

## Masai Bey

### "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]

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For you as a people  
Y'all men could do the same thing  
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[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 x2: Masai Bey]

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