

Feast of the Wolves

Army of the Pharaohs

Yeah...hahaha....

Vinnie P!

Celph Titled, Apathy...

Yeah, walk with me!

It's the return of the most fucking grimy on earth
It's a funeral in every single line of my verse
Your mind'll just burst, with every line of Solomon's curse
Fuck a hummer, Vinnie Pazienza driving a hearse
It climb to reverse, like the lyrics on a dirty record
I carry thirty weapons, burn you with my .30 Desert
Should learn to accept it, it's a path of destruction
I earn my wage with a 30 H you pass, we'll be buckin'
It's no fucking discussion, I'm as hard as granite
I hope my vocal will choke you and then orbit the planet
And then cross the Atlantic, Pharaohs is causing a panic
Arms will be brawling with Planet, saw us and called the mechanics
My baby girl is a .40 cal, I used to tell my older brother "little shorty, w
ow"
But that was then daddy this is now
You can suck my dick you little fucking bitch, your block about to bow

You better make way, the motherfucking wolves are back
We back at it like a bad habit, no we ain't having it
Tell 'em, you heard we came down
Smack 'em, if they make a sound
No, we ain't backing down
No, we ain't repping them
Get 'em? We got 'em (Pick 'em up, pick 'em up!)
Shoot 'em? We shot 'em (Understand what I'm saying?)
Get 'em? We got 'em (Pick 'em up, pick 'em up!)
Shoot 'em? We shot 'em (Understand what I'm saying?)

Fuck around with the Army and get a split wig
Like Santa Claus, bringing gifts to a Crips' crib
Cuz you're the type that a phony when you try to fight
Hide behind a bouncer and your homies when wild'n right
Nowadays, faggot nerd poets be trying to write
On the mic, looking like a Napoleon Dynamite
The foamiest fall, like foliage when they brawl
Tongue spit black magic, unholy of all
Like the planets revolve around suns and space
I got plans that involve large guns and waste
I got flows that evolve beyond the human race
Try to spit em in your lips or off your tongue and your face
I'm toxic waste, I'm top-secret box lock the safe
I'm blocks with shot cops only dropped in lakes
I'm crack-rock and base with a cosmic taste
To put the fiends into space where the rockets race

Yo, is there heaven for a gangster?
No, but there's hell for a faggot
Put on my work outfit, with a belt for my ratchet
You gonna melt when the gats spit, shoot your mother at your funeral
She fell in the casket, how convenient is that shit?
Shoot a flare at my troops, and we letting the gats flame 'em
Put stairs in the booth, and we stepping our rap game up

I'm a boss but I take orders, from gun exporters
Plus I got a keen sense for sniffing out tape recorders
You a snitch? We'll rape your daughter
And bring her down to the basement to tape record her
Get your best entertainment lawyer, cuz we about to extort ya
Fake thug, Tom Sawyer, yeah I saw ya, we'll saw ya
With the Black and Decker, slice savagely
I don't gotta use God's name in vain to get my soldiers to blasphemy
And I won't say I'm the best since Rakim and Pac and them
Better yet, I'm the best since Mozart & Bach and them

[Chorus]