

# I Apologize

Sage Francis

No one else make notes to know thyself.  
those who loathe?...love them,  
those who love?...show them what it is to loathe, if they don't show  
you love still...fuck em.  
everyone's potential enemy who loves to diss.  
virtual acquaintances only exist on a buddy list.  
I'll hug and kiss myself to sleep while needing something else to eat  
,  
while needing someone else to feed but eggshells are stuck in my feet  
.

I'm sick of beating around the bush while needing to push past creative limits,  
And I don't have anything else left to say to the critics.  
is it just because we're different y'all can't stand it?  
or that I backstroke against the current and the culprit is aerodynamic?  
heros might panic though I clown around to be the silliest...  
man alive, well I'm dead serious.  
take me for a jokester and you'll only miss the punchline.  
every friend of mine has dissed me at least one time.  
I've come to find life is consistently unkind.  
I've kissed the sunshine. sip it sometime until your lips become blind.

now i've lost it, or am i losing it, or did i never have it?  
aspirin addicts are avid advocates of happiness in tablets.  
they're adamant about their acid trip.  
i want a bite of the apple Adam bit. Catholics don't know the half of it.  
immaculate magic tricks. experimenting with alliteration and assonance,  
but speaking too many cold words chapped my lips.  
there's an asterisk up on my left arm,  
but my foot notes are out of tune from my music always getting stepped on.  
should've kept calm when i was granted the chance,  
but that's my song getting me amped, so god dammit let's dance.  
dammit, bring this stuff to fisticuffs if that's the only thing that'll help  
someone like you feel good about yourself and the things your dealt.  
i'll win the belt but if you need to keep your pants on...  
here another battle for you to talk about in your damn song.  
here another battle for you to talk about, wow, look at that...  
another...battle...rap

you won't have to duck, i'll just talk over your head,  
knowing your dead career has one year left til everyone else knows what i said.  
they're laughing at you but you don't know it yet .  
i'd say it to your face but i don't want to waste the moment. Let...  
everyone first understand the open threats that poets get

who's wet behind the ears? who broke a sweat?  
jiggy man - sip your moet  
thuggy dun- hold your tek  
netcee - go on the net and keystyle 'bout how we gets no respect.