

# Pressure Cooker

## Sage Francis

Where have you been?  
Where have you been?  
Where have you been!? I've been busy, get-get-get off my nuts  
I've been busy, busy, doing stuff  
Copper Gone, I had to take my time  
To get my life together, put everything in line  
Sage Francis, no need for me to tell 'em  
I'm from the Epic Beard Men, I'm steady representing'  
Strange Famous  
And slow and steady wins the race, fuckface  
This is a letter to the editor sent in an envelope  
Sealed shut by some candle wax  
Shipped by an olden only show pony, with a carry sack  
The only thing that I overnight express is myself through song  
But it takes too long to reach the intended listener  
When it gets delivered wrong  
Never knew the words to the school bus sing along so I stayed off  
While I organized my chaos I was like "Biotch, bring it on"  
Pick 'em up, your stupid self-esteem is low  
Put 'em down if they're just feeling incredible about themselves  
For no good god damn reason though  
Never saw the need to boast  
They were standing on the shoulders of a giant, so defiant  
But his feet are so, Jesus [?]  
Barely even know if it appears as if I hate your guts  
It's just, both sides of my bed are the wrong one, and I'm always waking up  
Plus, I don't care to defend sides of myself that I don't like much  
I am what I am that's all that I am, bullshit don't got that right touch  
Let the better half I punch, and push, and scratch it's way out  
Get on all fours put a saddle on your back and let the pain mount  
I'm off to the races, gentlemen place your bets  
Running in circles, turning their heads, eventually you could break their necks  
The bookie collects, don't play the victim when it happens  
Lower the stakes before you try to burn the witches at 'em  
It's the business of a Madam when the brothel has a profit loss  
The best of the best survive the cut and the rest get auctioned off  
They serve the Molotov, so Mazel Tov  
Forefathers of stability in this industry have ridiculously fallen off  
Chalk it up to blackboard, fingernail, crescendos

That was my jam when I was ten, but I was deaf though  
 I didn't understand that I wasn't landing a deal at all, it was a death blow  
 Whistling Dixie through a hell hole then I went pro  
 Active-Retro even though I paid my dues  
 Losers hate playing a game that they can't win so they always change the rules  
 And I keep up, putting coffee into my tea cup  
 Try to cut me down when I take a stand? Good luck  
 'Cause I got legs like a tree trunk  
 They say anger is a gift, I'm very gifted  
 And if ignorance is bliss then I'm a Sado-Masochist  
 Mastered the passion for the sake of stripping it from all its pleasure  
 Got a treasure chest collapsing under pressure Get-get-get off my nuts  
 I've been busy, busy, doing stuff, Copper Gone  
 I had to take a minute to get my shit together  
 Otherwise I was finished, Sage Francis  
 No need for me to tell 'em, I tried to keep from yellin'  
 But I'm steady representin' Strange Famous  
 And slow and steady wins the race, fuckace I been treating a vacant lot as if it's a destination spot  
 Picked a hell of a depression to set up my shop  
 Master of tragic-comic timing  
 Mellow drama you understood, a sensei to some  
 Hyperventilating praying for the end of days to come  
 By selling survival kits, New Testament bibles to Zionists  
 And training wheels to professional cyclists, it's like this  
 Plucking petals from your frame, She-Loves-Me-Not and goes nowhere  
 I pump my tires while you pump my brakes, I thought it was no fair  
 Spent several sessions giving away precious possessions  
 During an endless recession, turned repentance to oppression  
 Pressure into a permanent first impression  
 I'm the last of my kind so I side-step your health inspection  
 There's a difference between gambling addiction and making love to Lady Luck  
 Erectile Dysfunction and being afraid to fuck  
 The pressure's always building, I simply can't wait to erupt  
 Both sides of my bed are the wrong one and I'm always waking up  
 (Always waking up, always waking up) They say anger is a gift, I'm very gifted  
 And if ignorance is bliss then I'm a Sado-Masochist  
 Mastered the passion for the sake of stripping it from all its pleasure  
 Got a treasure chest collapsing under pressure  
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.