

The Set Up

Sage Francis

I set it up, you knocked it down, lay the foundation, I built this house
I feel cracks underneath my feet, I feel cracks underneath my feet
The walls are breathing heavy,
Sucking up the oxygen with no plans of leaving any
For as long as I've been hoarded, it's taking me forever to gather up all my belongings I get attached, near
attached to people who I've loved and lost
Even though I gotta admit, there are few who've run me off
But I'm under no illusion how relationships get ruined
How I'm ancient to this movement when I'm just stuck to a cross
Tossed into the underworld and give in specific info
Forced to find another girl, sick of living in limbo
But I have my songs to play so I got lost along the way
And now I'll never see the light of day thanks to the tinted Limo
I was hopelessly romantic, emphasis on antic
Now run hopeless along the open coast of the Atlantic
Bought an overcoat that says "Francis, Showboat captain"
Did my best to scrub it off cause it's utterly embarrassing
Every night I'd re-write my will on a sandbar napkin
I'd crash after sticking it to the window of my cabin
Once I awoke I'd notice it, read it then remove it
Just stunned I left nothing to my loved ones but music
Muses abandon me while choosing family over continued support
For my intuitive thought, who would've thought?
Worst thing I ever did to another person in this world is nothing
Only a few can claim that's what I did when I could have done otherwise
Every single last one of them sang for nothing-types
Made me pay the price at any cost, I've got buyer's remorse
How many toxins will the doctors find inside this corpse?
Suicidal watch it's diamond studded
Tells me when my time's up, trying to keep my eyes from it
It's so swag, I flash it at the fashion shows
Walks with a limp, it's so pimp, and it smacks the hoes
Rappers used to brag about intelligence, made me want to be smarter
Then I harbor no regrets, whether it sells or not is irrelevant
I would have sold coke if making dough was the sole motive
It wasn't but fuck being a broke poet
Without paying debts, begging friends for loose ends
If your so-called talent only results in loan extensions
There's no defenses, or buyouts, you don't get a per diem for good intentions

Do you want to sign now?
Promise that a job doesn't define you as a person
If your words don't carry weight, it's not the world's burden
And in no certain terms am I suggesting that you shouldn't set fire to the stage and let the curtains burn
Just be aware of the exits
Keep in mind that the closest one might be behind you, the entrance
[?] in the event that I can't live better as an honest rapper
Without my past self being my benefactor
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You laid the foundation, I built this house
Gamble away my better half in hopes of doubling up
[?] is a double or nothing, I laughed, I was shit out of luck
But what have I got to lose? At least I'm whole now
Half man, half clone, the bad composite sketch of a one-hundred percent asshole
But it wasn't without help, many people did their part
To make me take the time to Frankenstein was ripped apart
And put it together again, all the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't admit that this was a predicament they put me in
You want a piece of this? Welcome to the eggshells
I'm barefoot and pregnant to my kitchen, y'all can help yourselves
To the feast but tippy-toe away if you can't take the heat, or over-used cliché
Back in the days I'd leave you heartbroken
These days I simply reach into your chest and tear those scars open
Evaluate appreciation, write you off for tax purposes
I'd rather be homeless than settle in that worthless nest
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Sucking up the oxygen with no plans of leaving any
For as long as I've been hoarded, it's taking me forever to gather up all my belongings
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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