

Contra Mantra

Army of the Pharaohs

I solemnly swear, this is my testimony
I'm a keep it one hundred while the rest are phony
I'm wilding out like suicide is my mission
I ain't trying to be crucified by the system
You should take heed, I advise you to listen
Watch me break knees, I'm surprising my victims
The question remains who am I when I'm spitting?
It's me the MC, I ain't no new edition
My mind's a coliseum, I spit diamonds that glisten
The beat is my journal where these lines will get written
Been through the garden, ate the fruit that's forbidden
So back the fuck up when I'm removing my fitted
You could never walk in these shoes you don't fit in
Y'all all say you're hot but that is just your opinion
Y'all can all die in the spot that you sit in
AOTP, the underground has risen

All we do is pray till the game come back
That's why we sitting here building spitting flame on track
So what you say don't matter at all
So we gonna sit here and wait till God answer the call

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It's such a pity, ain't nothing pretty, lyrics bury cats
Under one hundred and fifty tons of scum in the city
You say you're popping bottles and stunting like Diddy
But your pockets be flatter than a model's stomach or titties
Why you fronting like you're rugged and gritty?
Why I spit it so hot? Why I like Big L and Big Pun more than Biggie and Pac?
I'm from that late 90's era where that Polo wasn't jig enough
But Gucci and Louis and Prada shit wasn't big enough
I would spit it ridiculous, stay on point like Rondo
Y'all bring up the rear like a J-Lo convoy
No, they don't want no beef, they all want their teeth
I may go bronco so lay low pronto, chief
Four albums in a year, that's more than in your whole career
They all bang, battle out, do more than end your whole career
So severe, I beat you with a folding chair, listen
AOTP's what the game's missing

Yeah yeah, paper money? No I wanna see that iron buck
They be robbing hoods so I keep that fryer tucked
Try to have these cops take it from me
You end up red and blue like a female cop on they monthly
Dumping student bodies in front of the student body, air em out
Beacon on my radar telling me where's your whereabouts
Magazine drums have your head bobbing
Dead body nonstop nodding downhill in a toboggan
Shoot the uz through your house in Honolulu (ooch ow)
Throw a pineapple grenade at you (luau)
Am I conceited? Oh yeah, best believe it
Rap supervisor pop up on lawns with firearms to surprise you
We'll be rocking an upside-down visor

And it won't be a whack fashion trend either
More like Suge Knight, Vanilla Ice shit, hotel balcony dangling
My monsoon is Tom Cruise Valkyrie famous

[Chorus]