

Hollow Points

Army of the Pharaohs

I would move Heaven and Hell and anything in between to get to you. You wouldn't be safe anywhere if I was mad at you. And that's not bull; that's truth. I've went up against people. You could pull a gun on me and if I'm mad at you I'm coming forward. You'd have to shoot me to stop me and if you don't kill me... you're stupid cause the next time you see me I will kill you.

They call us gorillas, we brawling, you in coffins with killers
You at the auction, I'm boss and smoking cigars at the dealer
Nigga I'm iller, count scrilla like casinos, only c-notes I'm a cancer nigga no chemo
I'm dancing with satanic people, life is illegal
I'm heroin in the needle, my emotions are see-through
I'm evil, read your palm before dawn and spawn
Calm before the storm's Katrina nigga, I'm drawn
Too much to handle in seconds I manhandle the peasants
Dismantle is pleasant, turn their Hell to my Heaven
I excel with my brethren, giving birth to nuclear weapons
I'm shooting your henchmen, every written verse is a lesson
I'm close to perfection with rap nigga I'm flawless
I'm God's light, the type to illuminate in the darkness
Hand me the trophy, the gold medals and plastic toys is lit
I scorch your clique, nigga I'm back again

If I ain't on my grind then I'm high trying to take your cheque
I done hustled on the hottest block and I ain't break a sweat
AKs and Techs make em vacate a set
If he ain't trying to pay his debt then we gotta spray his neck
You get laid to rest, nigga this is Murderville
Now smell the essence of the el, nigga this is Earth for real
Fuck a bitch, I'll leave a nigga burnt for real
Signed to the streets but the judge ain't served the deal
I just turn the wheel, hit em back Waiting for a pussy to creep, give him my best shot
Now sing a lullaby, sorry mama I'm mangled
And I'm about to catch a motherfucking homicide
This bitch named Karma got me going crazy and it's fucking hot
I don't wanna go away I'm like an addict in his fucking prime
Lit trying to get a hit, hungry for this money
If there's tension in the room then you know it's coming from me

We pull them Glock's out, we about to make a change
One to wipe your block out, guaranteed to hit your frame
This'll hit the vein, the official Pistol Gang
Pharaoh clique, a nigga sick, I'm quick enough to split your brain

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My rap will give you fucking brain cancer
Different question cousin same answer
Y'all motherfuckers made me scrap like I was Kane's dancer
But there's a method to my madness unusual still
They call me Pistol Pete Maravich moving the pill
We push a lot of everything but it's usually krill
We use a lot of weaponry when you gruesomely killed

I thought a lot of destiny but it's truthfully real
That could make a warrior like Zeus if he's truthfully I'll
I went to Hell and then I saw the abyss
Where dirtbag drink from the same water he piss
It's Armageddon when I ball up the fist
It's God Consciousness that started this remarkable gift
I was a martyr, it was horror when my father was sick
I was a monster, I would stomp you in the yard with a brick
I'm a survivor but I got the fucking charm of a pit
That just detach you, now you got your fucking arm in his grip

Niggas try to hate, we don't hear the side talk
Them loud mouths, gotta hit em with the white hawk
all my bodies, buy em chalk
My niggas upstate squared with the shock
This for y'all wild out when your cell's cracked
You know your time's short when they trying to seen your mail back
We catch bodies for the love of the block
I collect shit, I got a hammer and the glove of a cop
So while you hugging model I was hugging the block
One for the money, two for the pop, three for a rock
Yeah say I'm steamed when I'm pulling a scam quick
Old Reservoir Dogs, lay your blood on the canvas
Quick to blow diesel but the game is sour
And you's a pussy, where I'm from that's the name of a coward
So when you get your weight up I'm already in power
Who wants war? My niggas fly planes into towers, Pharaohs

[Chorus]