

Army Of The Pharaohs "Contra Mantra"

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[Verse One - Crypt The Warchild]

Uh, yeah, okay, AOTP, E.S, Celph Titled,
Whaddup? Uh,
I solomly swear, this is my testimony,
I'ma keep it one hundred while the rest are phoney,
I'm wildin' out like suicide is my mission,
I ain't tryin' ta be crucified by the system,
You should take heed, I advise you to listen,
Watch me break knees, I'm surprisin' my victims,
The question remains who am I when I'm spittin'?,
It's me the emcee, I ain't no new edition,
My mind's a coliseum, I spit diamonds that glisten,
The beat is my journal where these lines will get
written,
Been through the garden, ate the fruit that's forbidden,
So back the fuck up when I'm removin' my fitted,
You could never walk in these shoes you don't fit in,
Y'all all say ya hot but that is just your opinion,
Y'all can all die in the spot that you sit in,
AOTP, the underground has risen

[Chorus - Planetary]

All we do is spray, till the game come back,
That's why we sittin' here building, spittin' flame on
tracks,
So what you say, don't matter at all,
So we gon' sit here and wait till God answer the call x2

[Verse Two - Esoteric]

It's such a pity, ain't nothing pretty,
Lyrics bury cats under 150 tons of scum in the city,
You say you poppin' bottles and stunnin' like Diddy?,
But your pockets be flatter than a models stomach an'
tittys,
While you frontin' like you rugged an gritty, why I spit it
so hot,
Why I like Big L and Big Pun more than Biggie an Pac,
I'm from that late 90's era where the Polo wasn't jig
enough,
A Gucci and Louie and Prada shit wasn't big enough,
I would spit it ridiculous, stay on point like Rondo,
Y'all bring up the rear like a JLo convo,

No they don't want no beef, they all want their teeth,
I may go Bronco, so lay low pronto, chief,
Four albums in a year, that's more than in your whole
career,
They all bang battle, I do more than end your whole
career,
So severe, beat you with a foldin' chair, listen,
AOTP's what the games missin'

[Chorus]

[Verse Three - Celph Titled]

Yo, Yeah
Paper money, know I wanna see that iron bucked,
They be robbin' hoods, so I keep that fryer tucked,
Try to have these props taken from me?
You end up red and blue like a female cop on they
monthly,
Dumpin' student bodys in front of the student body, air
em out,
Beacon on my radar tellin' me where's ya
whereabouts? (where?),
Magazine drums, have ya head bobbin',
Dead body nonstop noddin' downhill in a toboggan,
Shoot the Uz through ya house in Honolulu (Ooh wow),
I'll throw a pineapple grenade at ya, (Luau),
Am I concieted? Oh yeah best believe it,
Rap supervisor, pop up on lawns with fire arms,
True surpriser, you'll be rockin an upside-down visor,
And it won't be a whack fashion trend neither,
More like Suge Knight-Vanilla Ice shit, hotel balcony
dangalin',
My monsoon is Tom Cruise Valkary famous

[Chorus]

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