

## Agony Fires

### Army of the Pharaohs

“Monsieur le juge, ce cahier contient des notes rédigées... J’attire votre attention sur les changements spectaculaires de style d’écriture, de ton et de point de vue. Ce que vous avez sous les yeux, ce sont les pensées intimes de plusieurs personnalités différentes. Si vous me permettez, quelques explications... merci”

I lick a shot in the sky  
A war don, you're gone cousin, Optimus Prime  
You a bitch, one of 700 Solomon's wives  
I was in Constantinople during Ottoman's shine  
My Glock is a nine  
My thirty-eight Wesson a beautiful bitch  
You rhyme like a ho, find a more suitable pitch  
You bout to find out why German Lugers exist  
Dig a hole, bury yourself, beautiful ditch  
It ain't a single man living could fuck with the beast  
Gay rapper, altar boy you fuckin' a priest  
Fuck a cop, dirty pig we buckin' police  
Dirt bag can't make money, he stuck in the streets  
What you think? I'm sittin' in this cage for nothing?  
If they release me it's curtains, that's why I live in the dungeon  
All black nothin' lit up, I set up walls  
And hang body's that I hit up, can't fit us all  
Warchild got machetes with old blood on the tip  
Paz sittin' with artillery to blow you to bits  
Shit, King Syze with the getaway  
All black UConn, shoes on everyday  
Gun play nowadays more frequent  
More real niggas mad fallin' off the deep end  
And your life depends on me  
I ice out the whole joint and put your men on freeze

You can start a riot in here, now who's wit me?  
Who the fuck gon' ride when this shit get shifty?  
Where my niggas at? I know who ride wit me  
This Pharaohs shit fo' life, they gon' die right with me

Spur of the moment I could strike with a strategic blow  
I hold the heaters low and ground you up inside a pita roll  
Explosive botanist, obvious that I plant bombs  
I stand out in crowds like I got fluorescent pants on  
Satanic candles lit in my recording room  
I'm makin' hits, singing songs of death in Autotune  
Put a bear-trap on ya ankle  
Drop you off at Foot-Locker  
Mug the manager like, "What the fucks poppin'?!"  
Punks drop it, while I stand tall  
You see me, you seen the greatest rapper, modern man's call  
Electric meat-shaver that's a modern man's saw  
Precision chop limbs after I body slam y'all

Hand saw, body chopper  
Bloody opera singer, Satan's trigger finger  
Rock the bells in Hell, call me a dead ringer  
Freddy Krueger sweater, rock a Beretta cocker  
I'll dead a copper, head to Czechoslovakia 'fore they spot me  
On security cams

My maturity shows  
When I take these young rappers and I murder they flows  
Including Weezy's and Jeezy's, if I had a genie  
I'd make major label rappers Ice Cube's and Eazy's  
Monster with the frees when I'm conquering MCs  
I be airin' rappers out, like I'm sponsored by Febreze  
If you stop to get some Z's  
I just haunt you in your dreams  
Smuggle yay from Medellin and vacation in Belize  
Please believe me

[Hook]