

Burn you alive

Army of the Pharaohs

This is the night I'm burning you alive
Right here and no one will hear, you'll cry in fear
This is the night where I'm sure of your demise in my head
And I will be here to watch you die in fear

a prayer, are you there?
And I don't care

You either a mark or a killer, me I'm as sharp as a splinter
As cold and harsh as the winters in the heart of December
My limericks ain't hard to remember but harder to figure
I leave your carcass disfigured, dismembered then carve out your liver
And vital organs, rigor mortis, your corpse is
Niggas hard to record this
I'm thought-provoking with the logic of Vulcans
I'm not into sulking but soaking the bitch
I'm at sea with the sharks in the moat
And see if his princess carcass can float
Hearts will get broke, haunted by ghosts
The same old G in this game homie
Still bringing the pain like Sugar Shane Mosley
And you will light a candle to say a prayer
And cry in fear but you still die and I won't care

Ain't nobody dope as me
Unless you find him in the I'll AOTP
So let the no seeds, purple hairs blow
in the tuck for the weirdos
Shake makes a lot so he's letting his beard grow
His father gave his lessons over eighty-four years old
You can't out-slick a fox with his own tricks
The barrel got spit same time that the chrome kicks
Your block's hurting, niggas hoping to score soon
Fighting a case on Facebook and the courtroom
Can't provide a dozen so we gonna need more room
Faggots still bugging so they wanna need more tombs

The more you sweat in peace time the less you bleed in war
I'm strapped with the four-pound cocked at the demon's door
I ain't trying to talk it out, it ain't peace at all
I just pull them four-fours out when the Reaper call
Osama Bin Laden been rotten, walking strong
I'm hitting harder and smarter than a Sri Lankan bomb
I'm still using the weaponry that I copped at Nam
I'm still using telepathy from the father's bond
It's wild hard to explain what I do to rats
The hollow tips will have y'all dancing like Scoob and Scrap
Fuck a fair one, I let the Ruger clap
Now you rock an eyepatch like Ricky the Ruler's back

It's hot in the winter, cold in the summer, nigga the slumber
Overpower the thunder clap, y'all niggas going under
I cover the fort, hold down the team for sport
We need dope so Nixon get the fuck out of court
Yo block, we need the block sewed up and locked
Tell Maserati to shut down, the city is hot
Paz got the Glock, Planetary don't stop

And and a malfunction, dungeon to rot
I'm something to watch, sort of like American Idol
I'm sheisty, that's why I never swear on the Bible
I came to heal the sick and raise the dead
Cast out all the demons you introduced to
[Chorus]