

Army Of The Pharaohs "Agony Fires"

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[Verse One - Vinnie Paz]

I lick a shot in the sky,
A war don, you're gone cousin Optimus Prime,
You a bitch, one of 700 Solomon's wives,
I was in Constantinople during Ottoman's shine,
My glock is a nine, my thirty-eight Wesson a beautiful
bitch,
You rhyme like a hoe, find a more suitable pitch,
You bout to find out why German Lugers exist,
Dig a hole, bury yourself, beautiful ditch,
It ain't a single man living could fuck with the beast,
Gay rapper, altar boy you fuckin' a priest,
Fuck a cop, dirty pig we buckin' police,
Dirt bag can't make money, he stuck in the streets

[Verse Two - Planetary]

What you think? I'm sittin' in this cage for nothing?,
If they release me it's curtains, that's why I live in the
dungeon,
All black nothin' lit up, I set up walls,
And hang body's that I hit up, can't fit us all,
Warchild got machetes with old blood on the tip,
Paz sittin' with artillery to blow you to bits,
Shit, King Syze with the getaway,
All black UConn, shoes on everyday,
Gun play nowadays more frequent,
More real niggas mad fallin' off the deep end,
And your life depends on me,
I ice out the whole joint and put ya men on freeze

[Chorus - Planetary]

You can start a riot in here, now who's wit me?
Who the fuck gon' ride when this shit get shifty?,
Where my niggas at? I know who ride wit me,
This Pharaohs shit fo' life, they gon' die right wit me x2

[Verse Three - Celph Titled]

Spur of the moment I could strike with a strategic blow,
I hold the heaters low and ground you up inside a Peter
Roll,
Explosive botanist, obvious that I plant bombs,
I stand out in crowds like I got flourescent pants on,

Satanic candles lit in my recording room,
I'm makin' hits, singing songs of death in Autotune,
Put a bear-trap on ya ankle, drop you off at Foot-
Locker,
Mug the manager like, "What the FUCK'S POPPIN'?",
Punks drop it, while I stand tall,
You see me, you seen the greatest rapper, modern
man's call,
Electric meat-shaver that's a modern man's saw,
Precision chop limbs after I body slam y'all,

[Verse Four - Apathy]

Hand saw, bloody opera singer, Satans trigger finger,
Rock the bells in Hell, call me a dead ringer,
Freddy Krueger sweater, rock a Beretta cocka,
I'll dead a copper, head to Checy Slovakia for they spot
me,
On security cams, my maturity shows,
When I take these young rappers an I murder their
flows,
Including Weezy's and Jeezy's, if I had a genie,
I'd make major label rappers Ice Cube's and Eazy's,
Monster with the frees when I'm conquering emcees,
I be airin' rappers out, like I'm sponsored by febreze,
If you stop to get some Z's, I just haunt you in your
dreams,
Smuggle Yay from mediene and vacation in
Belize..believe me

[Chorus]

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