pour out the liquor I don't drink  
You can flash your shiny objects in front of my eyes and I won't blink  
I'm motherfucking different. Oooohhhh yyyeeaaaahhhh..  
I'm motherfucking different. Oooohhhh yyyeeaaaahhhh..