

Digital War

Army of the Pharaohs

I run with grand smugglers, Afghanistan Kush puffers (who else?)
Future lung cancer sufferers (that's us)
We perform illegal operations, like bad Windows software
Draped in ninja assault gear
Engineered cross hairs, my target Money farmer, I stay harvesting commerce
Turn down your offers, piss on your eight thou'
I live a lonely life, my only friend is Paypal
Vest over the thermal, position the blammer
Watching your family through the wall with thermo-
vision, infrared on your grandma
She'll die when I say so
Telescope on top of the flamer, like Galileo

I was walking through Mars with a pocket full of stars
Tryna think of new bars for the Army of the Gods
Lord help me to achieve all these tricks up my sleeve
Gotta pull them shits out, bring 'em out, let 'em breathe
I'm the oddity of space, camaraderie's embrace
No dicotomy but best believe autonomy's in place
For the broccoli, I make sure that homily is laced
No apologies, here till the economy is straight
I'm the reason that your baby feeling colicky today
I'm a product of the prophecy, then profit off the play
Probably pick the wallabies, the top off delay
It's that nigga Planetary, if it pop off, I stay
I swear, rappers getting fucked up this year
They'll wind up with their whole brain cavity clear
Put the barrel to you ear, last thing you hear
Is your soul tryna break through the Earth's atmosphere

Yay though I walk through the valley of the shadow
I'm a sniper with a rifle, sending death through the barrel
This is shotgun poetry, a slam-down symphony
Love is a battle, fellow Pharaohs is my infantry
Alien gun connect, plutonium gats
Sending niggas on they backs like linoleum plat
This ain't Fab Five Freddie, I'm Freddie with the knives on my gloves and I'
m ready
To cut a nigga face like confetti
For fuckin' with a live nigga cheddy
I bet he never thought I'd turn his wig to spaghetti
Literally nigga I'm a lyrical vet
The stripes on my sleeve, purple hearts on my chest
Pharaoh

Back in the lab and attacking the pad
Huntin' down the wack rappers smacking their dad
Back when Chad was a Bengal, I was stranglin' these demons like Kurt
Angle and schemin' on Earth
Angels are leaving their words, dangle my flow
Right in the pocket like a North Face price tag
Make you mad like a fat fuck watching a Nike ad
Poison ivy puttin' poison in your IV
Avoid the noise, I can destroy you toys nightly
Tom Hanks in Big, you got a little boy's psyche
Not safe for workflow, shit is unsightly
The diabolical psychological raps, what type of audio is that?

Get your body blown jack, methodically I attack
Smack rappers out their 5 panel hat
Thunder Cats using all the ammo on the racks
on the street, no camel back
I step like the Hulk, all the granite on the planet crack

You better bow low, little rodent, scurry through your mouse hole
Before I rip the soul out your motherfucking mouth hole
All about doe, turning bitches into Alpo
The world is on my dick like I stuck it in the South Pole
Open up my mouth and blow your fucking power out
Girls on my hot dog similar to sauerkraut
I'm the type to uppercut all of these Debbie Downers
Cause I spend many hours studying Kenny Powers
King of the assholes, trashing his Corvette
Bank robbers stick you the vanish into a vortex
Hand over my heart like Napoleon Bonaparte
I burn you like Joan Of Ark, you bitches get blown apart

They shook to death when we make the Pharaoh rise
Look in they eyes, you can see how they terrorize
Soft niggas petrify when the devil rise
Open they hearts, you can see when the terror lays
Run The Green Mile, no sweat, I'm electrified
Fire in the skies flow, higher than the clouds go
Scared money, no? Put the money where my mouth go
My dawgs gotta eat, breaking bread like it's Alpo
Cornny ass nigga stacking bodies in the silo
If shit didn't flow, I would throw him where the tide flow
Rappers gassed up and they fuckin' with a pyro
Save the small talk, I ain't social I'm a psycho

Hold the fuck up
Who this batti man pass the shotty
Winchester, military grade, catch a homy
Anybody have a problem with it, let them try me
Nobody make a fuckin' move, unless it's sanctioned by me
(I'm the fucking boss out here)
I'll let my young bol ride on ya
Waiting on another fucking letter from Andromeda
Sold out shows from Bogota to Ottawa
I just copped a YHM ray silencer
Soul of Nicolino and the mind of a philosopher
Ima bring the motherfucking drama like an opera
Have a Siciliana shoot at you like a photographer
Deadly with the machete, ready for any conqueror
Hahahahaha
Army of the Pharaohs!
Worldwide baby!
Yeah, Official Pistol!