

# Over Under

## Sage Francis

You get over me  
You get over me  
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You, youBabygirl I done been over myself (out of myself)  
Over the counter and under the shelf  
Into the wild-wild hidin' wealth  
You think really gonna tell me to do nothing else  
Hurled insults to me like that shit helps  
Got a malleable muscle in my chest  
Yes it breaks (it heals) it freezes (it melts)  
It sees itself in the worst of light  
And it curses the day that I learned to write  
The guys are all "Do you even lift bro?"  
Shit no I don't, girls are like "Ew  
He drive a Prius, he saving money, he's hoarding cash  
Who does he think he is?  
What's the point of living if you can't ball and flash?" (Balderdash!)  
Even more than half of them broads don't have a passport  
I'm a citizen of the world, girl, I couldn't take you there if you asked for it  
Oh I know, get over myself, all you see is me holding myself  
What you don't see is an OG oak tree protecting the forest like nobody else  
I pop that lumberjack dead in his beard, had a gold digger won by the end of the year  
I litigated so long then say, "fuck it", after that I'll let you cut it  
Shyeah, I'm over myself so much that I'm just looking down on myself  
As I watch everybody try to bad talk pride  
And they constantly strive to be proud of themselves  
Follow the beat of another conundrum  
Get out of the heat, rent a cottage in London  
I'm on a retreat and I'm under the assumption  
No matter where I go there I am  
Middle-earth excursion, head to New Zealand  
Shoot for the stars and I'm breaking the ceiling  
Center of the Universe, can't shake the feeling no matter where I go there I am  
Honey I been over myself, out of my self  
Extra extra large, rocking sexy socks with garter belts  
You ain't really got to tell me nothing (you already said)  
You ain't really got to say Nathan (god damn broken record) Oh I know, I know I let myself go  
I simply slipped through my own pathetic crib  
Can never really get a firm grasp of my true inner glow

But tell me the truth, you're more pissed that I let go of you cause it was overdue  
In person your life don't look nearly as well put together as all your photos do  
But that's ok but eventually, since you push me, since you press me  
Fuck your non-stop, toxic, drama carpetbagging, fuck your selfie  
Oh I'm the pig, you're trying to strangle me in a blanket though  
You're a GMO seed of breed in my organic garden  
Wanting my resources to make it grow (oh hell no)  
It's a courtesy call-back, let the pilot fly  
I'll be your emergency contact if you'll be my ride or die  
Could've followed the pride and then follow the footsteps  
Out of my mind I'm not out of the woods yet  
I'm trying to find a location that's good yet  
No matter where I go there I am  
Over the counter and under the shelf  
Into the wild-wild hidin wealth  
You ain't really got to tell me to do nothing else  
Cause I've heard it all before from a sharper tongue with a lot more scorn  
Performing self flagellation with improper form until the copper's gone  
(Over myself, out of myself)  
(Extra extra large)  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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