

## Whore Monger Sing - Along

Sage Francis

my popularitys on the ri-ise.my self-image is somewhat

sinking

my heads expanding in size but my stomachs shrinking

it all evens out in the end thats what I'm thinking

sing the cashregister raps ch-ching ching.green backs bring the bling bling

na na I may stay home.rev got the ring ring ha ha hey hey poem

while my answering machine screening calls.hailing safe and alone

I want change in your message not the coin return of a payphone

my boys are concerned that my brains blown

voices get turned away annoyed with what they say

if its a gay tone n they like "hey ho!" then I'm all like "hey yo..."

few remain prone to spray straight shots with blood stained glocks

n a face of stone to melt your ice grill it might spill!

n break ya Bone. Thugs-in-Harmony cd presenting tape should own

replace the thrown with some Non-Prophets drop bass ON

Sage is know to pull your card kid so chill

I mess up plans like robbers with no skill

my only knowledge is the holy father SO THRILLED

that you dont know still what God is making martyrs outta molehills

now if your soul is fufilled holed your dills

n realize youre never satisfied til after u die from overkill

im from Placiboville but we know the drill

obscene is so ill but wait for the nurse to leave so I can throw the pill..

I AM NOT SICK! demeneted or listed as twisted bitch

whats up with this kid

some insisted that I'm interested in running from the facts whispered

in a mating call that get a busy signal from a number thats unlisted

lumberjacks are gifted.when I swung the axe it slid

out of my grasp n injured this invalid, invalid

Toss-offs toss their cookies while tossing salads

I ghost-write the most hype love sonnet n let some whore sing the ballad

IMA WHORE...A WHORE MONGER! with a platinum voice

IMA WHORE...A WHORE MONGER! cuz I havent a choice

servin up this cuz (S!) echo-freaks need to eat

excrament aint flauntin rose peddals

I breed hard rocks to impregnate stones to grow pebbles

I throw kettles at pan-handlers n pot-smokers

sell insect to sexually repressed stockbrokers

I turn impetant pimps to sex slaves

manifest them with radio activity from x-rays

I bootleg their skeletons the next day

son u can sense my dark mood once the sky gets gray

little kids r like "lets play!haha." not right then

tell them to act like men then i'll fight them

let em hit me first then be like "strike again!"

then its my turn to see how far the limbs of little tykes bend

I tied em up, with burlap rope. "word?thats dope."

manhandled the girl that lacked hope n her back broke

she prefered crack cocain. the heroin needed heroin never again

ladies n gentlelelele gentlelelele gentlelelele..

im from a species of zsars through the deep seas n stars

everything I do is important so I save my feces in jars

n what I eat seems bizarr I deep-freeze n thaw

emcees who aint down by the gravities of law

now these analogies aint raw  
but when u secretly serve this well-done yall then become casualties of war  
just call me Francis Allah n I was flattered  
cuz I ghost-wrote the most dope love sonnet let dumb harlet sung the ballad

and I havent a choice n if ya snatches aint moist just  
sing-a-long c'mon

la la laaaaa. la la la laaaa la la la la la  
la la laaaaa. la la la la la la lala la la.