

Henry the 8th

Army of the Pharaohs

yeah, its murders, plenty murders, blood, we spell doom, pharaoh click baby

for who the bells tome
Vinnie Paz I call hell home
put the ratchet to the side of your face like a cell phone
any way you wanna look at it it spell doom
Vinnie Pazienza be proud you befell tomb
me and shareef, we stronger than pillars in greece
you need to understand the pharaohs are still in the streets
you need to know that we got beef but we willin to peace
you need to know that we got heat and its still for police
its juju mob, and army of the pharaoh click
we on some revolution Amadou Diallo shit
I like to watch your brain explodin when the hollow hit
its Vinnie Paz and we dogs Kamachi follow it

yo its my house like RUN! controllin the 80's
flow very crazy like I spit the blood of Rosemary's baby
slang fire like a hustle in Haiti
couple holes for the souls pitchfork for the daisies
ashes for urns I'm a murderer maybe
a lavish little lucifer burnin the hazy
faced out still could get a hold of the ladies
hit from madame bavaskier in a old mercedes
this is death speakin, the smell of fresh flesh wreakin
get a funeral organ and the best dressed deacon
juju till voodoo come, eye of the pharaohs
blood pour, heart of a chump, jump from the arrows

we got a message for ya
yeah our squads ain't checkin for ya
and if its beef well protested
smith and wesson's on ya
AOTP, JUJU mob we bossin ya click
rain fire on this hip hop shit

we can't reef raw
on the streets I'm king cause
y'all the fuck can't beat my chest like king kong
is this thing on?
I'm tryin to channel the youth
I rock the crowd of caesar, and hannibal's booth
they call me animal tooth
use your bones as a back scratcher
I'm allergic to dirt, weed, and wack rappers
my hair's too pretty I just let the gat smack ya
I dropped outta school, motherfuck a backpacker
double crossin some abominable bitches
you a fuckin fruitcake like what my aunt serves at christmas
my darts relentless and we ain't tryin to be friends
my gun attached to my hip like a siamese twin

its the twin it go beat down
QD, niggaz hit the street now
bangin beats out
thug niggaz throw they heaters out
its pussy niggaz like y'all scared to leave the house

once they retrieve 'em out BLAP
let 'em see the clouds
I make the most gangster nigga hit the concrete
and start snitchin, pointin fingers like they on wall street
my squad deep, we the gods and generals
type of niggaz too drunk, we dodge the interviews
we came a long way from cipherin all day
when days was all play, now we rhymin for strong pay
outerspace got a strong hold on the game
we reign, you minor leaguers be breezin the hall of fame
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