

## Army Of The Pharaohs "Gorillas"

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[Verse 1: Crypt the Warchild]

Y'all get too close, I'ma squeeze the life out of you  
You speak too loosely with your words, I'ma silence you  
You ain't a leader, dog, nobody'd die for you  
You ain't a killer, dog, who the fuck lied to you  
And I don't even fuck with y'all ballerinas  
Tryin' to tiptoe by me, I'ma stab your team up  
Tryin' to get dough by me, I'ma snatch your cream up  
'Cause my squad gotta eat and y'all can't come  
between us  
Thoughts of blowin' my fuckin' head off when I look in  
my gun  
I cock back, can't squeeze when I look at my son  
I stop that, can't breathe, y'all wouldn't walk in my  
shoes  
I'm antisocial, don't speak unless I talk with a tool

[Verse 2: Esoteric]

You can take the braggin', the boastin', add up the  
passion devotion  
The crabs that lack in emotion, we throw 'em back in  
the ocean  
The Pharaohs packin' the potion, we back in action and  
rappers are chokin'  
Actin' like the smokin' cats, their backs will get broken  
And '96 was the year I started talkin' with Vinnie  
Rockin' the city, talkin', really reppin' Boston and Philly  
Now you can find us, lined up with OS and QD  
We flow best, so don't test, we grotesque and beauty  
I profess a slow death, your plan of attack's a panic  
attack  
Still better than Bush's plan for Iraq  
My fam in the back, known to keep it realer than most  
While you fake cats cower like the Steelers coach

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah, we the realest, ain't nobody stoppin' the fam  
And we gorillas, walk around with glocks in our hand

And we some killas, run it like the Mafia ran  
And you should feel us 'cause we turn your fuckin'  
block into sand

[Verse 3: Apathy]

We been bubblin' like Bazooka Joe since Boogie Down  
and Superho

Futuristic, new simplistic, sweatin' my computer flow  
Army of the armed and dangerous, we stay with  
stainlesses

Status is famous, raps translated to seven languages

Rulin' rap, iron fist, flow's fluid, rhyme is liquid

Nitrogen, knife in my pocket, pull it out when shit gets  
twisted

Y'all lookin' for villains? Well, I'm that guy

I charge junior high kids for a contact high

And I could always tell y'all was on some faggot shit

Like singin' Lil' Kim's parts during Magic Stick

You'll get your face rocked, nose popped, we got, heat  
cocked

The A-dot, o-dot, t-dot, P-dot

[Verse 4: Planetary]

Check, yo

Ever since Blood and Ashes life's slowly been changin'

Catch me sweatin' every night, with my rosary, prayin'

Meditatin', bathin' in blood, face full of mud

So grimy, tryin' to speak to me's like takin' a drug

Razor blades under the tongue, with "Ways of the Gun"

Playin' in the background when I'm embracin' my sons

It's like I'm huggin' Satan, though, they feel the evil  
inside me

Nah boys, it's me, Papi, can't one emcee stop me

I'm stressed, blessed with a gift, I'm still tryin' to make  
it

Stained from separations, my brain is like a matrix

I tighten up my laces, prepare for the sequel

Until then, I'm gon' hustle and take care of my peoples,  
what!

(Chorus x2)

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