

ID Thieves

Sage Francis

While taking deep, slow breaths I try to grow wings
Decided to stay low, the halo was a smoke ring
Fell around my neck, I started choking
My soul got stuck looking for openings
I thought ghosts weren't supposed to sing like cage birds
If you're a free broken spirit let the pearly gates burn, baby, burn
The muted trumpets in my chest take turns
When I release to spit valves gag on Gabe's germs
Some of this is fiction written all across it
But this bathroom lid and I'm too busy spitting in a faucet
Shitting blood thinking of the quickest drug to heal me
But I'm not lovesick, you sick, I dare love to kill me
Time to pry open the truth
Apply pliers to my own broken tooth
DIY or die, no health care benefits
You could spare me the "I know, I've been there" sentiments
I sense a sentimental song coming along, run along
Before I ask you to dance and all you get is trampled on upon faces
Mainly my own though, I've lost patience
I'm painting over old photos, I'm new now
Fresh out the box all bloody
Somebody cut me loose, slap me, call me ugly
Say it how you see it, buddy, I'm a hurting hot mess
A constantly inconsistent work in progress
Fat girl in a prom dress, do more, talk less
They wanna assassinate your character content
When pressed like ab-workouts, super thin
The whitest looking Jew screaming "Jerusalem"
(Got my ID ready)
Who are they?
They are the identity thieves
(Got my ID ready)
Who are they?
They speak war and pretend that it's peace
(Got my ID ready)
Who are they?
They are killers by association
(Got my ID ready)
Who are they?

They'll hurt your credits if misappropriation
You can't just get comfy and stand in one spot
Like a king of the mountain you've been planted on top
Surveying the land of your family plot
'Til it's all been abandoned, you're the man 'til you're not
It happens like that when you rest on your laurels
Like a shot to your back, it'll mess with your morals
It's a matter of fact I've consulted with oracles
Precaution of a shaman who was dressed so informal
I'm a poor man with cash making points with no fingers
Bringing popular back 'till the smell of sex lingers
Hard bodies will stack more neatly and tidy
But I swallowed her visions, now she sees inside me
She-devil so chiesty, deceptive and sexy
Walk with me, I'll give your legs epilepsy
My game is so shaky, if you love pain but hate me
That's a paradox I'm unable to explain
Conspiracy exposed, it's the way in which we fold the bill
Trying to overdose, instead you just choke on your pills
It's overkill if you're just going for thrills
Seek a mountain you can punch good, expose into molehills
I've done this yoddle ever since I was a child
I've got this other yoddle I ain't done in a while
It goes pure Himalayan intelligence
Braving the elements from a man cave and haven't shaved ever since
Never forget, you were the sperm that made it
Plus the unexpected pregnancy could have been terminated
So thanks to chance, and romance, and dancing
We're headed to our own damn thing, prepare kid
Why you think I let you get away with doing radio-friendly versions of what I do?
I wouldn't chide you, out perform, out write, and out rhyme you
Outsmart, out heart, and out grind you
Out shine you with the torch that was given to me
Torches and I'll pass it to bastards of the little league
If rap was a game you'd be M.V.P
Most Valued Puppet of this industry
Get your I.D, Independent? Fuck you!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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