

# King Among Kings

## Army of the Pharaohs

Yeah, uh  
The dark arts  
AOTP, yeah  
Feel like the nineties right here don't it  
Yeah uh uh, uh uh take 'em back  
Yeah, yo

Yo I'm a pharaoh my street magic been on deck  
I'm the north Philly Imhotep, you ain't been no threat  
Look at the walls to my lingual set  
In the trim on the gold coffin where my demo's kept  
It's Kamachi my legendary status is earned  
With the ashes of dead faggots from the Vatican burned  
I don't care unless the murder of the Pope is concerned  
I'm +Violent By Design+ with the scope in the urn  
You sweet wearing sequins stroking a perm  
I'm in the desert with fatigues try'na focus the germ  
Yeah, and all you see is blocks of fire  
Suicide bombers screaming what to Allah  
Y'all try'na play heavenly angels  
Get ya halos mangled, in the throat of ya saviour strangled  
Enough to baffle your ears a little shrapnel from the chapel stairs

Ayyo my flow is pain  
I feel nothing I'm bleeding over Cain  
This is a soldier game fuck 'em buck 'em blow his brain  
I camel-clutch mics put ya fuckin' soul in flames  
Take a hold of you and scold you with Jehovah's name  
We fuckin' load and aim, ayyo Chief Kamach'  
Take these rappers and strangle 'em until they breathing stops  
We talking weed and rocks, Desert E's and glocks  
The only thing that make me happier is bleeding cops  
I only fuck around with ill rappers  
My homie Celph got the heritage, stealth and all the ill clappers  
You only mad 'cos your flame is dying  
It ain't hard to find you can catch me on the grind with Seamus Ryan

Master builder  
Rap British Bulldog boy ask Mathilda  
Cats with the steel young god  
The soul benders with uncontrollable tempers  
Leave you dead in your Nikes like you was heaven's scapegoat members  
Yonder yo the, money folder with that funky odour  
Don't get it twisted like I'm speakin' with the tongue of Yoda  
You stay behind the voices like a cock-less thunder quoter  
I'm sayin' fuck the voices like a foreign country soldier  
Shay's worthy my family play dirty  
We continue to diss you discontinue like a J-30  
(Money wants you killed) Yo you better tell cuz'  
To rely on M-16s like D-12 does

It's the Army of the Pharaohs  
Make a threat, you're hardly a scarecrow  
We provide you with ammo knockin' off your sombrero  
So move back bandejo, you dealin' with a lot of these guys  
Who rock silk suits with Mafia ties  
I'm blazing hot, open my mouth, flames come out

You's a snitch open your mouth, and names come out  
So we gonna, hop your top off and brains come out  
Nigga I thought you said you knew, what a gangsta 'bout?  
Hang 'em out, these pussies is wet, leave 'em to dry  
I do the work of the devil, I'm a +hell of a guy+  
Unload the MP5 and leave your studio sprayed  
And have blood squirting out ya head like Coolio's braids  
Doggy this is how we slaughter heads  
Catch you sleepin' stab you so deep the tip of the blade puncture your water  
bed  
'Cos I'm the type to slice the skin on your back off  
Come back a week later and slice the motherfuckin' scab off