

Pages in Blood

Army of the Pharaohs

Brap brap!
Hahahaha!
Kamach!
Section Eight Egyptians!
What up couso?
Demos!
Louie Dogs!
Hahahaha!
Yeah!
Genocide General...

Yo, everything I see is fucking dead,
Bullets everywhere, fucking red.
I need the meat to be complete,
Give me the fucking bread.
We smoke to get high,
Shoot guns dust and lead,
Struggle to get by:
Shoot nuns, nothing said.
I been rockin' with Kamachi since nine-five,
You a pussy I'm a fuckin' cat that got nine lives,
I keep the ratchet with me that's where the nine hides,
Italian motherfucker come from where wine thrives.
We from Philly we was trapped in the dirt,
Where the young boys clap at you then clap at your earth,
Yeah, so I suggest that you should clap at them first,
'Cause here in Philly we got shit that make the back of you burst!

Man, they say your right hand man aint your right hand man,
'Til your right hand filled with money you feel me?
Money's the root of all evil,
I guess being broke is the root of all peaceful people,
Please be patient.
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Nigga you gon' end up dead or dead broke,
You gon' end up in the trunk with your head poke,
Tie yo' ass up with your son to them bed posts,
Beat you in the head, then be out like the Red Ghost,
Aint a fucking line in my rap you can dare quote,
Fuck a bear-hug I'll put the game in a bear-choke,
Bear-choke nigga's out my way they forfeit,
Whores get, dick in they mouth like Orbit,
Or Juicy Fruit,
Fuck a nigga let the uzi shoot you,
I don't get high I'll give you Loosyjuice, (fuck that nigga)
Fuck with the squad? I'll turn your hoopty coupe,
You bout to get signed? Big deal whoop di doo,
Moz, slash Pharaoh true to the skill,
Don't greet me, say hello to the funeral bill,
A lot of nigga's play stupid and silly but know what they do,
When they get a little money and move out of Philly you know?

Chorus

Yo, yo, yo,
This preacher boy trying to tell me my mission on Earth,
Walk up in the Episcopal church, pistol beserk,
Even the Devil say Chief is a sick little jerk,
Underground buzz like dirt bees that gristle the dirt,
Dear Father, I hate them fag fuckers,
Smoking dirty weed with cups of OE at the last supper,
Got Mary table dancing, Holy Ghost tryna fuck her, (fuckin' heathen!)
A hustler from Nazareth, I aint no sucker,
Might be crazy, a little out of my mind,
To the tingling of the serpent that's riding my spine,
That aspire me to climb up the fiery vine,
Out of the devilish pit where the rebellious once sit,
After inhaling one spliff, I zone to the 6's,
B-Boy Beelzebub cracked them crucifix's,
K-A-M-A-C-H-I, Messiah in his riches,
AOTP, I never liked you bitches!

Chorus