

Bust 'Em In

Army of the Pharaohs

Stupid motherfuckers. Run, duck, and hide. Die motherfucker die.
Let em know, Celph.
It's time to bust some heads in.
Let's go.
Oh yeah.

Hard to the motherfucking core we are
The federated army of the Pharaoh murderer squad
Run run, we gonna tear the head piece up
Uh huh, you don't want beef because

Vinnie I had enough of them, yo bust em in
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Lost bust em in
Bust bust em in
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AOTP, fresh nice and ice links
You won't feel till after the punch like a spiked drink
Sipping Goose till my eyes pink, ninety-five live rings
Real niggas survive things and die kings
I can hit that homie, said yo you owe it to me
So it's no holds barred like the old Hulk Hogan movie
You got a heart homeboy? Then show it to me
The flow's majestic, I spit a roll of golden fruities
I'm old school like roll a dooby
Daddyo my hoes is groovy, pay my rent with dough from groupies
A pimp and a killer, gorilla in your project
Nine milli really only defence of my logic
The shotgun just sits in the closet
Waiting for you fuckers to come dip in my shit
Nonsense, the weak could never stop the thorough
Bitch niggas suspect, I call them boys gossip girls

I treat fools like tools cause I always got a few biscuits
And bus em in like kids from different school districts
Y'all dipshits will get your spinal discs flipped
Rhymes will make the vinyl disc skip, find your wrists slit
Nickel-plated nine shine like diamonds on Slick Rick
I'm wicked as a Wiccan bitch when the candle wick's lit
Want to sample this shit? You need to read Sanskrit
And travel to the top of Mount Sinai to transmit
Running through the Red Seas like an escaped slave
Then holding up the walls of water with my sound waves
Like what I was doing during Public Execution, half-human half-mutant
Ap the seed of Rasputin
Gats shooting, shots ricocheting off of my steel body
And three quarter length fat goose to conceal shotties
The god walks the surface of the Sun it won't melt feet
Cause when's the last time you heard Ap rip a Celph beat?

I'm a five-star general, the motherfucking main man
Flip a bird, hold a slammy with the same hand
And do a rain dance when blood splatters and sprays
Cement mixing your IV, turn your anatomy grey
Nobody ratted at A-O-T-P not trenched with OPP

I'm obsessed with OCD, a temperamental mental patient
With cyberkenetic onboard computer integration
One of rap's most innovative voices or flows
In front of missile-command buttons
I look around, all my choices just blow
So now you should know I'm the don of braggadocio
Flamethrower, I'm Cobra Kai and I'm keeping it dojo name goers
Come down and sign up, I'm training soldiers to rhyme
Don't forget the punchline's up
Cause you ain't fucking with the gold beard Rubix Cuban nowhere
No rap is nowhere near what I just wrote here oh yeah