

# papercutz

## K-Os

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and tokens have been replaced by legal tender  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  
'cause 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

Lyricaly I'm arcane, and such is papercutzOK toronto  
lets slow it down a little commin bit like thisCataclysmic, mystic, 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, Paperpaper paper papercutz damnwe are tearing the reachesI've captured  
fractions of the globe inside my mind in fleeting moments that I hold fast to and throw them to infinity  
in every step or less then every breath of less then each confession states a second of the time thats slowly  
killing me  
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 instramental

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 sobuh-bye buh-bye buh-by baa baa baa  
baaaaathree minutes

Lyrics provided by

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