

Little Orphan Annie

"Paper Mache"

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Verse 1: Masai Bey

Peace crumb! I bring to you good news
My equipment's at a minimum, on some of the beats
You will possibly hear what I could use
When I get it you are gonna need a miracle
How do you say, electrifying prominent
Verities, feasibly mentioned within a document
Wear some habits, outlive the cabbage
And if you ain't live fizz, how will you manage this?
It's a regular verbator on my side mount
But every era rap music is downgraded
Judged on some jam from some clown thus
I gotta come in, loving the first A-kid-it (?)
I only work this shift Per Diem
But it beats letting suckers walk free
Most brothers like the call of the gift
'Cause oh when I present it, on the buzzard it's a 3-M
They used to cite for fun?
Now he cite to keep creative energy mutated within
everyone
The higher goal gives you a higher role
The changing of the spirit mends you, new, attire
You not the plain bagel anymore
Now you got all kind'a seeds
With or without cream cheese
Withering plants and planets slither to safety
Give me the large to mask the rap masonry
Black the trees, the highest you'll ever see, plus
To be initiated you'll impress me
You could get some luck, for a talent
Although I can't promise you that you will not suck

Chorus 1: Masai Bey

Come here B, let me tag the words
Of "Bey" in your grill
Every DJ's role-play is Moses per se
For you as a people
Y'all men could do the same thing
Document your name

Verse 2: Masai Bey

Here's a taste of what this music used to be
The voice of evidential mutiny
One take, 'punch-ins' don't exist
So you shouldn't plug up that four-track so damn quick
Me and the verse might get your jam herd
'Cause the beetle absorbed me and then burst
Isn't this what you wanna hear?
How fresh I am, rockin' rhymes, not cyber gear?
Some brothers pose like poles on a slave scroll
Convinced they name is on the pay-roll
My Moms'll tell you, the only thing made for me is
music
I'm sorry you stink, yes I do smell you
One million writers tryin'a get the prize out the box first
Give it up
You will be destroyed 'fore them poor rich men, 'big it
up'
The base of the style is buried
In the remould area of veteran's park. Go dig it up
80-Action. State troopers is A and E
Anyway, I am Masai Bey
For those who have never experienced my presence
Verses are a pleasure
My essence is an image of the most high measure
It's like tears when I speak in bars
The beat screamed my name
'Cause it knew me, fifteen years and more
Through Rick Deal, Porn-Equality Prince and Lord Ross
Key

Chorus 2: Masai Bey

Come here B, let me tag the words
Of "Bey" in your grill
Every DJ's role-play is Moses per se
For you as a people
Y'all men could do the same thing
Document your name

Verse 3: Masai Bey

Creativity first-tide, with actual
Is probably the greatest stage for you to practise on
I'm a brick off the oldest block
Stationed in the category "Innovation Proportionary"
If I'm moving too slow for you, go around
As many channels as possible I'll show you
For example 'Energy 1'
It holds power for our musical instruments

Divine imminence
Beating every ripple away it was very useful
I've noticed the impact will usually triple
Of course an insanity cry is a short-cut
It is much more lazy than crazy
Such pedigree needs a true remedy
A perfect pennicaeia, how 'bout the grammar greeter?
Masai Bey: Name still the same
Contribute to the force, sleep, hail, rain
From seventy-eight dewing (?) upstairs from germane
To a budding writer who knew it
Your science-fiction selections get 'rada' chump
So the truth makes you look like a liar

Chorus 3: Masai Bey (Repeat x2)

Come here B, let me tag the words
Of "Bey" in your grill
Every DJ's role-play is Moses per se
For you as a people
Y'all men could do the same thing
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