

Midnight Burial

Army of the Pharaohs

Yeah, AOTP

Lost Cauze, Vinnie Paz, Planetary, Warchild we love you nigga
(AOTP they know we be O N T O P) King Syze, Apathy, Celph Titled
Eso, Blacastan, Yeah

I can't remember all y'all niggas names man there's too many of y'all
We got a nigga in the crew named Raul, shout out Raul (Raul what up nigga!)
Uh

Ayo y'all pussy like a Fleshlight
My squad is the ride or die "arf arf" DMX type
I be iller in my next life
I'm fucking Rad without the BMX bike
Yeah, that's for my 80's kids there
And y'all walk with rat tails like an 80's kids hair
I smoke wax and eat pot brownies
And will still crush and fold a grown man like Jadeveon Clowney
I got the pound on me
Don't get loud on me
It'll be my treat have a few rounds on me
Salute, wild flute, wild fate
Only thing sicker than Lost Cauze is child rape

Puerto-rock Rambo, Long range ammo
Always on my toes but I don't rock sandals
Uncaged animal, off the leash, awkward speech
Toungued off the table, is that what you call a feast?
Underground king, underworld got 'em under siege
Cold blooded killers, we make the tundra freeze
Flat life line, I'm off to make a million
Kinda hard to do without pussies catching feelings
I go all in, I ain't got nothing to lose
Hollow points split your face, fucking up your point of view
Niggas acting funny, trust me, I am so amused
Terminate 'em On Sight, We know who is who

Ayo fuck a cap and gown, attack your crown, We the last around
Blasting that classic sound, Lock it up, latch it down
At the clowns, he late to the fight, trying to catch a round
Only way I stoop to his level is to feed my bastard hound
I already passed the pound, I ain't trying to match your style
I ain't trying to rescue, your a doctor crappy rapper now
I'm in my cabin only happy with the batch around
Not unlike an older Bruce Wayne, or a younger Satchel now
Same when he's at the mound, if you can't keep up we ain't on the same page/
paige
It's time that I sweep up
AOTP there ain't no equal, we anger people
Like casting Mel Gibson in a Django sequel

Yeah, I spit incredible
Your style is DOA, stinking in the vestibule
Automatic fire attire getting rid of you
Shoulda just retired now they sizing up a suit for you
Look at you, in shits creek, without a paddle in sight, shits deep
I don't understand that, gun in your mouth talk
Getting intimate with .40 cal's where's your tought talk?
It fell back, guess who had to second guess

When you realize the main man was named Des
AOTP put your motherfucking heart to test
25 deep nigga, roll it to your fucking rest
I can get retarded too, bonafide idiot
Fully auto in the tuck, watch how much letters spit
You delicate, softer than some baby thigs
Drag you kids underground like I'm Pennywise
Stoned off the reefer and the vodka got my liver fried
Never have to be a loser nigga if you never tried

Out the sludge and the slime, at the bottom of the barrel, I'm a God and a P
haraoh
Rap game Robert De Niro, or better yet, rap game Ron Swanson
My song sponsoring the lab I keep flying saucers in
Holsters and harnesses, my gold never tarnishes
Gun powder Pharmacist, Manhattan Project on this shit
Getting high injecting snake venom
So get the fuck outta Dodge, avoid taser shots bitch I'm ducking the charge
Your rough rugged facade is just a mirage
So let's aim for your neck make a bloody collage
My bread straight, no croissant, so let's go
My gun won the Cannabis cup for having the best smoke

Yeah, hahahha Army of the Pharaoh clique
(Everybody want heaven but no one wants dead)
Reef the Lost Cauze, Des Devious, Crypt the Warchild, The Esoteridactyl
Celph Titled, hahaha, We shining out here
You think you mob motherfucker? We the motherfucking mob, hahahha