

The Place She Feared Most

Sage Francis

Oh you wrong, you gots to get right with yourself
Sinner please, you could never get with the god
Oh you wrong, you gots to get right with yourself
Sinner please, you could never get with the god

Don't wanna fake that smile, don't wanna have that talk
Don't wanna make that child or let the suspect walk
Don't wanna take it to trial or settle out of court
Just wanna shoot down the stork
Don't want a long disclaimer as a preference to your short story
Don't wanna sum up in one sentence why your sort bores me
In fact, one more word out of you and the girl gets it
You're so bossy in a world that has no work ethic
So let's shake to that, don't wanna give you dap
Or figure out whatever hand dance you're bringing back
For I am not a tween, don't wanna talk with memes
Or let the internet infiltrate all my dreams
So what do I want? Want now?
To exercise my right to be hostile and drop trou
Hey, you, get off that cloud
You don't know what that technology allows
I don't wanna weigh it out, don't wanna be more patient
Don't want a bank account charging me for paper statements
Don't want no ancient astrology stopping me
From boarding the spaceship once it gets to our colony cause

All I ever wanted was space
Cause all I ever wanted was space
Cause all I ever wanted was space
Cause all I ever wanted was the place she feared most

I could mock a killingbird without dropping a single word
I'd flip the middle finger till he's stouging in the herb
My catapult becomes a death wing
To a red phone in the west wing, y'all are soon to fall
For the oldest-
known joke in the phone book (what the fuck's the phone book?)
That's like a black book for fat folks who don't cook
Pick-up or delivery? Sick of this chivalry
Just tell me what you're willing to give to me and we go from there
Well hello there, dressed to impress but going nowhere?
Well let's go there
Grown man flirting like it hurts him that he has to bother
Is that your baby-baby bubba, does he have a father?
Don't be insulted, that was off the top freestyle
Still battle rappers for the custody like Cleese child
These styles are fatherless, motherless, marvelous
Adopted by every hip hop George Papadopoulos