

## Seven

### Army of the Pharaohs

A lotta rappers try approaching the omen,  
My palms are punishin' people while I'm up at the podium,  
Pharaohs folding 'em, like washed clothes again,  
I'm a vulture when the flow go choke your kid,  
Broke, I leave most of them, slow, I keep my motionin'  
Eye on the prize,  
I silence the wise, with lyrics make a scientist cry,  
Making a secret society expose they purpose,  
Making 'em unleash info and exploding my surface,  
I'm taking my time to birth this, rap entity earthless,  
It's show time, there's no time, we ready when the curtain split,  
I'm hurting shit, too powerful for painkillers  
On the concrete jungle, we walk like trained guerrillas  
Untamed, and my niggas is Kane  
Kool G, Rakim, combined into one frame  
We like the new mecca of immaculate rappers,  
Vinnie Paz, call the goons, now we back with the clappers.

Yo,  
The man silent, kill him with what I mentally says,  
Bloody Fez, choke you like an Indian res  
Kamach, animal Turk, sick with a cannibal smirk,  
Welcome, this where the murderers lurk,  
It's my mind, that make sure that the Sun can work,  
Scorch bodies, leave all of your gunmen hurt,  
Pharaoh sultans, create a serious cult jam,  
And my hand is where the tears of the pope ran,  
They stay watching like they keep me on a scope cam,  
I'm in heaven with the angels and smoke grams,  
You need God, that's why the earth so damned,  
International, trying to get my flow banned,  
That's cool, if I don't kick these prayers,  
A lot of floods and famine's gonna hit these years,  
Kamachi back on the chapel stairs,  
Open the clouds, let the thunder clap your ears. (Chyea!)

If you wanna put your money up then motherfucker then put it,  
for your families sanity man I wish that you wouldn't,  
Niggas got nice flows, just don't know where to put it,  
And I know your whole life your raps are edited footage,  
Hey y'all mixtape niggas couldn't see my plateaus,  
All up in my presence why y'all actin bashful,  
King Syze cats and any clique they rap for,  
y'all little light niggas couldn't feed my shadows,  
From, city to city, intersection to session,  
What you reflexin, with or without a weapon,  
I'm always steppin, Never scared,  
But always and forever prepared,  
Yeah the ones who drink gas man, is revvin' they gears.

You now rocking with the foulest clique in the continent,  
Total dominance, rise to prominence,  
In my prime like Optimus,  
Stand in astonishment,  
Act as conglomerate, an axis of evil,  
I know where Osama is, he down in Camp David,  
Down and dirty like a damp basement,

The champ must demand greatness,  
From himself, or be another contender,  
There's 100's of niggas,  
Dead left under the river,  
From the days of slaves,  
To Hurricanes in Orleans,  
See my peoples graves floatin amongst,  
the waves, there's hell to pay, but  
the devil don't take checks,  
I try to send a message to God,  
his phone don't take text,  
I need a new plan, a crook with knowledge,  
times is hard homie, why I took them dollars,  
Man, my momma got a mortgage,  
and my little baby sista' need books for college,  
I rob all y'all.

Hey yo,  
They want the hood in here so they called me first,  
I get em rappers Gatorade cuz they ball with thirst, UH!  
This is more than music,  
but these niggas is mad trash,  
that's why the stores refuse em, yo,  
I'm out in Georgia goin straight to the block,  
I'm seein cats motorcyclin dawg I'm doin the wop,  
I'm an OG, I call my Italian niggas a wop,  
though they papers aint right but they got weight on the block,  
I love em uh,  
hand to hand till your hands ache,  
I drunk so much syrup dawg I stop eatin pancakes,  
Ya niggas cool dawg mines absurd hot,  
Stop frontin like you's a killa money your nerves shot,  
Yo you's a Paxil Nigga, Dumpin Zoloft in coffee,  
AOTP will exhaust b,  
cant keep it gear, cuz I'm blinging with F's,  
but I got my mind right so swing your shit to the left.

Nigga, If I had 24 hours to live,  
Fuck 24 hours, gimme 24 seconds,  
Vin I'm drivin off a bridge,  
Broken rib, no windshield, covered in kerosene,  
gasoline, tank filled to the top,  
magazines of these phony rappers ripped in pieces,  
No preachers, strong enough to take me outta my zone,  
I broke jesus, choke niggas who squeal,  
rob niggas who steal, kill niggas who kill,  
I'm too sick for a pill,  
Man these niggas aint real they real fake,  
they say they a man but they fuckin' with real snakes,  
thats when you put em in a trunk with they grill taped,  
Whip in reverse and run into a steel gate,  
I'm a suicide driver, never been a liar,  
If I don't kill you later I'ma kill you "Manana",  
y'all don't want know problems,  
y'all don't want no drama,  
Nigga I'ma take a trip with your baby momma, Suicide Driver.

Ya betta cross your T's,  
Cuz we'll dot your I's,  
You can say that you specialize but Pharaohs will optimize,  
Backstage will get a bitch backsmacked there,  
The macplayer like dirty south pimpslapped clap snares, (YEAAH)  
Holy Paragraphs, (What kind of shit is that?)

I'm Jesus in the flesh so this is muthafuckin Christian rap,  
Y'all just Christmas wrap, must be the secret Santa,  
My reindeer aim near, pierce you with the antlers,  
I made em go easy, and called off the wolves on my AOTP radio CB,  
Cuz y'all ain't worthy of grenades and RPG's,  
Slit throat hope you float with sardines and seaweed,  
Cuz this is C-E, L-P-H  
Demonic symphony, listen to the hell we make,  
And a year before your kids 10th birthday came,  
You didn't have to wait for candles on the cake to see the nine flame.

Respect a G, my clique clap at you incessantly,  
I lay back and drink alcohol excessively,  
There ain't a rapper that's alive today that's testing me,  
I got degrees in being ignorant and weaponry,  
A 40 oz and a dutch master is the recipe,  
That's my shit there that'll be the death of me,  
Give me a death mask, better yet a effigy,  
I understand the math of death and it's complexity,  
I understand how you was violently murked,  
I understand how you was raised under the lies of the church,  
But understand and recognize that I'm cursed,  
With the ability to end your fucking lives with a verse.

Paz-man, AOTP, Ill Bill on the beat  
Billy Crystal, what up baby? La Coka!  
AOTP