

K-OS Feat. Kamau, Papercutz

Hey, it's the same once again
Microphones fully loaded and friend
Funny I try to make this end
But it seems I'm returnin' a name
it's the same once again
Microphones fully loaded and friend
Funny I try to make this end
But it seems I'm returnin'
Yeah, paper, cutz
Papercutz, Paper
Here we go, paper cut-t
papercutz, paper
paper, paper, cutz, papercutz paper paper, cutz
So ah k-os, Are you gonna do another album man?
Yo look man, yo you see all there,
you critics, hey check it out
hahaha
Yo, I know I said i'd exit
But i couldn't do it the minute
It flowed from my lips
Futures can't exist
In a past time paradise
Rollin' dice, holdin' Christ
on a platinum chain, surrounded by ice
sisinel sirus?, you can't deny this
Because the light has brokin'
and tokens have been replaced by legal tender
Great pretendas tried to asend my agenda
I dismembered their thought patterns
and now they move in circles like Saturn
Spinning out of orbital formation Yea
The radio station is hatin' and so is my motivation yea
Cuz the pen and the pad are the only friends that I had
When the light can not be seen
I'm a fiend for the rap game and its gettin them like I'm a figurine
That move in articulate shadow boxin' appeal
What is real is irrelative, it is relatively revealed
That's why i sharpen these words
To you like papercutz
And I wreck visual images like I'm Julian Lutz
What's the name of this runaway train?
call it thought, harassin' the grain drivin' humans insane
This thing called the rap game, I'm claimin' insane
Lyrically I'm arcane, and such is papercutz
OK toronto
lets slow it down a little commin bit like this
Cataclysmic, mistic, with a bic
don't to think on a diamond mine
Gotta take it back, to the heart attack
That I felt when I saw the sign
Comin' down from the sky
like a supernova Jehovah
Got a crib and a land rover
But so what, i'm not sober
Just takin' sips but I don't skip
Just makin' trips so I don't tip
These papercutz just ain't enough
They makin' hits, and I can't touch
Just look at Hammer now
My grammar is tighter, provider
In light of freedom fighter, rhythm writer and rappin'
And yet you don't try it
because you can't buy it
I saw you grippin' and slippin'and fool I'm so tired

of fake emcees and you best believe
got tricks and the trade hidden up my sleeve
and I pray to God when I'm on my knees
that I can break it, cut this paper, Paper
paper paper papercutz damn
we are tearing the reaches
I've captured fractions of the globe inside my mind in fleeting moments that I hold fast to and throw
in every step or less then every breath of less then each confession states a second of the time that
inside these sentences the place where my repentance is
I'm so afraid in trying to turn these exits into entrances
I'm thinkin all of what i had and scratch it down onto a pad
but never saw the light of day
hence the tension is, rising up inside of me
crying for those that died for me,
my true friends
but it seems the selfish confide in me
they talk but they got listenin'
kissing the ground and living in deception at the same time
there's nothing to put their vision
in the half-empty
could of chosen to pull the world over their own eyes
they go blind
thinking the comforts fool but they don't realize
each and every word
it has potential
thoughts become reality
standards and instrumental
those fleeting momemnts that i spoke of, they got more than taken
thoughts better off then laws, we call them inspiration
those fragments of the globe we use them as illumination
moving on the fabric of time the purpose is fortificaion making so
buh-bye buh-bye buh-by baa baa baa baaaa
three minutes