

Army Of The Pharaohs

"Dead Shall Rise"

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We were willing to die for an ideal and we would die for it again. But we prefer living for it, working for it, safeguarding it. [Chorus] [x2] A.O.T.P., we above the law See the cops start running nigga call the dogs They can't see me, I throw that Molotov And clear the whole field out, nigga call the gods [Verse One] [Demoz] I don't give a fuck about you I swing my blade and take a chunk up out you Chase the driver that's trying to save you And lace 'em with the scalpel Break your Adam's, Apple and clap you and leave you mangled I'm not the asshole claiming Philly, I'm blowing up the fucking castle Fuck pity and mercy I'm thirsty for the title Kill your vitals with verses, curses And hearses move 'em like Vinny Idol Take Vinny and Planet, mold 'em inside a bowling ball Launch em against the way you claim you carry Break your shoulders off Just for showing off you're stupid I don't threaten niggas, I really do this Squeeze the juice out of you like embalming fluid Burn his lid, barbecue 'em and fuckin' burn his ribs Throw the dress away with the evidence Burn a fucking wig [Celph Titled] I got plans for your murder and I'm ready to discuss em You're ready to die? Tell God I said, "Fuck him." Call me Iron Fist motherfucker I aim hard Bullets are free throw, silencer is the proof guard Said you was a crook but you ain't busting no lead homes Only jack you pulling is connected to some headphones The sound of the clap louder than several operas My sitcom screaming "I'm gonna kill you" across the teleprompter Yes I'm sick fuck the Zicam and Zyrtec How you gonna fight man when y'all resemble Smurfette? Stretch your neck till your head meets your ass I'll beat your dad dead now he's a deadbeat dad [Planetary] Nothing is ever promised, especially your life I demolish Too many niggas claim street but wouldn't last in the projects Too many happy-go-lucky cats rap with no money Black why you gotta act? I be screaming where the money at? I never understood your hood mentality Man you still selling weed on the block dog, that's blasphemy That's embarrassing, you nickel and dimin' A small cut off a bundle and you thinking you shinin' I could rumble in the jungle and

tussle with all the lions My hustle could turn to rustle
but for now I'm survivin' Living My kids are chillin' and
I'm whippin' the new boy It ain't a Maybach but it's
better than your toy [Chorus] [x2] A.O.T.P., we above
the law See the cops start running nigga call the dogs
They can't see me, I throw that Molotov And clear the
whole field out, nigga call the gods [Verse Two] [Reef
The Lost Cauze] I'm a motherfucking warlock, get your
jaw popped by the raw rock Use your tongue as a
doorstop, with your face I floor mop Get your pores
popped Like a dermatologist, I'm wildin' with Thugs
who go in your mouth like Polident I body shit, I ruin you
homes Turn your studio session into a funeral home
Two in your dome Got young bucks who buck for us
Homie follow the laws of God And Chuck Norris A.O.T.P.
We in good company Screamin', "We the fuckin' world
champs" like we Chase Utley My whole fam-o, tuck in
the gauge, bustin' them K's Have your block sounding
like the Mummers Parade [Vinnie Paz] I've been
catching fucking bodies for twenty years From eating
motherfuckers on the street up to bloody tears
Camouflage backpacks, Tims and some money wares
Now these rap faggots fucking sweeter than Gummy
Bears This isn't simple arithmetic, this is ancient math
Make you lose your face in Jehovah/Jay Hova like you
was Damon Dash I take a fucking machete and cut your
brain in half You're fucking with something deadly and
Vinnie Satan laughs I'm the greatest rapper alive The
Vin bias Cause I ain't get my chance to shine, call me
Len Bias I'll be patiently waiting for you if men try us I
don't call it writing no more I call it a pen virus [Apathy]
Mixtape rappers I should snap your throat Bunch of
tracks cracking jokes about crack and coke (Release
the Krakken) Ap is the crackers last hope Honkey Kong
fuckin' bitches leaving mattresses broke If the condom
break I'ma tell the bitch to abort I'm like the sniper on
the roof looking out for the stork Little dogs getting
shanked for a box of Newports There ain't a jail that
could hold me cause Ap teleports Skipping court on the
porch with the criminal sorts You was usin' couch
cushions buildin' living room forts Your moms pouring
yayo on my dick to snort I only rock a halo to hide horns
and pitchforks [Chorus] [x2] A.O.T.P., we above the law
See the cops start running nigga call the dogs They
can't see me, I throw that Molotov And clear the whole
field out, nigga call the gods

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