

FlyPaper

K-OS

[Intro:]

Feeling stuck?

Self-loathing?

Shoe gazing?

Pesky flies getting you down?

Try new supersonic flypaper

It's catchy, and it's pop[Bridge:]

Flypaper, do it again, do it again

Do it again, can he do it again?

Do it again, do it again

Do it again, can we do it?Ya, you see everyday

All the people standing at the train station

Left, right, left, right, left, right

We don't talk to each other now

What an alien nation

Up, tight, up, tight, up, tight

I hope one day some things can get better

I hope some way our hearts can change the weather

As we walk this yellow road

And try to shake the load

In this four-one-six area code

It's another night in TV land

I say[Chorus:]

I'm not one to repeat myself

But if it ain't broken

Don't fix it

I see you burning all that midnight oil

But I'm caught between a rock and a hard place

That's why I'm walking in the city with a hard face

Seems I'm afraid of being afraid[Bridge:]

Do it again, do it again

Do it again, can we do it?You think I don't know

Oh how I see your

Eyes run dry

Subliminal pro

I've got to go

Just so I can be the

Pound in your chest

Game the fame

For checkmate, I've got a new mind state
Plus I've got the power of the cat, rotate
I'm, straight digging in my record crate
Lights in your party so they leave the hate
Time is a thief that leaves nothing behind
And I've got no grief or acts to fry in this fair city
I'm just a man who wants to understand
Who wants to know the plans, tell me the plans, tell me the plans[Chorus][Bridge:]Yo, OK it seems at times that
I'm under hypnosis
I suppose this city life is a process
I wrote this, like a million years ago
Tried to get out of the game a million tears ago
But I'm back, chillin', illin' for top billin'
Levitate to the ceiling by resurrecting the feeling
Hip-hop, it started out in the far
Are we lost in the dark? I think we maybe forgot?
But never mind that, we like to party
We don't start trouble and we don't bother nobody
Cause Y is a letter with a long long tail
And I write these lyrics you can feel like braille
Hail, the most high, I post high
I used to swing low, now I let the crabs know that
My antimatter is shattering any ladder that's crawling with snakes
Make no mistake we not fate, wake up[Chorus][Outro:]
Ooh, got stuck, ooh, flypaper
I don't care, I don't care
Who's that girl? She's flypaper
She don't care, she don't care

Songwriters

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