

# Can I Kick It?

## Sage Francis

[Chorus]

Can I kick it? (yes you can) {\*3X\*}

Well I'm gone (go on then) Can I kick it, to all my people who get wicked like Sage does  
before this did you know what my real name was  
Paul Francis acting like he's on the same drugs  
Never even felt the authentic of a strange buzz  
You never ever catch me holding a beer mug  
Your talking shit like as if you was a real thug  
if that's true lick a shot BUCK feel the slug  
that's what you get for totin guns like you were Elmer Fudd  
I'm selling tapes for three bones wanna catch a dub?  
this shit is dope kid it makes you wanna cut the rug  
illuminati's got every part of my body bugged  
the micro chip is in your wrist now give it a tug  
be nice to females give a bitch a hug  
Triple X style comin cleaner than your tub  
you better tell your girl about it because she's a scrub  
A big problem that i had to nip in the bud  
droppin me her seven digits while i'm in the club  
talkin bout I look I need a back rub  
son she's a natural disaster like a flash flood  
i ain't playin dawg you better go test her blood  
until your positive she's negative don't make no love  
with or without a glove, you know what i'm speaking of  
the cub scouts try and jump into the brownies' shrubs  
behind the bush turn a back push into a shove  
what you thinkin tryin bring the underground above?  
AOI make you cry like a dove, for that shit, for that shit  
Come on, Come on (chorus)

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>