Whore Monger

Sage Francis

(verse)
my popularitys on the ri-ise.my self-image is somewhat
sinking
my heads expanding in size but my stomachs shrinking
it all evens out in the end thats what I'm thinking
sing the cashregister raps ch-ching ching.green backs bring the bling bling
na na I may stay home.rev got the ring ring ha ha hey hey poem
while my answering machine screening calls.hailing safe and alone
I want change in your message not the coin return of a payphone
my boys are concerned that my brains blown
voices get turned away annoyed with what they say
if its a gay tone n they like "hey ho!" then I'm all like "hey yo..."
few remain prone to spray straight shots with blood stained glocks
n a face of stone to melt your ice grill it might spill!
n break ya Bone. Thugs-in-Harmony cd presenting tape should own
replace the thrown with some Non-Prophets drop bass ON
Sage is know to pull your card kid so chill
I mess up plans like robbers with no skill
my only knowledge is the holy father SO THRILLED
that you dont know still what God is making martyrs outta molehills
now if your soul is fufilled holed your dills
n realize youre never satisfied til after u die from overkill
im from Placiboville but we know the drill
obscene is so ill but wait for the nurse to leave so I can throw the pill..
I AM NOT SICK! demeneted or listed as twisted bitch
whats up with this kid
some insisted that I'm interested in running from the facts whispered
in a mating call that get a busy signal from a number thats unlisted
lumberjacks are gifted.when I swung the axe it slid
out of my grasp n injured this invalid, invalid
Toss-offs toss their cookies while tossing salads
I ghost-write the most hype love sonnet n let some whore sing the ballad
(hook)
IMA WHORE...A WHORE MONGER! with a platinum voice
IMA WHORE...A WHORE MONGER! 'cause I havent a choice

servin up this 'cause (S!) echo-freaks need to eat
(verse)
excrament aint flauntin rose peddals

I breed hard rocks to impregnate stones to grow pebbles
I throw kettles at pan-handlers n pot-smokers
sell insest to sexually repressed stockbrokers
I turn impetant pimps to sex slaves
manifest them with radio activity from x-rays
I bootleg their skeletons the next day
son u can sense my dark mood once the sky gets gray
little kids r like "lets play!haha." not right then
tell them to act like men then i'll fight them
let em hit me first then be like "strike again!"
then its my turn to see how far the limbs of little tykes bend
I tied em up, with burlap rope. "word?thats dope."
manhandled the girl that lacked hope n her back broke
she prefered crack cocain. the heroin needed heroin never again
ladies n gentlelele gentlelele gentlelele..
im from a species of zsars through the deep seas n stars
everything I do is important so I save my feces in jars
n what I eat seems bizarr I deep-freeze n thaw
emcees who aint down by the gravities of law
now these anologies aint raw
but when u secretly serve this well-done yall then become casualties of war
just call me Francis Allah n I was flattered
'cause I ghost-wrote the most dope love sonnet let dumb harlet sung the ballad
(hook)
...and I havent a choice n if ya snatches aint moist just
sing-a-long c'mon
la la laaaaa. la la la laaaa la la la la la
la la laaaaa. la la la la la la lala la la.

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