

# Strike Back

## Army of the Pharaohs

Yeah!

It's like that, you know it's like that, there ain't an army that could strike back

Hey yo, it's like that, hey yo it's like that!

Ar-my! Pharaohs!

It's the manifestation of rap greatness

I determine my life around the sound of a piano and bass hit

The basics of this hip-hop matrix, it's graveyard rap,

Quest build on your day, shift

I shake shift and get 'em to shake quick cause when Paz make the call I make grade A shit

Am I labeled a bitch so I say fuck chicks

Because who the fuck is gonna hold me down 'sides Crypt?

Who the fuck can control my sounds still don' got me, Scott be makin' my vocal sounds so cocky

Who got me? Yeah my dogs most likely

If I ain't loyal to my niggas, then god strike me

Keep strikin'

I'm taking your life, take my advice it's basically right

If money's the root of all evil then Satan is right

Break me twice that makes me two, that makes me a double headed rapper now make me a booth

Next to the one now that I'm in now the day's legacy too

Crazy motherfuckers light a fire up under these roofs

Maybe it's true I'm a rapper and maybe it's truth

Between my ego and pride come make me the truth

Maybe I do need powder to make it juice,

To go down with the first rapper claiming that he's too...

Fuckin' nice, I'll fuck ya with a knife, fuck his wife

Tell your bitch your husband said good night

Yeah it's like that ain't no army that can strike back

If hip-hop is dead then Demoz will bring it right back

It's like that, you know it's like that

There ain't an army that could strike back - - > Nas

Hey yo, it's like that, hey yo, it's like that!

There ain't an army that could strike back - - > Nas

Hey yo, it's like that, hey yo, it's like that!

Ar-my! Pharaohs!

Raise up the white flags, man it's time to surrender

I'm on a mission for the dope with a cokehead agenda

We're stormtroopers, burst through the craziest rain

I'll burst through fire walls while lazy niggas complain

Your pride came and went, and you ain't make it

It was right in front of your face, you ain't take it

Never be me, I can't live with that

Cause the youth I got I can't have that back

I'm the general, commendable, overall dependable

Loc'd out of cosmos but most times sensible

Live for the minute the moment the older I get

When the digits rolling over that's it

Ya call me Eddie Brock

Venom with machete chop penny rock  
Guzzilin' husslin' from eighty block  
You wanna battle band  
But you ain't serve gallohan  
You pussies take +Heat+ back like Shaq's travel band  
But you ain't got no gun or paper in your luggage  
The only 9Mil you have gets you fries and nuggets  
We stab bucks like study Jack Sigma  
We'll travel back in time and attack Hitler  
Look at money grid tryin' to buy his life back  
You ain't a pharaoh dog, ring him by his life back  
Fuck 'round with the army get your ice packed  
Cause we don't fuck around dog, yo, it's like that

Anybody go against me gettin' tortured and slain  
Slaughtered then maimed  
We robbin' rappers off with their chain  
I'm a cannibal eatin' motherfucker start with their brain  
They say that Panzienza previously thought to be sane  
I fought through the pain and established a remarkable reign  
Lamatta Panzienza Marciento all in the same  
We coulda signed a couple deals but what they offered was lame  
But that was regardless of the fact that we was awkward with fame  
And I remember me and Jus Allah would spark on the train  
And talk about how we were going to leave our mark in the game  
We back together and we gon' bring the dog back to the game  
And you know that we put our motherfuckin' heart in the game  
Yeah!

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