

## **Army Of The Pharaohs "Battle Cry"**

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[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Hahahaha...

Yeah, muthafuckas! We're back!

Pharaoh clique, muthafucka! Yeah!

Des Devious! (King Syze!)

Apathy! Celph Titled! (Kamachi!)

Vinnie P.! Outerspace!

7L, ES!

[Verse 1: Apathy]

I put you up on the IV, not the Roman Numeral 4

But the IV that leads to the funeral floor

Wax gets melted, breaks bones, fractures pelvics

Speeds through space and cracks blast astronaut

helmets

Face it, muthafucka I could pay to get rid of you

I got more heads in the hood than pagan rituals

A new tyrannical force for you to fear

Known to kill and keep human ears as souvenirs

A shape shifter, face slitter, paper getter

Take your sister, rape your sister

Make your sister take it in the face

And if you're facin' us, block off a 30-block radius

I throw more blows than boxin' Dr. Octavius

[Verse 2: King Syze]

Ever since we made some noise I learned people love a  
winner

We the quality of deep dish rims, y'all the hub spinners

Tough sinners, break bread with Jesus at dinner

Protected by a heavenly force, fuck a minister

Niggas know better, no one's letter is better than mine

Every time I rhyme, it's metal, the terror level is high

Plus I testify, it's best you die

Than to find the truth deep down in a mountain of lies

Down Syze, I'm ousting you guys deep in the dirt

Clockin' in and out of rap, have y'all fiendin' for work

When I breed it, yo it's treason what the semen is worth

Non-believin', make me steamin', make you meetin' the  
earth

[Verse 3: Crypt the Warchild]

Aiyyo it's my world, and I wont stop  
And if you stand in my way, you bound to get popped  
In the land where you lay, and fade from straight shots  
I demand that you pay and stray from straight blocks  
I'm the man that you pray, don't spray the flames hot  
I could tan in the blaze for days and stain cops  
I astound and amaze, y'all praise the same god  
I'ma pound out your brain and scrape the graveyard  
Have you shout out in pain, y'all say y'all bravehearts  
I'm a box up your frame and play the same card  
And I'm out for fame, spacebars and quasars  
Pharaohs locked the game, no shame, we hate y'all

[Vinnie Paz]

Yeah! Raw muthafuckin rap! Hardcore shit! Ninety-four  
shit!  
Shoot the fuckin' place up! Yeah!

[Verse 4: Des Devious]

AOTP, blast through your army fatigues  
Damage your team, competition done it with ease  
Gun in my sleeve cause nowadays, homicide is my  
steetz  
Collectin' my cream, I'm livin' your dream and peepin'  
your scheme  
Put you on lean from right hooks, pausin' your jux  
You fake crooks need to hit them books  
Learn the rules of the game  
Two to your brain, three to your frame, incredible pain  
You gettin' drenched in that November rain  
We the opposite of that wack shit  
Trash man of clap rappin', you die tragic  
Five six professional assassins  
Rockin' these mics and reppin' my fam' with passion  
Remember its Q-Dement', you bastards

[Verse 5: Esoteric]

Tell your man and your parents we be demandin' ten  
grand an appearance  
At a minimum my venom damage your lyrics  
We be like Manny Ramirez, comes out at fall  
With the radical, magical, and emphatical  
I'ma battle 'till I shatter your clavicle  
Call me admiral, raisin' the temp of the room  
I'm the emperor, remember I never surrender, I  
dismember platoons

Your petty men are buffoons  
We send 'em to their doom the second my venom  
enters their wounds  
I mentally bloom, exhume tombs with dope lyrics

Tupac's alive and well, Big L 'The Devil's Son'  
Rise from hell with dope lyrics  
Live in regret, AOTP these shook rappers hit the deck

[Verse 6: Chief Kamachi]

Courtesy of the streets, make it a microphone Middle  
East  
My specialty, only rhymer envelopin' my lyric sheets  
Knock turbans off of Sheiks, use a pipe bomb  
Downtown Israeli boutiques full of dead tourists  
With they dreams no longer in arms reach  
That's what I call dealin' with calm speech  
When I alarm your peeps  
Inscribed in a peasant's palm is a blessed psalm  
If you draw and your weapons wrong, there ain't no  
steppin' on  
My forty five is my weapon  
My culture's a holstered with seven inch slugs is kept in  
Squarely I step in, tiltin' my clips and blue Stesson  
God is my essence, and you could check these rhymes  
for reference  
adapt to any preference, pussy

[Vinnie Paz]

Yeah baby, kings of the muthafuckin' underground!  
Y'all motherfuckers don't want it with us! This that raw  
shit, throw back shit!

[Verse 7: Celph Titled]

I make Evil Knievel music, I come through stuntin'  
Every verse is the same, just flipped a little somethin'  
somethin'  
Baby I'm crazy, a crazy baby, a sick infant  
Born with intent to spit slick sentences with sick  
penmanship  
Shoot at your Chicago fitted and knock your socks/Sox  
off  
Aimed at your door but hit your head, shot your locks  
off  
I heard you was afraid to say my name on your record  
'Cause you's afraid I'd put your muthafuckin' frame on  
a stretcher  
I can't change laws son, that's a government issue  
But I'll break laws with a gun, it's a government issue  
It's the Army, we got power in numbers  
And that's nines, .45's, .357's, and M-500s

[Verse 8: Planetary]

Some people say I'm superior when I shit it  
Vivid visionary spit, vocabulary ridiculous  
I am a tyrant, I'm Violent by Design

I silence the scientific with every line of the rhyme  
Mozart of street rap, breakin' the barriers  
Space harrier filled with forties and pit terriers  
Ready to mangle, anybody crossin' the line  
I saw the sign and ran with the army, lost in time  
Ready for war but won't rock no dick trees  
I rock mic's, you'd think it's a hundred and sixty  
degrees  
Who stomp crews, batter and bruise clicks  
Kill bitches and stab you tricks with loose lips?

[Verse 9: Vinnie Paz]

I'm slightly disturbed, Pazienza is nice with the words  
That's the reason that I'm fly like the life of a bird  
I don't care if you dead, let god have ya  
Cause I'ma stay rugged and raw like Marv Hagler  
That's something you don't know about, you small  
rapper  
Nice with the left, nice with the right, the jaw tapper  
Allah backer, murder every track that I'm on  
You just spit a fuckin' verse wack then you gone  
Fuck fame, I study the fame closely  
They build you up, then you get rocked like Shane  
Mosley  
It's pain homey, and your blood on my pen  
It's Army of the Pharaohs and we're flooded with gems,  
yeah

[Outro: Vinnie Paz]

The Torture muthafuckin' Papers!  
Dead Sea Scrolls out here!  
Y'all don't want it!  
It's fuckin' raw rap!  
AOTP!

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