

# Synplicity

## Zug Izland

[Reversed]Kings and Queens, just show us where we should be (you motherfuckers)

Is my mind explicit cause I hang with a sinner?  
Hand and hand with the hatchet but its nuttin familiar  
Nonbelievers keep walking till we finally arrive  
Black smoke around the family with the red in our eyes  
Cold chills from the death holding on to the past  
With a pistol to the temple cause your lifes movin fast  
Devastated by the anger that you need to escape  
Right hand on the book, flip the page, choose your fate  
Kiss the dead, on the red moon night  
Will they cry? Well I think they just might  
Torturing! What's a frozen tear?  
This ain't Hell, but I'd rather be there  
Spider web, makes it hard to move  
Death awaits, yet I have nothing to prove  
Twiztid souls, in my mental game  
Murder comes, and goes with no kind of blame  
Power drains, as the dark becomes light  
Trapped motionless, cause the chords are too tight  
What will ever become, of this book that I hold  
Will the fire burn us, like they told Synplicity  
Rain drops fall from the dark night sky  
Bodies crawl from garbage cans and alleyways alike  
You can find me there in the shadows without a doubt  
Time for my people and me to come about  
Children of the River, and the misunderstood, downtrodden, and forgotten but  
It's still all good  
What you throw away is ours to keep, you know the children need a pillow

When they go to fuckin sleep  
Your disease, quite infectious  
Once I know, your the object of my lust  
Acid rain, come on and stick out your tongue  
There's enough, for each and every single one  
Right or left, come follow me  
Pyramids, lobotomy is necessary  
Crystal ball, it's just Synplicity  
Kings and Queens, just show us where we should be (you motherfuckers)  
Power drains, as the dark becomes light

Trapped motionless, cause the chords are too tight  
What will ever become, of this book that I hold  
Will the fire burn us, like they told Synplicity  
I was running with a hatchet down the block, my leg got popped  
When I copped a dub at the dope spot  
Everybody out to get me everywhere I go, is it a sin to get your dick sucked  
By a foe? (fuck no!)  
What about the fact that I bring the dope guns, stay outta my way and don't  
Make me have to use one  
Can't help the feeling, my head overloads pull the trigger and unload  
Power drains, as the dark becomes light  
Trapped motionless, cause the chords are too tight  
What will ever become, of this book that I hold  
Will the fire burn us, like they told Synplicity  
SYNPLICITY!

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