

Army Of The Pharaohs

"Bust 'Em In"

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[Celph Titled talking] Stupid motherfuckers. Run, duck, and hide, die motherfucker die. (Let em know, Celph) It's time to bust some heads in. (Let's go.) Oh yeah. It is the Army. Blaaaat! [Chorus] [Celph Titled] Hard to the motherfucking core we are The federated army of the Pharaoh murderer squad Run run We gonna tear the head piece up Uh huh, you don't want beef because Vinnie I had enough of them, yo bust 'em in Vinnie I had enough of them, yo bust 'em in Bust bust 'em in Bust bust 'em in Bust bust 'em in Bust bust 'em in [Verse One] [Reef The Lost Cauze] A.O.T.P. Fresh Nikes and ice links You won't feel till after the punch like a spiked drink Sipping Goose till my eyes pink Ninety-five live rings Real niggas survive things and die kings I can hear dead homie sayin' "Yo you owe it to me." So it's no holds barred like the old Hulk Hogan movie You got a heart homeboy? Well yo show it to me The flow's majestic, I spit a roll of golden rubies I'm old school like roll a doobie Daddy-O my hoes is groovy, pay my rent with dough from groupies A pimp and a killer, gorilla your project Nine milli really only defense of my logic The shotgun just sits in the closet Waiting for you fuckers to come dip in my shit Nonsense The weak could never stop the thorough Bitch niggas suspect, I call them boys Gossip Girls [Chorus] [Celph Titled] Hard to the motherfucking core we are The federated army of the Pharaoh murderer squad Run run We gonna tear the head piece up Uh huh, you don't want beef because Vinnie I had enough of them, yo bust 'em in Vinnie I had enough of them, yo bust 'em in Bust bust 'em in Bust bust 'em in Bust bust 'em in Bust bust 'em in Bust bust 'em in [Verse Two] [Apathy] I treat fools like bitches cause I always got a few biscuits And bus(t) 'em in like kids from different school districts Y'all dip shits will get your spinal discs flipped Rhymes will make the vinyl disc skip, find your wrists slit Nickel-plated nine shine like diamonds on Slick Rick I'm wicked as a Wiccan bitch when the candle wick's lit Want to sample this shit? You need to read Sanskrit And travel to the top of Mount Sinai to transmit Running through the Red Seas like an escaped slave Then holding up the walls of

water with my sound waves Like what I was doing
during Public Execution Half-human, half-mutant, Ap
must be the Rasputin Gats shooting, shots ricocheting
off of my steel body And three quarter length Fat
Goose to conceal shotties If God walks the surface of
the sun it won't melt feet Cause when's the last time
you heard Ap rip a Celph beat? [Chorus] [Celph Titled]
Hard to the motherfucking core we are The federated
army of the Pharaoh murderer squad Run run We
gonna tear the head piece up Uh huh, you don't want
beef because Vinnie I had enough of them, yo bust 'em
in Vinnie I had enough of them, yo bust 'em in Bust
bust 'em in Bust bust 'em in Bust bust 'em in Bust bust
'em in [Verse Three] [Celph Titled] I'm a five-star
general, the motherfucking main man Flip a bird, hold
a swammy with the same hand And do a rain dance
when blood splatters and sprays Cement mixing your
IV, turn your Anatomy Grey Nobody ratted at A- O.T.P.
not Tretch with O.P.P. I'm obsessed with O.C.D. A
temperamental mental patient With cyberkenetic on-
board computer integration One of rap's most
innovative voices and flows In front of missile-
command buttons I look around, all my choices just
blow So now you should know I'm the don of
braggadocio flamethrower I'm Cobra Kai and I'm
keeping that dojo, name goers Come down and sign
up, I'm training soldiers to rhyme rough And get they
punchlines up Cause you ain't fucking with the gold
beard Rubix Cuban nowhere No rapper is nowhere near
what I just wrote here Oh yeah [Outro] [Vinnie Paz]
Yeah. A.O.T.P. Pharaoh clique. Philly to Beantown To
Connecticut. To fuckin' Tampa. We worldwide baby
Official pistol gang. Braaaat!

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