

# Life Is What Distracts You From Death

Sage Francis

Yo I got this, I got this, it goes like this, unh  
Life is what distracts you from death  
Gaspin for breath  
Grabbin your chest  
Now look to God and ask him what's left?  
No answer, now how can I pass the test?  
I can't figure out the order of this bastard's mess  
I'm feelin disasterous  
Massive stress  
It's futile like you child trying to sell me bags of sess  
Now put that to rest  
I'm sportin rags when I dress  
While you're mad obsessed  
With Tommy Hil, Polo and Guess  
Got selected best when rap was a braggin contest  
Now you could of sounded like THIS  
To sell records act possessed  
I've blasted the best  
Fast like the wild west and had intercourse with the bulletholes in the ches  
t  
Hoooooes need to get their fat asses dressed  
Masters of sex  
Must have been molested [?] committed incest  
Violated mother earth, grabbed her ass and breasts  
Got father time ticked off the kid's soft I had to fess...up  
I never fuck with what your raps suggest they make me laugh mos def  
As you get gassed by the press  
Me? I'm ridin on E, I got no gas left  
I had to walk my way home but I forgot the address  
Once I got there I had no access  
To my house  
Moms changed the lock 'cause of my bad ass mouth  
My bad ass mouth? I ain't one to hold back  
I know I'm jet white for some reason my balls act bald black  
Ask your girl about 'em yo that bitch is so whack  
She gave my spirit a disease called the sooooouuuuul clap  
The way she does when she smoooookes crack  
You don't believe me? look here I got the koooodak moment  
Opponents are slow to react  
Like when I got to gave a pound and you throw dap  
Now you know that  
Every man is listenin  
Change your hand positioning  
It makes no sense like a satanic christening  
They panic from all the shit I bring  
You ain't been dissed by Sage yet? just keep on listening  
I make it interesting  
They keep distancing themselves from what I have to say  
Peace to my family members that are gone and passed away  
Day after day it makes me think about my worth and purpose  
On this earth's surface  
Since birth, this world has been a circus  
Of three rings  
Once Armageddon begins  
We'll hang ourselves from the tree limbs  
With G strings  
You see there's too much swinging

From the hips  
Read my lips  
As you watch what I say you're hopin that my tounge slips  
But I made Linda "Tripp", turned Kenneth to a "Star"  
Sex scandals just distract you from the real problems there are  
Don't get fooled my the media  
Don't believe everythin you read or eat, everythin they feed to ya  
Emcees to me, HA, they got lazy lips  
I'mma take hip hop back to Eighty-Six  
Sage Francis got you thinkin maybe it's...  
All down hill from here just like the Patriots