

Cookin' Keys

Army of the Pharaohs

I'm in the kitchen cooking up bananas
Cameras on the roofs with the police scanners
By any means I'm a get these papers
Ride with a nigga or catch these vapours
Smooth melodic, cool water with butters on
Got beef with a nigga, save that for another song
Paz on point so he putting his brothers on
Steez still the same, get you murked by a gutter john
Head in the streets cause the whip is spacious
Benz stretched out legs feel like a spaceship
Cheques ain't clear, I'm hitting y'all with the facts
If the cheque never came I'd hit your mom and a cap
Got the streets on smash, key notes on wax
Hundred pack on iTunes trying to make cream back
Yeah, the key's cooked and the bricks is stovetop
It's Chef Boyardee flipping nicks on your whole block

Yeah, born in the coldest winter, live and I die a sinner
And while I'm here I'm hustling, get paper with my niggas
Last of a dying breed, Pharaoh clique in your section
Before I leave my rest, kiss my wiz, load my weapon
Yeah that's my right hand man, that fifty cal chrome
Off-safety when I roam, I ain't never alone
Won't catch a nigga slipping, won't catch a nigga dipping
Cause I done mastered my high, you out your mind tripping
Yeah you can come and try, won't be the smartest move
My bitch pull the hammer, make it do what it do
Hustler, a son of one, bitch I'm a son of one
My money it got right, copped me another gun

These punk bitches get the bozak the gas face
I feel like Earnhardt in his last race
This last lap in this game, I'm a hit the throttle
Syze, we celebrate new life, hit this bottle
Plan, I think the situation's getting hairy
We make them say the Our Father and their Hail Mary
Scary how niggas turn Judas, no trust
I take it back to 5-6 when it was only us
Snakes slither in the grass in the killing field
So I manoeuvre through them by sitting in a bigger wheel
You's a small time hustler, I'm a bigger deal
And that shit you spit will be the shit that get you killed
Ready for war, I'm in it for the long haul
Throwing a molotov sidearm
Yeah, holding my fort with my pipes drawn
I kill everything when this mic's on, believe it

Yo f-u-c-k-f-b-I cops, you niggas don't like my shit
I tell them niggas suck a dirty dick with gonorrhea on the tip
I'm getting money courtesy of your bitch
Nigga it's the Army Of The Pharaohs, we hood American Idols
You don't like us? You can suck my dick
I got a long rope and an oxy if you feeling suicidal
See that window? Hop out that bitch

Nigga think you can ease it then be it but see me not
I'm too heated and weeded to lose it so please be hot

They just fiending to be the most conceited team on the top
I'm leaning to be the most meanest as Biggie and Pac
Man these demons is dreaming for their spot
It's easy to see they just want to be me cause I'm hot
So fuck my theme and my plot, smoking weed in your And fall dummy to that ca
sket cause they eat at you pop
You can believe it or not, I done sold weed to a cop
Caught a case, banged it and ran back to the fiends on my block
Fiends on my block? That's logical, my flow is phenomenal
I put a couple dots on your block like dominoes
Red beaming them, I stay with my team and them
I keep four nines in the tuck like Steve and them
This my track, a diss like that
Cause when you shoot like a freethrow you miss like Shaq

I'm from Killadel county, the killers they all surround me
I'm losing my nigga slowly Poppa Large make him proud of me
If you see Nemi then tell your people to see me
I'm here for the take and holding these streets down, believe me
My nigga Balo, I know your halo is platinum
I'm a see you at the gates, I'll be rocking something ravishing
The Seven Sacraments made for the sacrificial
The baptismal of rap bristle to sacramental
My rap essentials is murder tracks and pencils
Gat utensils is only used for niggas acting simple
My syllable slice niggas like a caesarean
You killable right? I spit bars like a barbarian

I never thought I'd see the day hip hop would give birth to faggots
Mr. T mohawks and Urkel glasses, I'm from a hood where they rob cool kids
And I can't wear skinny jeans cause my Glock's too big
Yeah, I got the wildest style, death bears a childish smile
Beat you with soap in a sock, you a Private Pyle
I'm fear order from green onions I peel quarters
What's rap? I bump Foghat and Creedence Clearwater
Bad moon rising, I'm howling at the bitch
Haters baffled how he spent a thousand on the kicks
I get thousands just to spit, fuck all the drama shit
I don't make statements, get bank statements and deposit slips
And it's always gonna be this way
C-notes like study hall in tenth grade
To this day I fuck bitches and get paid
What's piff? I got the green monster like Fenway

[Chorus]