

## Army Of The Pharaohs "Frontline"

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[Doap Nixon]

Uh, AOTP in this nigga. We don't rumble no more  
I will take it back and disrespect a nigga sly to you -  
before i pull that ratchet out.  
I'm going in. Uh.

Why you running with those lames thats tapped out  
AOTP is frontline with they macs out  
And we don't rumble no more we comin' for war  
I can hit from a long range don't care if you draw, and  
uh  
Your eyes cant hit what they cant see  
The M1, will melt a nigga wig like gangrene  
And my trees is laced, bucket is half licked,  
My whole team got laced, half of them rich  
The other half, originate from the best part  
My right hook will leave your face covered with stretch-  
marks  
When the swellin' go down, im tellin' ya clowns  
The next step is fillin' up your melon with rounds, and  
uh  
This is warfare, niggas in war gear  
The AOTP, whole roster is all here  
So fall back if you thinkin' of beefin' dog  
I have my nigga Reef tie your moms to tree with barb.

[Vinnie Paz]

The Heavy Metal King hold big shit I cock the heaters  
Fat, bald, Puerto Ricans and the pasta eaters  
Every move i make righteous, God Allah can see us  
Peace to Abraham, Ishmael, Jacob, Jesus  
Peace to every man, woman and child  
To Mohammad and his glorious muezzin Bilal  
You a swine eater that means all your energy foul  
I'm a divine leader that means all my enemies bow  
Yeah, but i ain't worried 'bout my enemies now  
Even though at times my team can be incredibly wild  
Don't attempt to ever get me to smile  
Unless you wanna see what bullets do to heads of a  
child

[Planetary]

Behold a Pale Horse, yall niggas is running a frail  
course (Get up)  
Ain't nothin' better than smellin' a stale corpse  
Depicted, through your skeleton, wear elegant gloves  
Purple blood on the fingers we lock from hell and  
above  
The shell from a slug, turn grizzly bears into cubs  
I make the birds fly south when we get it crunk in the  
club  
Its nothin' to us, we bustin' militant verses

Belligerent syndicate, we spit the gift and the curses  
You niggas worthless, i see you in the cypher with ya  
backpack  
I'm way past that, may God strike ya  
You sounded like you was reading, you was off-beat  
even??  
So you left with ya jaw leakin', i punished 'em all  
speakin'  
We all beefin, niggas is running rampid  
I curve verbs, the type that can serve Sampras  
Y'all all infantile niggas in pampers  
Theres no cure to my sickness, im rap's cancer

(King Syze)  
Lets get it crackin' what happened to all a ya'll?  
These QD stars got the people screaming for encore  
We love raw, direct, uncut raw  
And ya little particles we bound to dust and mop  
Rap shit is my rope, and i ain't givin' a slack  
Main question in the air man, Who bringin' it back?  
Gotta' be us, honestly In God We Trust  
Apply pressure to the point and it will probably bust  
Don't ever strike me, rollin' with Crypt that's more than  
likely  
My Daily operation for the cash on the nightly  
We all icy, hustle just for the grams  
And breaking bread with the Pharaohs man, thats part  
of the plan  
(It go, it go, it go)

(Demoz)  
Food off your plate I scrape, I will never cater  
Demoz tryin' to come up like a elevator  
Green money, make paper like i own a forest  
He's funny, rap name should be Martin Lawrence  
Never hated, I ain't tryin' say I never made it  
Now my confidence is high like it's medicated  
Call me a loose charm, I'm off the chain  
I'm off the wall like in memory of my name  
Versatile with the flow, they all the same

Ghetto can't walk right, I borrow the cane  
Raincoat, Umbrella stop all your rain  
The industry a buffet, I eat all I can  
So fuck if you next and fuck a duet  
You niggas don't want to play me like Russian Roulette  
(Nope)  
Man you DVD rappers soundin' comfortable, bet  
This not an exercise tape, why you bustin' a sweat?  
(Nigga)

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