

Azrael

Army of the Pharaohs

Laugh now, cry later as you look at the sun
If you live by the sword, you probably die by the gun
Laugh now, cry later, why you hanging your head?
Plenty of time to answer to the angel of death

I'm the prince of darkness, reign over the kingdom of disaster
Rhythm get smashed, fucked, like the children of a pastor
Nigga, I'm bad luck, I'm misery, I'm your master
Making you hang it up, like folks living in Alaska
I'm rated, getting summer blinded, by the sun divine Damian
In the front lines of Egypt, with the blood line of an alien
I'm so defiant, the stone that broke Orion's dome
Flow tyrant, hold the belt of Orion, I strode with giants
The globetrotter, spit Goldschläger and molt' lava
The old father of flows, there's no one that goes harder
I'm the Al-Qaeda style writer, death's an inspirador
A life of behind these walls, get caught in my lines of fire
And expire, I'm the devil's pitchfork in the road
I'll torture your soul, 'til you sell it for a fortune of gold
The fortunes foretold, we all die, so live life to the fullest
Live by the gun, die by the bullet, by the knife slicing your gullet
Pharaoh

Too blind to see the light, I envision blackness
Live by the bloody hatchet, die from the dusty ratchet
Back from the lake of fire, with my halo broken
They want reality so I give 'em a fatal dosage
Niggas acting real savage, but I barely notice
I'm headhunting, so I ain't trying to lose my focus
We the murderers, murderous, call the coroners
Tell them to stop recording us...
No more hope in 'em, box cutter open 'em
This is uncut opium, for you to put your nose up in
Got em overdosing, head-swelling, comatosing
Overseas, so I'm posting bodies floating in the ocean
Pharaoh

Don't be trusting in these rappers, look how poorly they acting
Only seen guns bust, in Civil War reenactments
Yeah we all took that class trip to Harrisburg or Gettysburg
So spare your words, before you get embarrassed nerd
Waiting for the day I'm catching you
You could have MMA fighters protecting you, pussy I'm still wrecking you
Your idol, the one you wish you could perform like
Drop classic albums, you can't even get one song right
A couple songs tight, but not cause you speaking on 'em
It's cause the beat was banging, and had dope features on it
Its Reefer on it, you got a rat's spine, a chicken's heart
And a weasel's stomach, what are you?
You little hog you, you fucking pig
I split your wig, so what you on kid?
Dope or dog food?
This ain't a warning, this a promise boy
Cause I'm your motherfucking daddy, and I won't raise a mama's boy

Yeah my family hate you, we wilding
I was chilling, but then y'all propagated the problem

Let it wash over you, let you pray to the lion
If the father disrespect me, the baby is dying
Whats gon' happen when the inmates raid the asylum?
It ain't one of you motherfuckers crazy as I am
Killing you stupid motherfuckers is fish in the barrel
High priest, the very temple, I am a Pharaoh
Crypt the Warchild, the bow, I am the arrow
I get under you skin, Lord, I am the marrow
We could go gun for gun, battle for battle
We could go son for son, mine is a Pharaoh

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