

# Let It Roll

## Hieroglyphics

Yo, who is it?  
Yeah! Make my voice sound clear like that!  
There!  
Yeah!  
We keep it raw  
Rare!  
That's my nigga!  
That's my nigga there  
Hands in the air!  
Like  
That!  
Like  
That!  
Like  
That!  
Like  
That!  
Yo there is no escape!  
No recourse when I resort to forces of sorts reserved for bloodsports  
Swerve up on a curb!  
Smash the sheriff  
Hop out with words  
Leave him unnerved  
Blast a burner in your general vicinity  
Pin it on your proximity I'm sending these to rock endlessly  
Check your posture!  
Posthumously your props had you propped up  
Now you're being on top and chopped up  
Knocked off and awestruck  
With a touch of destruction  
Catch a southpaw punch when I step in the function  
Fluctuating and punctuating you punks with one puncture  
Making you unsure what you front for  
Pep Love:  
Fire water wizard with an exquisite, explicit exhibit of my entire arsenal  
Artful and thoughtful, awful and trecherous regiment catching 'em  
Off guard when I stretch and bend Blend with my kin Put my work in Keep the  
party perkin', make a new friend  
Chill with the children!  
Family and humanity, can it be an illusion?  
Hieroglyphics yeah  
To the kick  
And the snare like that!  
There!  
Yeah!  
We keep it raw  
Rare!  
That's my nigga!  
That's my nigga there  
Hands in the air!  
Like  
That!  
Like  
That!  
Can't forget the high  
Hat  
Boom

Cap  
Yeah!  
Yo, we hold down the square  
Like that  
There!  
Yeah!  
We keep it raw  
Rare!  
That's my nigga!  
That's my nigga there  
Hands in the air!  
Like  
That!  
Like  
That!  
Like  
That!  
Like  
That!  
Yo it's the redefinition of clever, the hot stepper  
Mic checker, chin checker, bitch checker  
You beat me? Man, whatever  
I'll battle you wherever whenever  
Rattle you in every endeavor  
I!  
Just get better and better  
A vegan and I never wear leather  
But still a cannibal  
Flying high like a human cannonball  
Up up and away! While I'm puffin' a jay  
All that gas up in your tank, you're gonna make a fucking mistake!  
Clutch the snake by the fat of his neck behind his jaws  
Find a soft spot  
Sink my venom and render it into him  
Any and every enemy entering in the interim finna get  
Finished to they last flimsy filament  
They ALL feelin' it!  
Militant  
Resident of Oz, innocent so save!  
Your soft sentiments for somebody who give a shit!  
I  
Rack your body with concussive attacks  
Leaving divets and dents  
The methods with which my tone pivot and shift  
Are sufficient to those with  
Our sedition in small doses  
But it's still explosive  
Uh  
I apply a fly variety of my replies  
Getting cooperative on a privatized  
Droppin' this hip hop in this modern day metropolis  
Optimistic mystic thoughts in the midst of the mouth of madness  
Belly of the beast and blasphemous  
Acts of massive disastrous  
Diverging in masses  
Clashing classes emerging and we urging Revolution!  
Vast social change  
I bring coastal rains, smoke and flame  
Spoken, to envoke my pain  
And put it to song  
I'm sure-footed and strong  
Pep steps in increments to jet set  
An exception to the mediocrity

Monotony and hipocrisy, that hip hop is weak!  
Continuing through the darkness, holding the light  
Molding my soldiers right when I'm holding the mic  
Hieroglyphics yeah  
To the kick  
And the snare like that!  
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