

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