

7th Ghost

Army of the Pharaohs

Bring the light to the dark, AOTP, yeah

I Self, Lord and Master
I'm not a rapper
The industry been in a nigga pockets, since Napster
So me explainin' why I'm still grinding, I don't have to
I'd sell my masters, if the cash come
Cause my girl need a new car and baby need Pampers
It's real shit, y'all never know about it ask us
Side jobs in retail, detail cars and ride trash trucks
Never complain, we never had much
The ends won't justify the means, it don't add up
Rap, work, and sell dope, now that's a mash-up
Kids say they wanna do this? I just crack up
I tell em stay in school, fool, you need a backup
Aye-o I'm blowin' brown every day to keep the stress down
And niggas that I seem to let 'round, they always let down
So I'm building a bunch of young niggas like Brett Brown
They all ballers, keeping niggas in check so when I
Big up my set I'm paying homage to Pharaohs
And when you hear me spit, acknowledge my vowels
It's probably foul
I never change the language for change
It's slang written
Half my life gambling heists to keep that thing with 'em
Suplex mangler, but it's a cold word baby
So I'm a North Face and Cumberland whore chasin'
So knuckle up or get cutted up
Or smacked with the butt of the gun, buttercup
For trying to fuck with us
Who dumb enough to try one of us?
We peelin' your girl off the grill of a Hummer truck, when the sun come up
Who one of us? Raise your face to the skies
And watch the mortals make way for the return of the Gods
Pharaohs

(2x)

AOTP cock the latch back clack clack
OPG got the straps in the back pack
Bodies in the trunk of the '96 hatch-back
Punch you in the face, slap your man out his snap back

I'm John Allen Muhammad living out of a van
Picking off bystanders with a rifle in hand
I'm demented, I'm a couple cards short of a full deck
I'm a liar, I'm the charismatic man in a pulpit
I'm AOTP, Demigods, JMT
A faith healer, healing through death on CD
I am not a role model, you should raise your own kids (come on)
I'm a dirty rap nigga with fruit flies in my crib
I'm strange, I'm deranged, I'm fascinated with death
I chain smoke cigarettes, I got terrible breath
The show's almost over, only two songs left
So cop a T-shirt, find the exit and step nigga

Aye-o fuck being a good person
I'm in the hood workin'

Smoking shit to numb my pain
I don't know if you could nurse him
Doctors can't figure out what to do with him
Once upon a time, he used to have screws in him
Now Lucifer let loose in me
They not used to me
I'm not what I used to be
I used to be a young nigga, silly state of mind
Now I'm just a nigga going crazy like he facing time (uhh)
I'm from the hood where the young die
If you don't lay low, you get hung high
Nigga I lay low, and still hang high
In my head, shit only hit the fan when your man die
I take a sip of this liquor inspired with hearses
Nobody surviving, I smoke my weed out of Bible verses
Inspire churches to sin, what?
I inspire churches to bring niggas like me in, clear of my sins but

Why would you ever try to be god with me?
Why would you bother me, why don't you ever see prophecy?
Possibly honestly, Sodom, Gomorrah atrocity
Mephistopheles at the door to door, a monopoly
Why would you lie to me? Why would you see the Allah in me?
Am I the only one who see comedy in monogamy?
I lay back, eat mozzarella and sliced swordfish
Put my feet up on the table in my nice office
Black mask, black millimeter, white Porsches
Every single rhyme Vinnie write, type gorgeous

Hahahahaha listen, Pistolero Pazzie

[Hook x2]