

Love, Love, Love

Sage Francis

Rippin' at the seams, ready to bust,
It's like one mississippi, two mississippi, rush.
Fiend smiffin' mine, at the scrimmage line
I got the drug game and game of life all intertwined
So I sit behind the sensei and study state of mind
I chase the line with loaded needles and blaze a kinda come down
Instead I chase the dragon, sun up to sun down,
With no guns, just lungs set to collapse,
Hey yo, run rocked rhymes and john wrecked raps
Get back, I stalk my ex same as a Simpson
And leave her damaged goods like the financial district
Can I, kick it with gold feet, from upstate to george beach
Anonymous john, though stupid fuck, nobody knows me
Act like we're homies, I'll change the whole style up
OCD got my head in a ten-car pile up
Rock paper drop the money and pick the file up
I'm meltin' rocks for research, how to die quick
Fuck a sidekick, gettin' wrapped up in violence
Bullet to the brain, pull it sound of silence
Let's paint the room with my memory
Paint me an effigy
Shoot me up with smallpox and leprosy
Yo cousin, no need to disguise it
At night I'm drinkin vials of the west Nile virus

Love (for raw rhymes and breaks)

Love (for no books and crates)

Love (for however long it takes)

I never chose the path of least resistance
know the math and keep the distance
Forever go back to speakin' without conviction
I don't respect the craft if they couldn't know the difference
Dig this, this is a full time love affair
Part time suckers, they come unprepared
Like as if this was a mistress, for them to fuck around with
This ain't no means of income it's an outlet (outlet)
Now the counterfeit cash clans get thrown out in the trash can
Internet b-boys are doing a flash dance
Audio sound scans, audience claps hands
Funky cos I never dummied it down for the rap fans
But what's up with the forced vernacular?
Fuck gangster talk, do an AIDS walk through Africa
Boasting a Porsche but can't afford a Maxima,
Your song's full of chorus, you still think you a rapper huh?
In with the out crowd, down with the upper echelon
I'll be a handy man once my legs are gone
And I feel like hell on wheels
Seeking salvation any place that sells hot meals
Teflon steel, touch tone phones and tin cans
Recycling bins and get-rich-quick scams
I just, ripped my pants on the last fence I jumped
And look I gave the washed up just wasn't intense Trust I'm workin' on it, t
he girl called it quits
Heard her talkin' shit like
I ain't there, I ain't care and life ain't fair
Well guess what baby, life ain't and them's the breaks