Damage, uh, damage, uh Y'all know good and goddamn well You're fucking with a brother who ain't never had his hand held and never seemed passed out Rolling baby strollers over broken floating bottles In a shredded forest with a dying shred of hope inside you For this respect, I sweated and bled and have yet to be discredited by what a critic ever said "We're unaware of his racial make-up we know he's an albino but can't science the face up!" Never question what I am G-O-D knows if you don't, you can never understand so you need only know that I'm unrelenting Nothing breaking, never ending, seldom bending Cast shadows like light descending Must not discuss divorce with the case still pending, but I got some shit to tell you on my next record for now, we and Sage Francis connected and did-

Damage, uh

Wrote this one a couple days after Christmas 'Hope' is one struggled game thats persistent 0 plus 1 2, for Self, no assistance Pistol clear before this new year existed Somebody get the door Fuck it, let 'em snore It's all been said before buried in a metaphor Lucy is hip-hop, and Jacob's a prince Sean is an old man, and Slug is a PIMP now They say I'm buggin, because of the way I love 'em Nervous, cause I know I'll never make the perfect husband What, they treat me like LL for art fucks They hang out and argue about my clown thought and From the twin cities, call it the deuce Skinny grizzly-bear alcoholic on the loose Sing with me, show your love, give me proof Flip the switch to damage and make this planet move

Never intended on making records that seemed too slick Peeps move quick from cheap music to G-UNIT! Weak bullshit pulls chicks, but Joe Beats.. flosses every day "Ain't he ain't talkin' 'bout my gold teeth!" My hobo teeth is no sleep for seeking soulmates Getting cold feet, if my queen don't awake My feeble bones break, spines curve (now I'm serious) People don't take time to learn outside the pyramids WHAT THE DILLY IS? I'm unsure, but so sin-surr Get your hurr did, that ain't a perm yo, that's a temporary That ain't a wormhole, that's a cemetary where they bury the lies.. I'm lampin', I'm cold cold lampin' out in the snow, campin' Cuttin' wires so your phone can't ring You don't know a damn thing after your city gets undertaken Pass me a sissy so sucka I'll slay him

Damage, uh
Dances
Famine
Damper
Dancer
Francis
Hah, MF Doom on the beat
Non-Prophets, Slug and Ali
Together at last, like cocks and cunts
yeah, let's fuck it up! Clip that beat

You know, we're pretty much humanous and that's where we'd like to work from From that vantage point

Exactly, and you know Non-Prophets is spelled like you know, like P-O-R-P-H-E-T like meaning like Non-Prophets, almost like a pun in the word