

Drop Bass

Sage Francis

I see the moon rise before the sun got a chance to set
I use God's tool to play a game of advanced Roulette
The romance of sweat got me feelin' things I can't forget
I question life but ain't been asked for answers yet
Inventing dance steps

Your man slept
On my appearance and got his pants wet

My third eye will magnify while you get burned just like ants get
Spread the message, period, but haven't felt the cramps yet
But yo, you're lookin' bloated but you know kid I canceled your check
I wish this underground art would have kept its
Origin and essence
Fuck a Lexus, champagne and a diamond necklace
Yo, stop being restless
Commercialism's hip hop's death wish
I battle both sex for a Rolex on your left wrist
Just to show y'all what time it is
Vocab is divine with his
Sage is who this rhymer is
Y'all be lyin', we're just tryin' to live
Cause MCs
Run some crazy shit
Rappin' like they're in a Scorsese flick
Lazy with their lyrics
Raise your spirits
Cause they're sellin', the audience is buyin'
The predicament I'm in, I'll be rhymin' in Italian
It's all Greek to me
So I'll flip it in Sicilian
Millions of civilians became Godfathers with no children
Microphones are placed with cigars
Kids in bars
Thinkin' they're hard
Singin' wack songs
But won't listen to ours
Yo they won't listen to ours
I heard the system in their cars
Bumpin'
A whole lot of nothin'
Makin' me hold the mic like prison bars

Ignorance has been driven to far
It's givin' my wisdom a Scar like the one on your Face
Smokin' izm with y'all
That ain't the system of Allah
Ha ha
I love God, while you love to drop bass
I heard that Sage Francis, he loves to drop bass
I heard that Vocab was so bad that cracker dropped bass
Non Prophets, awe shit, we never drop bass
We're too busy pickin' up the treble cause level's are out of place

While heads disgrace I catch a redface from stress signals
The music's just a way to make the women's chest and ass jiggle
Most of these rap stars can pass as sex symbols

More publicity, when the industry flash the next single

It's simple but you don't know if they laugh with or laugh at you
Specifically, past issue
Their activity is ass tissue
Son, I'd break their jaw but I'm not sure if it's glass or crystal
Blow a fast whistle on ass nipples who say they blast a pistol
It's a cash scandal, their career is a juggling gamble
Too much struggle to handle
Our commercial ca-ca command you
Ca-Ca, commercial, command you, what?
To be a trend
To be a fad
To be something brand new
The origin was underground
Why'd they have to shape shift?
You went from up to down and couldn't elevate with a face lift
So, take this message as a tasteless breakfast
To feed your mind while Sage and Vocab made this checklist
I'm no sexist
But rap tramps would rather blast stamps with a lap dance
But they write their own lyrics!
Fat chance
But they think their own gimmicks
No, creative control
When I'm in good spirits, maybe I'll save their souls
When these days get cold
I can hardly speak till I feel my girl's body heat
Manifesting the form of a hip hop beat
People swarm if they stop in the street
Before I'm gone I got 'em clappin' their hands and stompin' their feet
They're torn
Between what they like
And what' they're told to like
Never too old to fight
If you're known to bite
Then what's your soldier strike?
I show the light
But you don't know it right
Cause someone stole your sight
Leavin' my wisdom scared
Like prison bars, that's how I hold the mic

Ignorance has been driven to far
It's givin' my wisdom a Scar like the one on your Face
Smokin' izm with y'all
That ain't the system of Allah
Ha ha
I love God, while you love to drop bass
I heard that Sage Francis, he loves to drop bass
I heard that Vocab was so bad the cracker dropped bass
Non Prophets, awe shit, we never drop bass
We're too busy pickin' up the treble cause level's are out of place
Level's are out of place
Devil's are hard to trace
Hip hop is a disgrace
No doubt, no doubt, level's are out of place
But Devil's are hard to place
Hip hop is a disgrace no diggity

Ayo my man Joe Beats he loves to drop
Bass
My son Jeru, yo he loves to drop

Bass
Yo, the almighty Lig Hi loves to drop
Bass
Yo, my brother Natural, he always drops
Bass
Dave at Boo Studio loves to drop
Bass
My man, DJ Perceious loves to drop
Bass
The whole T.S.S., nah, we never drop bass
To busy pickin' up the treble cause level's are out of place