

Frontline

Army of the Pharaohs

Uh, AOTP in this nigga. We don't rumble no more
I will take it back and disrespect a nigga sly to you - before i pull that r
atchet out.
I'm going in. Uh.

Why you running with those lames thats tapped out
AOTP is frontline with they macs out
And we don't rumble no more we comin' for war
I can hit from a long range don't care if you draw, and uh
Your eyes cant hit what they cant see
The M1, will melt a nigga wig like gangrene
And my trees is laced, bucket is half licked,
My whole team got laced, half of them rich
The other half, originate from the best part
My right hook will leave your face covered with stretch-marks
When the swellin' go down, im tellin' ya clowns
The next step is fillin' up your melon with rounds, and uh
This is warfare, niggas in war gear
The AOTP, whole roster is all here
So fall back if you thinkin' of beefin' dog
I have my nigga Reef tie your moms to tree with barb.

The Heavy Metal King hold big shit I cock the heaters
Fat, bald, Puerto Ricans and the pasta eaters
Every move i make righteous, God Allah can see us
Peace to Abraham, Ishmael, Jacob, Jesus
Peace to every man, woman and child
To Mohammad and his glorious muezzin Bilal
You a swine eater that means all your energy foul
I'm a divine leader that means all my enemies bow
Yeah, but i ain't worried 'bout my enemies now
Even though at times my team can be incredibly wild
Don't attempt to ever get me to smile
Unless you wanna see what bullets do to heads of a child

Behold a Pale Horse, yall niggas is running a frail course (Get up)
Ain't nothin' better than smellin' a stale corpse
Depicted, through your skeleton, wear elegant gloves
Purple blood on the fingers we lock from hell and above
The shell from a slug, turn grizzly bears into cubs
I make the birds fly south when we get it crunk in the club
Its nothin' to us, we bustin' militant verses
Belligerent syndicate, we spit the gift and the curses
You niggas worthless, i see you in the cypher with ya backpack
I'm way past that, may God strike ya
You sounded like you was reading, you was off-beat even??
So you left with ya jaw leakin', i punished 'em all speakin'
We all beefin, niggas is running rampid
I curve verbs, the type that can serve Sampras
Y'all all infantile niggas in pampers
Theres no cure to my sickness, im rap's cancer

(King Syze)

Lets get it crackin' what happened to all a ya'll?
These QD stars got the people screaming for encore
We love raw, direct, uncut raw
And ya little particles we bound to dust and mop

Rap shit is my rope, and i ain't givin' a slack
Main question in the air man, Who bringin' it back?
Gotta' be us, honestly In God We Trust
Apply pressure to the point and it will probably bust
Don't ever strike me, rollin' with Crypt that's more than likely
My Daily operation for the cash on the nightly
We all icy, hustle just for the grams
And breaking bread with the Pharaohs man, thats part of the plan
(It go, it go, it go)

(Demoz)

Food off your plate I scrape, I will never cater
Demoz tryin' to come up like a elevator
Green money, make paper like i own a forest
He's funny, rap name should be Martin Lawrence
Never hated, I ain't tryin' say I never made it
Now my confidence is high like it's medicated
Call me a loose charm, I'm off the chain
I'm off the wall like in memory of my name
Versatile with the flow, they all the same
Ghetto can't walk right, I borrow the cane
Raincoat, Umbrella stop all your rain
The industry a buffet, I eat all I can
So fuck if you next and fuck a duet
You niggas don't want to play me like Russian Roulette (Nope)
Man you DVD rappers soundin' comfortable, bet
This not an exercise tape, why you bustin' a sweat? (Nigga)