

## King Syze

### "Roll Out the Red"

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[Intro]

Yeah...King Syze, uh!  
Q-D! Army of the Pharaohs  
Check it out  
Uh...yo...

[Chorus #1]

I've been, under the surface, man, but guess who's  
back?  
King Syze, motherfucker, on a Jon Doe track  
And it's been a little bit since you heard from me  
But I been havin' y'all fiendin', man, purposely

[Chorus #2] {2X}

Yo, it's been a long time, I know, it ain't fair  
The population waited enough, yo, I'm here  
It's been a long time since I blessed the masses  
The main attraction, why y'all talkin' 'bout rappin'?

[Verse 1]

Yo, yo, yo...  
Bang my shit through your headphones and get your  
head blown  
I'm 20 for 20, with 20 ??? in the rap zone  
Field goal niggaz come short, only half the stat  
Detach your cap, death trap in the rappin' match  
My habitat: of course, rough sports  
Sometimes I'm off course, lookin' for the source  
And when I stretch from a long day  
Hard pay, better get out the dog's way, no delay  
Don't fuck with Syze, come on, watch how I leave a hole  
in your chest  
Invisible to the naked eye  
The doc won't know, he'll be injectin' you breath  
But you'll be bleedin' 'till ain't shit but skin and skeleton  
left  
Every test, just a path to see who's next  
Just a way to measure who can stand, chest to chest  
On this mic, I'm pleadin' guilty, but confessin' to death  
And I'm here to take the game and you can have what's  
left

[Chorus #1]

[Chorus #2] {2X}

[Verse 2]

Watch yo back motherfucker, King Syze the hurricane  
Street gentleman with a well-deserved name  
(I'm hot) I burn flame, (You not) You cold rain  
Hip-hop's my first name, this rap's my last days  
I spit the worst pain, the pressure will burst veins  
My first reign: way before the Earth came  
Your shit is phony, don't know me, go get your homies  
I'm hittin' harder than Jim Tomey, and y'all niggaz don't  
know me  
I feel like the world owes me, gimme that  
I'm spittin' scriptural for Biblical cats, criminals with  
pitiful raps  
Lyrical stats: pinnacle and critical to my map  
Check it out now...nowhere I'm gonna end up, ten-hut  
Goin' long and deep, fuck drama in the streets  
I'm bringin' karma on beats, palmin' the heat  
Only if my life's in danger  
Come on, dog, that's a no-brainer  
And to this mic, man, I ain't no stranger  
That's why I rearrange ya, pour straight out the fuckin'  
manger

[Chorus #1 with variations]

[Chorus #2] {2X}

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