

# Pull the Pins Out

## Army of the Pharaohs

yeah, haha  
turn the lights on, party's over motherfuckers  
celph titled the ammunition magician  
the esoterrorist  
its the army of the pharaohs for real for real

back with the kill death murder  
you better check your computers  
I won't ever cheat on my bitch  
but I'll still sleep with a luger  
you can see my reflection in the chrome it stays blazin'  
I guess my gangsta's all smoke and mirrors  
kidnap you in the basement with hatchets and cleavers  
so every time after that you hearin the wu tang torture skit  
and you havin a seizure  
fuck your street cred I'll turn your street red  
or skin the head of a skinhead  
celph titled and ES raisin hell with our pinhead  
its been said the pharaohs immortalize rhymes  
we kept heist plans in a cracker keeper, that's organized crime  
you might arrive in a stretch limo tinted out  
but you'll leave on a stretcher linen with no mouth, neck broken and ribs st  
ickin out!

we the gorillas its the season of itchy the killa  
you're cd is filler so we beef like manilla  
my sneakers, peach and vanilla  
call me michael jordan, while recordin  
slide a sword inside your organs  
speak from the pillars  
how real is ES for that scrilla?  
I build with godzilla's militant  
flotillas that believe in shootin first like reggie miller  
the illest of all sorts, we spit that fire motherfucker  
to leave you lookin like dude on the "Legacy of Blood" cover

soldier's stand up ready the artillery  
SALUTE! your comrade  
eliminate the enemy  
fire in the hole we lettin our grenades its like we pull the pins out every  
time we pull our pens out

by now you should know theres no fuckin around  
its the army and its goin down  
we came to take it all  
and there ain't no stoppin when the candles start poppin'

I wish a motherfucker would yap their lips  
cause when I rap a loaded clip  
either way that you look at it  
a mack's about to spit  
crack houses, i'm out with  
real killas not rappers  
who keep pumps on our lap like we inflicted with asthma  
addicted to disaster, every last bullet, I ain't savin none  
can't say hi to my neighbors cause I might wave a gun  
aim at the sun and you can shoot for the stars

put on your beat and we'll turn it off  
won't even let it loop for a bar  
we known to give your head an obstruction  
preach death and destruction  
cop diesel when I cock the eagle  
and thats not for nothin  
my shots always hit their target after the smoke sprays  
cause we store bullets in cat shelters so theres no strays

we sinkin arrows through your mink and pink apparel  
the pharaoh, king of the battle, on the brink of insanity  
frantically I spray the ink out the barrel  
the way you're thinkin is narrow  
we break your bones baby drinkin' the marrow  
these psychic's blink at my tarrow  
that's hilarious  
you rollin up in chariots and leave in wheel-barrows  
i'll have you wrapped in plastic  
just like the food in fruit baskets  
i'll have your crew in suit jackets  
all sad when viewing the casket  
now they pursuin the tactics  
to rep for you and get back at me  
but I'm rollin with the army  
motherfucker you couldn't ask for me  
and even when I'm outnumbered  
I shut 'em down like Teddy Bruschi  
and I proved it in the past  
so don't you fuck around  
call me stupendous, with sentences pen a genesis  
chemist with seven venomous menaces on your premesis  
we write the torture papes orchestrate ways to slaughter fakes  
formulate tapes and tour the states, I can ride with norman bates

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