

# Garden Gnomes

Sage Francis

Welcome to my life (welcome)  
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Welcome to my life where everybody wants to cipher  
They've never held a mic, but they swear they nice,  
â??Cause they boys told â??em so  
And surely enough they suck my dick in front of they girlfriend like  
â??Look, this is how you do it, you gotta fuckin' do it slow then fast, slow  
then fast,  
Eat that shitâ??, check-check

If this is you, you're not alone  
This world's a rock of drones  
Girls flock like birds  
Cause they heard lots of poems from the mystery man  
When my name gets spit it echoes  
Straight-laced people say grace with evil smiles  
I'll stick to Velcro  
Let go of these claims I hold true  
This is Sage, don't say I ain't told you  
Fake gold tooth  
Real problems with garden gnomes who talk shit  
My respect's the best bargain known to the consumin' market  
So pay me it  
To my love-hate relationship with love-hate relationships  
Makes me rich  
My old lady thinks that I done did it  
But I done didn't  
Save my breath during dramatic movie endings hold the stub of the ticket  
When credits roll I'm heading for the exit hole  
Your track record is such a short shelf-life bless its soul  
It's about you, all about you  
That's probably why you don't really respect it or know how to  
Fuck a fickle fan base, stuck a middle finger in they damn face  
Does the pinnacle of my hand taste dirty like the suggestive gesture  
You're best to drop out the school of hard knocks  
Get murdered by stress and pressure, pressure-cooker  
I leave the party with a mass amount of assed-out demo tapes to butcher  
â??Could ya give it a little bit of a listen, bro?â??  
Into â??do me a favor and play it on a big system thoughâ??  
Into â??give me a detailed critique of my hot shitâ??  
â??Sure thing boss, I'll get right on itâ??  
Oh hell no he didn't, oh yes he done did my friend  
Think he was so very special among the hundred thousand  
You play the fence, your flow is weak and your concepts suck  
It makes no sense, slow to speak â?? your logic's fucked  
You made no dents over beats that got lots of cuts  
Noise you do have toys like you stocked with Tonka Trunks

You're not a lone, this world's a rock of drones  
Who rock microphones and abuse generous ears  
With the â??yeah, yeah off the domeâ??

You're not a lone, this world is stocked with clones  
And my dear Watson's are coming to bite a style near you  
You best for sure lock your homes

You best for sure lock your homes  
You best for sure lock your homes  
You best for sure lock your homes and beware,  
Beware the garden gnomes.