

Gun Ballad

Army of the Pharaohs

Yeah, uh, yeah
We back y'all
Uh, AOTP
This is what y'all's was waiting for, right?
Yeah, nothing but that classic, classic, nothing but that classic, classic

Yeah, yo
I stay strolling with Crypt
My opening Griff like the smokes of my fifth
Cup of gin, devilish grin, bodies cozy and stiff
It's the messiah, think the black Moses of myth
I hold the staff and turn snakes into nothing but pith
I spit the 'glyfics and a mystics, you know what it give
One eye, bloodshot, on a pyramid tick
It's real energy, you a high school chemistry kit
The ease, the crease, get a whole energy lift
If your hate since 9-8, Kamachi and Hologram
And 0-7, he the reverend of the lawless land
I crack crosses, I'm here for the fall of man
AOTP, this is what you call a jam

Nigga I'll leave you poked in the chest
If hip hop is dead, call me ghost in the flesh
I'm close to the best
Kill your fucking man, have a toast to the death
Gotta be a ball game if I'm approaching the bench
Coke on the steps, po-po lock me up
Came home, now we just waiting on mafia
Jae I got you, Vinnie I see you
Crypt, King Size, Planetary, no need to
Display no one else's name, we all lethal
We came from a flame a hundred below evil
Nigga, I'll shoot you, I'll stab you,
I knock your fucking jaw off your face if I smack you
Who's Luke, who's John, who's Paul, who's Matthew
I don't read the fucking bible, nigga I'll just get at you
I'll make a bunch of crazy white boys kidnap you
Let you know this is real true life, no battle

This is a gun ballad, mother fucker get lost
AOTP, every member is a boss
Can you pay the price when your life is the cost
Will you crack under pressure, take another loss
This is a gun ballad, mother fucker get lost
AOTP every member is a boss
Can you pay the price when your life is the cost
Will you crack under pressure, take another loss
This is a gun ballad

You knew the white boy was wild nice
And that I stick the cooker to your ribs like fried rice
I got some cousins moving d at a wild price
That have the dope fiends lean mean when they pound spikes
The aim's sloppy dog, knife work mean
Stick it through the neck, pull it out
Knife work clean (ha ha ha ha)
The God's righteous, but I might serve fiends

And the four fifth lift you out your iceberg jeans
I got a lot of young boys and they mad hungry
Murder, kill, shoot the place up, stab for me
This ain't the type of place you can survive God (not at all)
God don't live inside me, I live inside God.

I ain't messing with nines, nah
I give them shits to my bro
I only mess with big shit, with the shoulders involved
Throw your body in the river so the odor dissolve
A head shot, leave your brain under the motor your car
For real, you can bet your last, I split plenty wigs
It's KTK, Kenny the Kid
And I'm still in the hood, money, getting them packs off
Side of the Barrel, dog
It feel like a scratch off
Broad day light, the hood's like Iraq
I got good aim, peep hole niggas get eye clapped
And we all on ease, all in greens, all in trees, and we all gon' squeeze
AOTP, niggas be running game on you
And I ain't talking about my money's gonna rain on you
I'm talking about the shit that dent up your car
Gat nines and big faces or I'm clipping your broad, faggot

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