

## 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 it's 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 it's 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