

# Papercutz

k-os

Hey, it's the same once again  
Microphones fully loaded and friends  
Funny I try to make this end  
But it seems I'm returnin' the name  
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Yeah, papercutz  
Papercutz, Paper  
Here we go, papercutz  
papercutz, paper  
paper, cutz, papercutz, paper, paper  
Are you gonna do another album man?

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  
Sinister Cyrus, you can't deny this  
Because the lighthouse  
Brokin' and tokin's been replaced by legal tender  
Great pretenda, tried to upset my agenda  
I dismembered, they fought patterns  
and Now they move in circles like Saturn  
Spinning out of orbital formation  
The radio station is my motivation  
Cuz the pen and the pad are the only friends that I had  
When the light can not be seen  
I'm a feel for the rap game and skatin' like I'm a figurine  
That move in articulate shadow boxin' the peel  
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?  
We call it thought, harassin' the brain  
droppin' you bitches sane  
This thing called the rap game, I'm claimin' insane  
Lyrically all arcane, and such as papercutz

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Catacalysmic, mystic, with a bic  
Only to think on a diamond mine  
Gotta take it back, from the heart attack

That I felt when I saw the sign  
Comin' down from the sky  
like a supernova, Jehovah  
Got a grip on the 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 than trade up my sleeve  
and I pray to God when I'm on my knees  
that I can break it, cut this paper, Paper

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