

# Bloody Tears

## Army of the Pharaohs

Die motherfucker die,  
AOTP shit nigga  
Die, die, die,  
Die motherfucker die

Top Gun of this rap shit  
Cock guns to blast shit, nigga what's the meaning of that  
Shit's scheming to blast a smith and westin' was hood  
I'm grown, now I gotta start protecting my goods  
I gotta start protecting every one of my kids  
I gotta start protecting everything I got in the crib (That's my shit)  
I gotta have a fresh pair J's for the whizz  
If not trees, if not that I ain't handle my bizz  
A screwed up way to live  
But that's me, follow my lead it is what it is (my niggaz)  
I hold steel in the hour of chaos  
And hurdle through the base heads tryin' to just play with the odds  
I'm not the type of nigga to claim god  
But dog I heard you spit  
Do't quit your day job  
I've always been the cat to slave hard  
Hoping that the dealer don't turn over the face card

Fuck the claps and cheers, all we want is respect  
And ya'll fuckers are wild lame, yall aint nothing to sweat, UH  
Still certified greens and tan trees  
Still in the hood like damp leaves and banshees  
The last time they seen Vinnie Paz and kenny spaz  
We was blazed up in a cab, waving a semi- mag  
That was the time I dropped out of college  
The god of law thought he would go on his own  
Instill knowledge, knowledge  
Kinda ridiculous the way I get in this shit  
Some felt ignorant, me felt innocent  
So for now on I will guard you now strong  
Niggas want war I get you murked by a wild jawn  
The only reason I ain't on and my niggas is on  
Is cuz I got stuck on the gold pot that I'm sitting on  
Till I seen there wasn't nothing there  
From my eyes to me ears I got stains and bloody tears

AOTP, they know we be, O-N T-O-P  
(Die mother fucker, die)  
Fucking with these gentlemen, we run up in your residence, get you for your presidents  
(Die mother fucker, die)  
Make up the break up, I don't wanna wake up, If I don't got my cake up  
(Die mother fucker, die)  
AOTP, on top we be he he he he  
(Die mother fucker, die)

The psycho's back strong enough to push the Eifel back  
Halloween mask, Michael's back  
Stay in your lane, you no named niggas get lipo'd up  
Lose weight when the rifle bust, I don't like you fucks  
They want my life I want 5 mics, problem is I'm unsigned hype  
Fuck is the deal, give me life in the booth with no fucking appeal

I bet you my left lung they can't fuck with the skill  
Bet you my right hand they gon' die in the trauma  
It's the front street terrorist I ride like Osama  
It's a thin line between a prick and a fool  
But these faggots they keep acting like snitching is cool  
Man these faggots they keep acting like I ain't a beast  
Till their face is next to their sons under the beach  
Food for the crabs mission accomplished nigga take it in blood  
It's a wrap, my crew acting like Satan is loved

I'm Jesus in reverse, the son of Satan with a fire arm  
Water to blood, apocalyptic fire storm  
You a sucka rapper, never know what side you on  
I shoot my biscuit in the air until the sky is gone  
A 16 of mine murder your entire song  
9M submachine is long like your entire arm  
I'm a loud mouth fucka not a quiet storm  
I don't believe in an afterlife so once you die you gone  
Never nothin soft, everythin' a violent song  
Kanye West, gay rapper, that's when lines are drawn  
Qwest hit me with a beat like he Italian mom  
It aint even beef no more, it's Hillshire Farm  
I aint gonna leave your family any time to mourn  
My clenched fist shows the power that's inside the palm  
The same 'palm that was taking human lives in 'Nam  
And I ain't stoppin it till' all these human lives are gone

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Cocksucker (hahaha)  
Brap brap, yeah  
Big Louis Doggs (yeah)  
The genocide general (motherfucker)  
Doap Nix (AOTP)  
Demoz  
Planetary  
AOTP  
Qwest on the beat  
It ain't a game baby  
Brap brap, hahaha  
Cocksucker!

(Die, motherfucker die, die, die motherfucker die)