

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 uuuuuuup!"
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 with
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 innny, 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..