

K-OS "Masquerade"

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(K-OS)

(Masquerade) One two, see this?

Right here this is heat, yo, yo

Massive massive

(Hook: K-OS)

There's something deep inside

That's telling you that love's so much more

This is just a masquerade

When everything's alright

You know it's time for the writing wars

If it's just a masquerade

(K-OS)

When I feel the way of my lost innocense

Looking for emotions that are fallacy

Everything is waiting on that dominance

Hoping for new opuses and alibis

And I'm with you, oh ohohohoh

If I could starve from falling

And I bet you, oh oh silenced the

Voices in your head but there's no place to go

(Hook: K-OS)

There's something deep inside

That's telling you that love's so much more

This is just a masquerade

(K-OS)

I sit back with the microphone

Watchin' these MC's turn to actors

Producin' all the factors

That flip life, into a masquerade

We like a bunch of manakins

Battery operated, inoculated

With five sentences connect us to the Earth

Rich sinners since the days of my birth

For what it's worth, dissuaded love

I'm steadily spreadin' love over the beat down

Let's meditate and feel the heat now

Like beautiful rain, on the desert plain

Cause the sun parch the ground on the weak sound

I break it down, to elements H to O

A place to go, that you can't escape the flow

Does not exist, I love the truth so I persist

Intelligent men? Or just "Gorillas in the Mist"

Clenchin' a black fist, for the size of dollar bill
I leave the space so you can think about it now so just
chill

(Hook: K-OS)

(There's something, there's something deep in)

(There's something)

There's something deep inside

That's telling you that love's so much more

This is just a masquerade

When everything's alright

You know it's time for the writing wars

If it's just a masquerade

Black shit, ration, tryin' to step up

But they can't even cash it

Kick that shit

(Kamau)

(First saved message)

In this venture, nothing gained

I've only just touched the surface

Once nervous, when writing for a worthless purpose

It was once more than this, before the heart left the
beat

The soul left the speech, I'm still trying to reach

My niche, and teach the love again

Inside the hate of a present day

Got stepped after, being genuine we're swept away

Before the importance of diamonds, bells

And a platinum place, fallen from grace

Not my campus with another trace

Of the same thing I came in, this thing is worth saving

Standing in the pockets holding tongues of what I'm
saying

Blaming myself only for supporting what they're
playing

I may peek through the storm, but now it's raining

Unchanging of late, it's hard to be creative

Although creating is native to me, I tried to be

Even patience couldn't save it, from the days of pages

They couldn't believe I would say this

No longer without wings, Kamau is what my name is

Too many undermin, what I underline

Placing my poetry underneath their making of rhymes

It was a creation of frustration

Brown bricks or blank slates

Subway trains and cardboard bound with masking tape

It was the sound of the evening, the way the day grew
late

Words tumble from lungs over my tongue

And gave a new taste to my fate

It doesn't even matter how the chatter would paint us

With love on our side they could barely stand against

us
Um, what up? Uh Kheaven, what's goin' down?
Um I got your message, and uh yeah, basically call me
back
Basically call me back and tell me
Sorry about the length of the message, but you know
You feelin' it? Aight man peace
(End of message)

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