

# Narrow Grave

## Army of the Pharaohs

Yeah Yeah

Kamachi, Planetary, King Syze

Yo, they love the way I pin a champ,  
Under a tinted lamp hear my voice blast from a vintage amp.  
I kill the reciters of lies,  
Get burned by the fire from the light in my eyes.  
It's Kamachi, possessed by the pharaoh ways,  
Underground like where the dead bone marrow stays.  
The spot where you breath is where the arrow lays,  
A sideways death for a narrow grave.  
My shit hit hard like an Arab raid.  
We blow up, ain't no need for a barricade.  
They looking for good luck, like a barrel of jade,  
They looking, so stuffed when the barrel is sprayed.  
Since the five perfect exertions, they waited afraid.  
The devil caught from the tower on the table is slayed, pussy.

Fall back, fold up, rappers is so tough,  
Until the army roll up banging that cold crush.  
We send shots through ya vest and leave your soul touched,  
Lock and load up, post up, toast up.

Aiyo, my vocal duel, payments hiatus save the local crews.  
Only the chosen few can ride with the most explosive crew.  
But not you, jealous ones they envy us,  
Cause we spit venomous, until books remember us.  
Hell fire embedded in us, plus sins condemning us,  
It's just what I write, ignite cop killers and predators.  
I be like this, best believe I cant be ignored,  
Spitting metaphoric, until the chosen child is aborted.  
When my mind's in orbit, forces knock you out your high horses.  
Deal with high sources, until the meal is five courses.  
The flames is high, when my brain and the train collide.  
Under much needed change in time, the game is mine.  
Build strength through the niggas that be hating me peers,  
But it's the army, part of me ya'll been waiting for years.  
From a small block, hip hop, busting my tool.  
King Syze, dope shit, what can I say man? It's nothing new.

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I'm a scientist in the lab, with a violent twist and a gift of gab,  
Pharaoh tongue that can lash through your clique and stab.  
From the days where you carried screw drivers,  
in back pockets in case you had to prove that your crew lava.  
We was painting on your property,  
and until this day I still got rookie niggas out trying to copy me.  
Planetary nigga, Q-D original,  
Smooth criminal, bash your mental, bruise your physical.  
There's something about the evilness of this track,  
it makes the heaven's gates close, and the tabernacles crack.  
In fact, it separates all the lies and the facts,  
It makes you see the light right before the sky turns black.

It turns boys to men, it turns toy soldiers to generals,  
Innocent mother fuckers graduate to criminals.  
It makes you think twice about who you are,  
It makes you feel like death's coming every 16 bars.

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