

A.o.t.p.

Apathy

[Intro:]

Army of the Pharaohs! We'll always get paid
We'll take the wackest shit, and make it better
Remember, we ain't doin' shit for free
Pay us some G's... and we'll start... rhymin', rhymin', rhymin!

[Chorus:]

It's the A! (dot) O! (dot) T! (dot) P! (dot)
A! (dot) O! (dot) T! (dot) P! (dot)
A! (dot) O! (dot) T! (dot) P! (dot)
From hell we came, help us spell the name!
It goes A! (dot) O! (dot) T! (dot) P! (dot)
A! (dot) O! (dot) T! (dot) P! (dot)
A! (dot) O! (dot) T! (dot) P! (dot)
Say it out loud, start fights in the crowd! It's the...

Apathy attacks like asteroids or avalanches
An apparition who appears, but is apt to vanish
In the air like alien aircraft
Droppin' atom bombs, hold your breath while the air last
Out of oxygen, time's up, ask O-z
Flow's Oxycontin, overdo it and OD
Ho's wanna orgy, they open then, "Oh no! "
Quickly orgasm when they pussy get oo-cho
Tight little teens try to make me trick
I'm telepathic, you can't tell what makes me tick
From Texas to Tel Aviv, tongues tickle the testicles
Can't top this text, 'cause the topic's too technical
Paragraphs of wrath, more passion than Christ
I'm never passive, I'm pissed off and don't pass mics
Press the digitator, better prep or prepare foes
For A-O-T-P, Army of the Pharaohs!

[Chorus]