

Army Of The Pharaohs "Drama Theme"

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[Jus Allah]

You might be the proud new father
I am their future martyr
Who slaughters like blood is the new water
Who's darker, who owns a tooth sharpener
Who's partner is a fool for his tool carver
No disputing, refutings, no eludings
Just shootings, feudings, no undoings
No diffusing, abusings, unexcusing
Shoestring removings becoming behooving
They don't pay me to kill but to stop killin'
I don't hold my ends of the deal, I should start billin'
Any lesser of an evil is not fulfillin'
Don't text your house cleaner for a mop spillin'
You're the trailer, teaser, I'm the feature
You ail, you're weaker, I am neither
I'm a leader, you're a cheater, deceiver
Easier, a receiver, breeder!

[Chief Kamachi]

Musical martyr who do it harder
Fresh to death, like a French funeral parlor
Church and Kamala hurts for the scholars
France holla, anywhere between the Earth and
Shambhala
A black and white collar, grimy like crack pipes schwala
Trying to get a rap life dollar
Still spit it for shelltoes lottos with the velcros
It's killa code I dun did it till hell froze
Old school Guc jacket dirty elbows
My boombox blast the heavens
I talk shit, stuck bibles in the ass of reverends
They wonder what faith he is,
Is he Muslim, Christian, or Atheist?
It don't matter, brain splatter just take a clip
Only present, ain't no way to escape the clique

[Vinnie Paz]

This a drama theme, you a faggot rapper drama queen
My body work is vicious quick enough to rock your
spleen
Ain't nothin' funny sonny, even Vinnie's glock is mean

Steady with a machete ready for me to chop your team
How is Bush still here, we shoulda been shot him
Hologram, Taliban, call me Vin Laden
You a new jack hustla, Vinnie been clockin'

You a new jack sucker, Vinnie been rockin'
I ain't hear you sucker, come a little closer
Close enough so I can rock you with a mini roaster (x2)

Wack Chorus

Everything ain't always what it seems
Either I blow steam, or fall back and blow cream
Cuz, the left hand's for the position of mic
I made a nigga went himself when the mission ain't
right
I'm on some OG shit, go fishin' at night
Scrub the jewels with toothpaste so the glisten is right
Fuckers, I'm on a level that you can't ignored
I prefer a boxcutter til' your face start to drip and pour
Catch me and Reef eating on South Beach
Smackin' niggas so hard that his head leak out meat
Salute me or you better speak out peace
Cuz cats smoke so much oil niggas leak out grease
We play everyday just like the weekend
...and the A to the O to the T to the P in this bitch.

[Celph Titled]

Surgeon General's Warning:

I'm surgically injuring informants to resemble invalid
deformed kids
Satan's orphan born force to contort ribs
Expand my land look at what one golf course did
Nine irons and three woods, goons with the spikey bats
Ali Baba swords swoosh-shaped in the Nike bag
(damn)
Ask around they say for real "I'ma a rider man"
Ladies love my sniper aim 'plus they like my tiger
fangs'
Spiders came, Oh!, from my grave when I rose out
Looked at the sphinx and, I chiseled the nose out
Fo'shizzle there's no doubt, the military unit of the
Tibetan black magicians
Is here to make exact incisions
With radioactive equipment
And have you stabbed quick through your cheek flesh
like we bass fishing
So crabs listen, their is no ass kissin'
Sloppy with my work, do my dirt with my mask missin'

