

# Dead Shall Rise

## Army of the Pharaohs

We were willing to die for an ideal and we would die for it again but we prefer living for it, working for it, safeguarding it.

AOTP, we above the law  
See the cops start running nigga call the dogs  
They can't see me, I throw that molotov  
And clear the whole field out, nigga call the gods

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I don't give a fuck about you  
I swing my blade and take a chunk up out you  
Chase the driver that's trying to save you and lace em with the scalpel  
Break your adam's apple and clap you and leave you mangled  
I'm not the asshole claiming Philly, I'm blowing up the fucking castle  
Fuck pity and mercy I'm thirsty for the title  
Kill your vitals with verses, curse  
And hearses move em like Vinny Idol  
Take Vinny and Planet, mould them inside a bowling ball  
Launch em against the way you claim you carry, break your shoulders off  
Just for showing off you're stupid  
I don't threaten niggas, I really do this  
Squeeze the juice out of you like embalming fluid  
Burn his lid, barbeque em and fucking burn his ribs  
Throw the dresser away with the evidence, burn a fucking wig

I got plans for your murder and I'm ready to discuss em  
You're ready to die? Tell God I said, "Fuck him."  
Call me Iron Fist motherfucker I aim hard  
Bullets are free throw, silencer is the proof guard  
Said you was a crook but you ain't busting no lead homes  
Only jack you pulling is connected to some headphones  
The sound of the clap louder than several operas  
My sitcom screaming "I'm gonna kill you" across the teleprompter  
Yes I'm sick fuck the Zicam and Zyrtec  
How you gonna fight man when y'all resemble Smurfette?  
Stretch your neck till your head meets your ass  
I'll beat your dad dead now he's a deadbeat dad

Nothing is ever promised, especially your life I demolish  
Too many niggas claim street but wouldn't last in the projects  
Too many happy-go-lucky cats rap with no money  
Black why you gotta act? I be screaming where the money at?  
I never understood your hood mentality  
Man you still selling weed on the block dog, that's blasphemy  
That's embarrassing, you nickel and diming  
A small cut off a bundle and you thinking you shining  
I could rumble in the jungle and tussle with all the lions  
My hustle could turn to rustle but for now I'm surviving  
Living, my kids are chilling and I'm whipping the It ain't a Maybach but it's better than your toy

I'm a motherfucking warlock, get your jaw popped by the raw rock  
Use your tongue as a doorstop, with your face I floor mop

Get your paws popped like a gun with Just a thugs who go in your mouth like  
Polydent  
I body shit, I ruin you homes  
Turn your studio session into a funeral home  
Two in your dome, got young bucks who buck for us  
Homie follow the laws of God and Chuck Norris  
AOTP, we in good company  
we the motherfucking world champs like Chase Utley  
My whole fam-o busting AKs  
Now your block sounding like the Mummers Parade

I've been catching fucking bodies for twenty years  
From eating motherfuckers on the street up to bloody tears  
Camouflage backpacks, Timbs and some money wares  
Now these rap faggots fucking sweeter than Gummy Bears  
This isn't simple arithmetic, this is ancient math  
Make you lose your face in Jehovah like you was Damon Dash  
I take a fucking machete and cut your brain in half  
You're fucking with something deadly and Vinnie Satan laughs  
I'm the greatest rapper alive, no getting by us  
Cause I ain't get my chance to shine, call me Len Bias  
I'll be patiently waiting for you if then try us  
I don't call it writing no more, I call it a pen virus

mixtape rappers I should snap your throat  
Bunch of tracks cracking jokes about crack and coke  
Ap is the cracker's last hope  
Honkey Kong fucking bitches leaving mattresses broke  
If the condom break I'm a tell the bitch to abort  
I'm like the sniper on the roof looking out for the stork  
Little dogs getting shanked for a box of Newports  
There ain't a jail that could hold me cause Ap teleports  
Skipping court on the porch with the criminal sorts  
using couch cushions building living room forts  
Your moms pouring yeyo on my dick to snort  
I only rock a halo to hide horns and pitchforks

[Chorus]