

King Syze f/ Esoteric, Vinnie Paz

"Blitz Inc"

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[Intro: King Syze]

Yeah!

Blitz, Incorporated, nigga, we comin' to get y'all niggaz

Uh! Army of the Pharaohs

Check it out, yo...

[Chorus: King Syze]

Best believe, we roll up on your squad like a blitzkrieg

Better get your man, or would you rather see him
bleed?

We here now, we ain't got time to wait

Make no mistake, real niggaz challenge their fate

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah...yeah this is war, cousin; I cop the hammer and
kill

It's Vinnie Pazienza outta Hamburger Hill

You ramblin' still? We scramblin' still

If the beast doesn't get you, then the ambulance will

So hand me your steel...I fire iron when

I find a faggot caught in the spell of Leviathan

I keep my eye on him...'cause he a bastard

Sever the head of the gator in Lake Placid

You motherfuckers is blind, you need glasses

I seen how the game changed, I adapted

I seen how your dame changed to my madness

I seen how your brain maimed by my axes

But you a fascist...and y'all thugs

You as genuine as a mother-in-law's hug

We the veterans that'll be sendin' y'all slugs

But we gentlemen, so tell 'em it's all love

[Verse 2: King Syze]

Yeah, yo...yo I'm demented, nigga; be prepared for
what you facin'

The mind of God and Satan combined with domination

I'm the rawest, roughest, toughest thing you ever
heard of

In my studio session, blessin', MC's be gettin'
murdered

I'm one of a kind, puttin' one up in your fuckin' spine

When I get to shine, believe it's through the grind
Damn right, we cocky; I feel no one can rock with us
I bless a mic religious on track, I'm spittin' ignorant
Somethin' you've never heard, dynamic with every
word
Gigantic with every slur, most stagnant with every
herb, yo
But more polluted, this beat's therapeutic solution
My ??? sentence rappers into execution
Death row, Syze got the best flow
Y'all lazy motherfuckers talkin' 'bout "Leeet's blow!"
All of us; Q-D plus
Yeah, we goin' right by you like an off-duty bus, nigga

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Esoteric]

Aiyyo my words murder sets, I'll blitzkrieg your league
like a German vet
Bull's eye, slash through your turtleneck
And bones to pick, hit two hundred and six
I'm runin' with cliques that'll hit you like a ton of bricks
Straight put you in a ditch like a mob-related death
I'll take it to your chest, make a mess of your flesh
My paragraphs breed hate
I was sent to Heaven, resurrected with a clean slate,
now I sleep late
Men in each state dead from this
The Esoterrorist, a real motherfucker like Oedipus
Your patheticness is why...you motherfuckers touch the
mic and die
Guilty is the plea, King Syze the co-D
They won't let us go free...Bloodthirsty killers
Psychological thriller, beatin' my chest like gorillas
We got the city on smash, y'all pity's just trash
While you small-timers finishin' last

[Chorus] {2X}

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