

# Drenched In Blood

## Army of the Pharaohs

[Verse 1:]

I can't imagine me slacking, it's like a nigga stepping  
And slapping me right in the face but nigga it never happen  
I spit the Passion of Christ, the crucifixion's my weapon  
I take the shield from the knight and stick it through your intestines  
And that's just in day's work  
My motivation killing sincerely taken from day's hurt  
I spray earth with the venomous mind spray  
It's a hard knock life before Jay left Beyonce  
All-white green leather Diamante  
Windows tinted, y'all sit timid acting Kanye  
You so strange I'm throwing boomerangs at your foolish gang  
Overruled...

[Verse 2:]

Motherfucker you a faggot, you kiss niggas like Lil' Wayne  
I'm Kool G in his prime, you niggas rapping like Lil' Zane  
I don't two-step, nigga I move wet  
Cocaine, ecstasy and carry two jets  
Now if it wasn't for my seed I wouldn't need my life  
Give me a hoodie and the mask, I don't need the ice  
I keep verses in my head, I don't need to write  
Left hook split your shit open, I don't need a knife  
I'm on my hate shit, AK shit  
Step on my shoes, I shoot you in the face bitch  
So what the fuck is up? You niggas fucking up  
When Vinnie swing on you I swing on you nigga I fuck you up

[Verse 3:]

They all mistaking kindness for weakness  
They all bitches spineless and speechless  
Work all week and you poor by the weekend  
Jerks wanna creep try to choke you while you sleeping  
All cause we spit raw, no if there's a leak and  
Everybody quick draw, we know when you reaching  
Niggas done fucked up, they woke up a demon  
OT possessing having spoke to a deacon  
Hypocrite kids keep a hold on the preaching  
Please don't get split, they don't know what's the reason  
Philly's like Hell but it's cold and it's freezing  
24/7 no matter what the season

[Verse 4:]

Yeah put me in the booth surrounded by music  
I let my lips go man like I don't give two shits  
You Internet motherfuckers wish y'all was me  
On the road with the Army rolling with QD  
While we be touring y'all be at work whoring  
Begging for overtime, "Please can I get some more? "  
Been there, done that, matter fact still doing it  
Took some time but we running with this music shit  
Say my name man and I'll show up  
Hit a nigga in the gut till his ass blow up  
And I still speak power with the force of an anvil  
I spit gutter words fill another landfill

[Verse 5:]

I murder anyone who fuck with the villain, it's over  
You ain't American Gangster cause you chilling with Hova  
I got a motherfucking chip and it's still in my shoulder  
I dump the motherfucking clip in your grill and I fold you  
You ain't even in my league and on Vinnie dick  
I'm eating? and gabagool with my ginny clique  
I'm a Sicilian massive, you a mini pit  
Eleven Mac 11, nine 9s, on that Biggie shit  
I hug the block with Jay and Moss where that rocko was sold  
I carry four burners like the top of a stove  
2012 when y'all burn, that's what prophecy's told  
I don't give a fuck, I ain't expect to see thirty years old