

## 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