

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]