

Say Uncle

Sage Francis

Eternal flame above my headstones
The set that I claim is null
X made of bones as revenge for the decaying skull
A raging bull 'til I'm paid in full
They wanna put my face in her penny then discontinue me, I'm still grateful
If we're not allowed to age gracefully
I'm putting it all out on the table, exactly what will you take from me?
Choose carefully cause a magical head
Has no phantom power source and the battery's are dead
Supposed to keep my head up, at the same time drop my shoulder
To plow through the nonsense, since I've gotten older
I've replaced too many parts in this motor
Mama said "knock down the house - start over"
Sometimes it feels like life is too long, but not forever enough
One day you can't give it away, the next you basically beg for the stuff
Medical breakthrough, buy your time, sell it to us
For heaven is an electrical pole, an adrenaline rush
The metal will rust, rust never sleeps if it's death and taxes
Get a better conversion rate on cash because the past is a foreign land
But futuristic looking doormats
Sitting aside of our present home which really isn't all that
So we started taking pictures with vintage filters
The village is all starting to shop at Urban Outfits
I couldn't distinguish any specific difference
Between small town hicks and big city slickers
A marginless time zone from Westcoast to Eastcoast
Now I'm so Hostpost that i'm pre-post
Beat most at their own game
I try to eat hoes that's wholegrain
And I don't need to bow bow bow bow to blow brain
Make 'em say uncle
I don't give up, I don't give in
What's with this polluted genepool that we all swim in?
This is 5 foot 10 inches of wishful thinking
I never signed a social contract so in fact there's no rescinding
You can kindly cross my name off
I've been living a double life to work a double shift that never paid off
This is the second sunset I've seen since take-off
If life is a cakewalk I'll serve you in the bake off

Make 'em say uncle, make 'em say uncle
Who? Make 'em say uncle - huh
Make 'em say uncle - who?
Make 'em say uncle, uncle
You know what I am
Say what, say what?
I'm a mad, mad man
Make 'em
Make 'em say uncle, make 'em say uncle
Who? Make 'em say uncle - huh
Make 'em say uncle - who?
Make 'em say uncle, uncle
Drowned by the bloods that's on their hands
Say what, say what?
Got damn
The gravedigger creeps into the crypt then strips the bed
To find agendas that are hidden like pigeon eggs
Instead he finds nothing, only ink dipped feathers
And a sense perhaps the homie's homing instincts been severed
The coupes been fled to recruit on what these boots have led
Can't hear the primal screams or see through the red
I represent the late bloomers with great rumors to spread
Our brain is like an inflated tumor in the head
Now build a map when it [?] climb it with a velvet rope
Predators can't find you with a telescope, run tell your folks
You love them darenly, but it's time for the birdie to fly
Packs himself a dress, envelopes and kiss the world goodbye
You on our own with celestial oats to the sow
Extraterrestrial souls in 'em, you're a homegrown information capsule
With increased value the more you travel
Don't let them plant you in the gravel
Even shackles have shackles, that's a shadow reference
We like to break the chains of darkness and we ask for seconds
It's the heart of the Oliver Twisted calling on all mystics
I don't advocate the Diablo, Pablo runs the repo men resistance
It's a four decade's worth of first impressions, youngin
Death comes in three's, you're soon to see the second coming
But dad told me I was destined for something
Despite the fact that I felt like less than nothing
He's a fucker, gonna make 'em say
Make 'em say uncle, make 'em say uncle
Who? Make 'em say uncle - huh
Make 'em say uncle - who?
Make 'em say uncle, uncle
You know what I am
Say what, say what?

I'm a mad, mad man
Make 'em
Make 'em say uncle, make 'em say uncle
Who? Make 'em say uncle - huh
Make 'em say uncle - who?
Make 'em say uncle, uncle
Drowned by the bloods that's on their hands
Say what, say what?
Got damn I'm not just an uncle, I'm somewhat poet
I'm a dead milk mental
An obscure top ten list essential
Welcome to the incredible shrunken Indian giving drink
Time to return the sap that shit isn't free
Need to keep my head up, at the same time drop my shoulder
To plow through the nonsense, since I've gotten older
I've replaced too many parts in this motor
Mama said "knock down the house - start over"
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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