

Gorillas

Army of the Pharaohs

Y'all get too close, I'ma squeeze the life out of you
You speak too loosely with your words, I'ma silence you
You ain't a leader, dog, nobody'd die for you
You ain't a killer, dog, who the fuck lied to you
And I don't even fuck with y'all ballerinas
Tryin' to tiptoe by me, I'ma stab your team up
Tryin' to get dough by me, I'ma snatch your cream up
'Cause my squad gotta eat and y'all can't come between us
Thoughts of blowin' my fuckin' head off when I look in my gun
I cock back, can't squeeze when I look at my son
I stop that, can't breathe, y'all wouldn't walk in my shoes
I'm antisocial, don't speak unless I talk with a tool

You can take the braggin', the boastin', add up the passion devotion
The crabs that lack in emotion, we throw 'em back in the ocean
The Pharaohs packin' the potion, we back in action and rappers are chokin'
Actin' like the smokin' cats, their backs will get broken
And '96 was the year I started talkin' with Vinnie
Rockin' the city, talkin', really reppin' Boston and Philly
Now you can find us, lined up with OS and QD
We flow fresh, so don't test, we grotesque and beauty
I profess a slow death, your plan of attack's a panic attack
Still better than Bush's plan for Iraq
My fam in the back, known to keep it realer than most
While you fake cats cower like the Steelers coach

Yeah, we the realest, ain't nobody stoppin' the fam
And we gorillas, walk around with glocks in our hand
And we some killas, run it like the Mafia ran
And you should feel us 'cause we turn your fuckin' block into sand

We been bubblin' like Bazooka Joe since Boogie Down and Superho
Futuristic, new simplistic, sweatin' my computer flow
Army of the armed and dangerous, we stay with stainlesses
Status is famous, raps translated to seven languages
Rulin' rap, iron fisted, flow's fluid, rhyme is liquid
Nitrogen, knife in my pocket, pull it out when shit gets twisted
Y'all lookin' for villains? Well, I'm that guy
I charge junior high kids for a contact high
And I could always tell Kno was on some faggot shit
Like singin' Lil' Kim's parts during Magic Stick
You'll get your face rocked, nose popped, we got, heat cocked
The A-dot, o-dot, t-dot, P-dot

Check, yo

Ever since Blood and Ashes life's slowly been changin'
Catch me sweatin' every night, with my rosary, prayin'
Meditatin', bathin' in blood, face full of mud
So grimy, tryin' to speak to me's like takin' a drug
Razor blades under the tongue, with "Ways of the Gun"
Playin' in the background when I'm embracin' my sons
It's like I'm huggin' Satan, though, they feel the evil inside me
Nah boys, it's me, Papi, can't one emcee stop me
I'm stressed, blessed with a gift, I'm still tryin' to make it
Stained from separations, my brain is like a matrix
I tighten up my laces, prepare for the sequel
Until then, I'm gon' hustle and take care of my peoples, what!