Follow Me Snippet Verse

Sage Francis

The secretive type
I like to creep in the night
But I speak under my breath to be polite
I'm talking about you
Unconspicuous keep killing that sweet feeling
The mystique's building
I only speak to the freakishly sheep children
For some cheap thrill thing
I'll be willing to make purchases on my credit card
As long as its of discrete billing
I am expected to get murdered by bombs
So I open up my mailbox with surgical tongs
Rubbing antibacterial paste on my virginal palms
Let me guess the littlest complex in Oedipus works for my momz
I've heard of the song by the guy
What's his face who say's those things
I love that song
I think its called ambiguity
And the music be
Handed to you and me
In the form of animal cruelty
I'm heading to the labratory
To free some mice today
Heading back to the lab
To prove the skin color of Jesus Christ is gray
Impressionable minds have nothing even nice to say
Your brain is putty in my hands
My man it seems just like some clay
See I'm strange
I'll take my time to rearrange
Your frame of mind
You'll want to be the Sage wait in line
With the rest of them grape vines
Swinging idiots
You ain't busting no grape and making wine
You ain't duplicating my rhyming bitch
I'm older and dirtier than that bastard baby Jesus is
Masterbating penises in a alley way where she just is
Thinking that's enough and it is

Asking can I live
Is the way these asinine kids imply that they are dead
Already they are
Get in your car
Release the breaks
Put it in neutral
I won't steer you wrong
This way to the future
Follow along
Come follow me

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