

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 papas orchestrate ways to slaughter fakes
formulate tapes and tour the states, I can ride with norman bates

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