

# L'outro

## Kellee Maize

Co-production DJ Huggy

Mixed by DJ Huggy

Mastered by EDan

My blond hairs dreaded  
After a long night  
Dejavu, I think I said this in another life  
In another form  
I was a witch, a slave, the master, my crown adorned  
Weâ€™re sexually repressed  
Look at the popularity of porn  
And everything we eat  
is made of genetically processed corn  
and chicken, its kinda crippling, and rather sickeninâ€™  
But also leaves me, somewhat awe stricken  
The victim sheâ€™s dead  
I hung her, then said  
Its time to start again, but first, please tell me  
All about where youâ€™ve been  
But Iâ€™mâ€™a break out  
And take my fake out  
And take the drake route  
Minus the deal and the mass appeal  
Iâ€™m speakin from the subconscious beyond what  
some may think is real  
I will insinuate, communicate and elevate  
Until everyone has freedom they could celebrate  
I vow to be expressive  
You know ultimately some privilege can be repressive  
And I came into this world without the imprint  
Not feeling I could trust no matter how much time was spent  
My mamma, never left my paragraph indent  
But it was heaven sent, and just how it should be  
And through my own prison, Iâ€™m diggin out a path to free  
And, in the meantime or in between time,  
I might be drinking wine  
then freaking out  
and coming back to fine.  
Just to make sure you

got the right impression of what Iâ€™m here to do  
I know you wanna hate me  
Or date rape me or make fun or call me flakey  
But just consider a book falls apart without its cover  
We all come in strange packages, we must discover  
The undercover, meaning deep inside each other  
Why do you think itâ€™s so easy to call someone  
Greasy or skeezy or cheesy or sleazy  
But saying I love you ainâ€™t easy  
In fact some says itâ€™s hard  
Cause this is a prison planet  
And we are all at large  
But the beings have entered  
To put the many back in charge

Illuminati knowledge of a few  
Is now there  
For the masses  
The drastic  
The shakin asses  
the high to lower Classes  
Teachin a new magic in another fashion

You ainâ€™t gotta have money to know that you could make it  
Or be aware of heart to know that you could break  
My impatient being  
Will not allow for dreaming  
Without evidence  
Know that I tested it and measured it and then went back to re-tether it  
I promise just consider all these things  
All the joy that it could bring  
To free yourself from past strings  
Cause the truth is in your heart  
Feel the pound we are bound  
By an interest to be found  
To be loved to be free and to have fun  
And to this end  
I am here as your servant of evolution  
will you be my friend  
until we, meet again

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Lyrics submitted by Kellee.