

# 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 Vin 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]