

Voice Mail Bomb Threat

Sage Francis

From phone number
5-1-7 4-4-9 Number Number Number
Received at 2 AM
Hey just checking in man
How is 15 minutes of fame was going?
You know how you released that fucking *Personal Journals* and it was hot?
Yea, it's not anymore
You're fucking bull shit
Fucking emcee with a fucking CD player
Yea come to my town...
Yea give me all your [?] how your going to skull fuck me
We're fucking scared dude
Come to fucking Detroit
The next time you're routed.
Straight up I'm going to meet you with 100 boys ready to fucking kill you, you fuck
Seriously you threaten me and my family, I fucking kill you
Straight up
You fucking piece of shit dude
Rhyme fucking
Oh the most generic fucking dirt literally with [?]
It's nothing now, it used to be hot
Enjoy your fucking 15 minutes of three fame
You piece of shit, I'll fucking kill you
Seriously, you call me again I'll fucking kill you
Rock Detroit, Rock Flint, Rock Kalamazoo, Rock Lansing
You find you way shit
Seriously dude you're fucking nothing
I'll fucking roof your shit apart, bitch
Out.

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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>