

## Silence & I

### Army of the Pharaohs

Yo I mastered the flow  
I know death more than Lazarus know  
And me defeated isn't frequent like Nazareth snow  
Hold ya urn into the air so ya ashes can blow  
Put my burner in the air so the pacifist know  
That I ain't scared to start a revolution  
Another fixed election another injustice I'm a execute 'em  
Land of the free, home of the bravest  
Who you think the victim who you think the fuckin' slave is  
People on the grind working for minimum wages  
Working nine to nine and seein' the minimum paper  
Not to mention the inadequacies of welfare  
And the lack of a proper universal health care  
They don't know about the common man  
They care about distracting you and hope that Israel'll bomb Iran  
I got a bomb in hand, and it's for George Walker  
Meet ya maker motherfucka meet ya lost father

"It's gangsta how we rock, while you watch  
Attracted to our style this is how we get down... "  
"Big jewelry and big guns  
We get busy it get grizzly"

This is concrete rap Q-Dimension pavin' the way  
It's a sacred day waiting for my patience to pay  
I'm a horse that grazin' the haters sayin' all that  
I'm the evil that's born when someone good passes away  
I'm both good and foul things  
The love and hate an unwanted child brings  
Right left life death the stress of the trial brings  
The best of the wild kings that's us  
This is smoked out rap get high angel dust  
Roll with niggaz that be payin the dues  
Playas that don't give a fuck if they lose  
Live they whole life drainin' booze  
Doc already told me is it rap or smoke  
Is it bars of death for life or a whole in my throat  
Hardheaded, livin' my life regrettin' shit  
That next shit Syzemology the new testament  
Do this for my niggaz call me the fan  
Yo I do this for them haters sayin' my songs don't bang

If this industry's a movie I'm the starring actor  
You're an assistant for the intern for the back-up gaffer  
But I'm only a rapper standing on two feet  
Backstage with four whores on all fours  
And that's on all tours  
How more can I spit a punchline and an I'll statement  
And keep your attention span on my records for entertainment  
No explainin' it, you do the math I did the math teacher  
Miss Anita spread wine under the gymnasium bleachers  
Fucker, don't matter which homes speak  
Cause we got pistols with barrels longer than Big Bird's beak  
Plus the creamy white powder yeh we sellin' the milk D  
My audio be to raw for children it's filthy  
I never leave the crib without a pack of now and later  
I pack now and blap later

And ain't a player you can find rollin' down the strip with hundred rounds i  
n clips  
Packin' macks in the back of the Ac on some Big Pun shit  
When you hear the click ya click run quick dick  
Transportin' handguns in mini-vans that's the pistol whip  
Celph Titled the gourmet chef ripple effect an  
Inconspicuous spit will catch ya mens when I'm splittin ya neck.

[Hook]