

# 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