

# Whore Monger

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

excrement 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 anologies 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.