

The Torture Papers

Army of the Pharaohs

Yeah, muthafuckas! AotP in the building!
Pazmanian Devil!
Celph Titled!
Planetary, OS! Apathy!
What's the deal, baby?
We mobbin' on you muthafuckas!

Yeah
If there's one thing for certain, Celph Titled's a serpent
Put on this earth on purpose to change the ocean's current
Into tidal waves and lava, Secret government labs in Nevada
Found fragments of my sentence and died instant
From an infant to an emperor
Dead Sea Scrolls mixed with gangsta shit, my literature
Annihilate entire societies, nothin' left to salvage
Next mornin', loungin' on a tropic beach, gettin' drunk, talkin' about it
We might move in silence, not revealin' our plot
No alcohol in your system, but you'll be feelin' the shots
So many pistols, I'm the 45 King
Yes the Pharaohs is the new Flavor Unit, it's a fortified thing
And it's "A" 'cause we animals, "O" 'cause we ominous
"T" 'cause we tyrants and, "P" 'cause we're prominent
On all continents, our contents incite mosh pits
Products of our environment, we Designed to be Violent
And the Hologram showed you that, the prophecy was golden
The Torture Papers, hands catch on fire when they hold it
The game's changed, now there's more than 5 Perfect Exerters
Hang my portrait on the wall and you can frame me for murder

I'm a arson, y'all live y'all lives in coffins
I can hear y'all hatin' (The walls are thin)
Apathetic, call the paramedics, we had to set it
It's a war of words, they got lost inside the sentence
I'm diggin' graves, put the switch to my blade
Shank a nigga just for lookin' at me, get up on stage
When I say "Throw your hands up," better keep 'em up
'Cause niggas is creepin' up with heaters up
And nigga, you soft, I'll take you to lunch and feed you a corpse
Wash it down with OE, see nigga, I boss
Celph bring guns and smoke, I bring rum and the coke
Love my wife, that's why I never had no love for a ho
What, you don't know? I spit it with a propane flow
Cocaine-to-the-nose rap, that's why Plan' about to blow
So let's go, take a walk with a menace
Alcoholic nigga, showin' 40's love like tennis

I'm the product of angels and demons, cocaine and weedin'
Eight different reasons the A-P is breathin'
Language I'm speakin' is ancient as Eden
Where snakes had Eve eatin' Satan's semen
A top dollar pharmaceutical block scholar
Pop my collar like a bionic rottweiler
Molecules dissolve, I pass through walls
Solidify on the other side, grab my balls
I'm the shit, bitch, flip bricks bigger than Egyptians
Dragged across sand to expand my shipment
Shapes are shiftin', liftin' more weight than pistons

Attila the Hun with a gun, keep your distance
Toss UFO's and foes like a discus
The size of Godzilla, dick bigger than bridges
Wicked as a wizard with a liquid elixir
Stick to the script, I'm spittin' the unholyest scripture
And y'all are just now goin' through your thug phase
While I blast like flash grenades in drug raids
Try to criticize me, you little rappin'-ass groupie
Y'all as corny as muthafuckas who clap at the movies
The Army of the Pharaohs, checks with six ceros
Try to walk in my shoes and pop your Nike Air soles
There's no mercy, so of course the haters
Will get my autograph on The Torture Papers