

Needle

Sage Francis

It's the b-boy, its the MC, they cant read the grafitti
It's the b-boy, it's the MJ, its the VJ they cant read
the grafitti on the walls

Throw away my tools, scrape with my hands make as much
noise as I can banging on sand
I used to play in a band but those people are gone
Now the turntable got a needle in it's arm

I'm in a van flying without parachutes, wifey didn't
plan to have marriage disputes
Everytime I stand at the door to say goodbye, its like
shes watching her man go to die.
I packed in a rush but it was too fast for us, handed
me an ultimatum as i grabbed all my stuff
Put a pillow in my briefcase I come with no rebates a
gaurantee of return when i leave state
I make mix tapes, but they're cd-r's
Diggin in crates, do you see these scars?
They're from big breaks that i stripped from a song,
now the turntable got a needle in its arm

Flame on like burnin', i'm burnin', i'm burnin', i'm
burnin' but wait...

I fill up the milk crates, collect the LP's
Eric B laughin' at me c-c-check out my melody
DJ Polo doin' pawn, terminator X on an ostrich farm
Jam master J is gone and that's a shame
They say its better to burn out quick than faddddeee
I toured the states with a guy named CR, he had nothin
but a tube of toothpaste and guitar
He was a soul brother, a baby mama back at home brother
A good reminder what it is to rock and roll brother.
Mashed potatoes every meal and if it ain't served outa
greasy spoon he don't deal
Real as it gets with a puff that don't quit put him at
a piano and he smokes it
A blues man, to old to go back to school man, still
grinding it out but he already payed his dues man
I could see it in his face when he said Sage brother I
gotta get out of this place
Embarassed, he knocked me off balance truth of the
matter is you can't live off raw talent
Perhaps you could at one point but those days seem gone
Now the turntable got a needle in its arm.