

Army Of The Pharaohs "Henry The 8th"

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[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah...it's murders...plenty murders
Blood...We spell doom
Pharaoh clique, baby

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

For whom the bells toll, Vinnie Paz, I call hell home
Put the ratchet to the side of your face like a cell phone
Any way you wanna look at it, it spell doom
Vinnie Pazienza, be proud that you you fell to him
Me and Shareef, we stronger than pillars in Greece
You need to over-stand that pharaohs are still in the
streets
You need to know that we got beef but we willin' to
peace
You need to know that we got hate and it's still for
police
It's Juju Mob, and Army of the Pharaoh clique
We on some revolution Amadou Diallo shit
I like to watch your brain explodin' when the hollow hit
It's Vinnie Paz, Louie Dogs, Kamachi follow it

[Verse 2: Chief Kamachi]

Yo its my house like RUN! Controllin' the 80's
Flow very crazy like I spit the blood of Rosemary's baby
Slang fire like a hustle in Haiti
Couple holes for the souls, pitchfork for the daisies
Ashes for urns, I'm a murderer maybe
A lavish little Lucifer burnin' the hazy
Faced out, still could get a hold of the ladies
Hit from Madam Bavaskier in a older Mercedes
This is death speakin', the smell of fresh flesh wreakin'
Get a funeral organ and the best dressed deacon
Juju tongue, voodoo come, eye of the pharaohs
Blood pour, heart of a chump, jump from the arrows

[Chorus: Chief Kamachi]

We got a message for ya
Yeah, our squads ain't checkin' for ya

And if its beef, we'll produce the Smith and Wesson's
on ya

AOTP, Juju Mob, we bossin' ya clique
Rain fire on this hip hop shit

[Verse 3: Reef The Lost Cauze]

The king Reef raw, on the streets I'm King Cauze
Wild the fuck out, beat my chest like King Kong
Is this thing on?
I'm tryin' to channel the youth
I rock the crown of Caesar, and Hannibal's boots
They call me animal tooth
Use your bones as a back scratcher
I'm allergic to dirt weed and wack rappers
My hand's too gritty, I just let the gat smack ya
I dropped outta school, motherfuck a backpacker
Double cross us and we'll bomb on you bitches
You a fuckin' fruitcake like what my aunt sent for
Christmas
My dogs relentless and we ain't tryin' to be friends
My gun attach to my hip like a siamese twin

[Verse 4: Planetary]

It's a critical beatdown, QD niggas hit the street now
Bangin beats out, thug niggas throw they heaters out
It's pussy niggas like y'all scared to leave the house
Once they retrieve 'em out, *BLAAT*
Let 'em see the clouds
I make the most gangsta nigga hit the concrete
And start snitchin', pointin' fingers like they on Wall
Street
My squad deep, we the "Gods and Generals"
Type of niggas too drunk, we dodge the interviews
We came a long way from cipherin' all day
When days was all play, now we rhymin' for strong pay
Outerspace got a strong hold on the game
We reign, you minor leaguers, we breezin' the Hall of
Fame

(Chorus)

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