

# I Trusted You

Sage Francis

You know, it's been like...20 years I've been doing this shit. Came up with a lot of people. A few of which fell the fuck off. So I'd like to dedicate this to y'all...

pieces of shit who disappear when the campaign fades.  
Got a nice little record but you can't play on stage.  
I anti-promote you so I can't say your names.  
you're crying about money with your brand name shades  
to tint out the window to your bland brain waves.  
You couldn't see us move past the champagne phase.  
I done changed the game while your fans stayed the same  
and say, "Shoot. I'm looking for a man named Sage."

Don't sweat the petty things. Don't pet the sweaty things.  
And don't forget to hit the deck when the machete swings.  
It's a rage that engages when the celly rings.  
You don't gotta interrupt my life just to tell me things.  
I don't get along with self-help book worms.  
Had a ring of 'em around me and they all took turns  
with looks of concern while taking what they could get.  
Some parasitic, bloated tick. opportunistic bullshit.  
My little one-trick pony...  
you had a good run while I was patting your ass but after that  
all anyone could say is how you're so down to earth.  
So is dog shit. Both are getting left in the dirt.

It ain't about the lie, it's how you tell me it.  
I'll slap this hatchet in your back before we bury it. Then spit out  
your cherry pit.  
Your petty shit goes tits up. I'm like, "Man, whateva."  
You're all like, "What's your damage, Heather?"  
Fuck me gently with a chainsaw. Just make sure  
you lube up with salt solution, stupid, I'm a take it raw.  
There's canker sores on the lip service you give me.  
Your facial flaws are gettin' all nervous and shifty.  
Sissy. That's an easy tell.  
Consider the elbow grease that I put in when you get jealous of what  
you see me sell.  
How'd you fit those big dollar signs inside your little beady eyes  
without the use of photoshop or CGI?  
I've got a special effect...it's called hard work.  
I write my own checks...that's just one of my job's perks.  
You got burnt but you keep playing with matchsticks.  
You keep falling off like weak refrigerator magnets.  
Lock and load. Cock and aim.  
I've got a razor tongue but it's like a taser gun when I make shockin  
g claims.  
And I don't just talk some game...  
Cuz I'm a commentator and a player and a coach who can fan the flames  
.   
Fuck a stand off, I'll chop your hands off.  
And shove 'em down your throat until you choke and you can't cough.

Dis me in your city if you need to...but when I come through...  
"Am I glad to see you!"