

## Try Again

k-os

Oh, over and over  
You should try  
Again  
Yea

Road rage, I'm hungry everyday  
I rap to lay tracks, rappers rap to get laid  
They want to get paid, I don't blame them  
But still I flame up with this microphone [?]  
Hate's a strong word, but so is loving rap  
So let your gun clap if you're an emcee like that  
I'm not a thug, I just represent everything that's overdubbed  
Where my people at, show me love  
And in the club I try to roll with the best of them  
Popping bottles is [?] mentality that's like a decimal point  
I'm not a hater, but I hail from south of the equator  
Where the sunlight is greater  
I'm not a player, I'm just a black record that wants to get played  
So DJ cross the fader  
Sooner or later we're all gonna meet our maker  
So throw your hands in the sky, I'm the crusader like,

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Don't even ask how the high feel  
Ask how do I feel, probly how the sky feel  
These jokers come in sideways like in Seinfeld  
All the grapes of wrath intertwined like a vine still  
Physically I'm ill walking through a mine field  
With a straw sticking out a Molotov cocktail  
21 grams of soul on a rock scale  
Probably burn like flaming coals on a hot grill  
Well if the afterlife is absolutely not real  
Then when you finish you just gone, it's a done deal  
Beyond that my heart beat is like a drum fill  
As if I'm living on the run with a gun still  
Bring the hero back, he'd a taken care of that  
Cause his words get it to the Ginsbergs and Kerouacs  
Sound stuck inside your head like earwax  
Whole thing something out of Hollywood like Miramax

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