

Not What I Am

Sage Francis

Fuck this sage francis faggot shit
Is this hip hop or a starbucks coffee shop
This is xaul zan, I'll show you how I do it in my neck of the woods

It's like...

You don't have to write a poem
I guess I just hate MCs who act like they're groggy
Grab the microphone
And resuscitate the life of the party
I got a right to be cocky
The girlies want me bad
Throw my blows and hockey dads give me herpes
I'll be mad
You turkeys lolly-gag, emitting the worst stench
I got your mommy gagged
And she's sitting on my workbench
Handed her a wrench
I let her work my nuts a bit
To have her thirst quenched
Yeah I let her take another sip
For the fuck of it I freaked the funk on 45s
Silly suckers think I'll sit just listening to all their jive
I'm the sort of guy to cook your family fix for dinner
I'll make your daughter cry when she wakes up
With some fingers in her
Listen to lynyrd skinner
I'll sell your pretty heart
Now let's tittyfuck while I get naked like iggy pop
She sees my mini-cock
She wants no small man
Runnin around the city block, yellin out...
It's Xaul Zan!
I sip from a tall can and take big gulps
The dodgeball champ, I'm the reason why your kid sulks
Feeding the shit out adults
Ripping the deeds to your house
And I'ma fuck you in your face till you bleed out your mouth
Smooth, not what I am
Rough....Xaul Zan
Smooth, not what I am
Rough....Xaul Zan