

Life Is What Distracts You From Death

Sage Francis

Yo I got this, I got this, it goes like this, unh
Life is what distracts you from death
Gaspin for breath
Grabbin your chest
Now look to God and ask him what's left?
No answer, now how can I pass the test?
I can't figure out the order of this bastard's mess
I'm feelin disasterous
Massive stress
It's futile like you child trying to sell me bags of sess
Now put that to rest
I'm sportin rags when I dress
While you're mad obsessed
With Tommy Hil, Polo and Guess
Got selected best when rap was a braggin contest
Now you could of sounded like THIS
To sell records act possessed
I've blasted the best
Fast like the wild west and had intercourse with the bulletholes in the ches
t
Hoooooes need to get their fat asses dressed
Masters of sex
Must have been molested [?] committed incest
Violated mother earth, grabbed her ass and breasts
Got father time ticked off the kid's soft I had to fess...up
I never fuck with what your raps suggest they make me laugh mos def
As you get gassed by the press
Me? I'm ridin on E, I got no gas left
I had to walk my way home but I forgot the address
Once I got there I had no access
To my house
Moms changed the lock 'cause of my bad ass mouth
My bad ass mouth? I ain't one to hold back
I know I'm jet white for some reason my balls act bald black
Ask your girl about 'em yo that bitch is so whack
She gave my spirit a disease called the sooooouuuuul clap
The way she does when she smoooookes crack
You don't believe me? look here I got the koooodak moment
Opponents are slow to react
Like when I got to gave a pound and you throw dap
Now you know that
Every man is listenin
Change your hand positioning
It makes no sense like a satanic christening
They panic from all the shit I bring
You ain't been dissed by Sage yet? just keep on listening
I make it interesting
They keep distancing themselves from what I have to say
Peace to my family members that are gone and passed away
Day after day it makes me think about my worth and purpose
On this earth's surface
Since birth, this world has been a circus
Of three rings
Once Armageddon begins
We'll hang ourselves from the tree limbs
With G strings
You see there's too much swinging

From the hips
Read my lips
As you watch what I say you're hopin that my tounge slips
But I made Linda "Tripp", turned Kenneth to a "Star"
Sex scandals just distract you from the real problems there are
Don't get fooled my the media
Don't believe everythin you read or eat, everythin they feed to ya
Emcees to me, HA, they got lazy lips
I'mma take hip hop back to Eighty-Six
Sage Francis got you thinkin maybe it's...
All down hill from here just like the Patriots