

## Army Of The Pharaohs

### "King Among Kings"

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[Intro: Chief Kamachi]

Yeah, uh

The dark arts

AOTP, yeah

Feel like the nineties right here don't it

Yeah uh uh, uh uh take 'em back

Yeah, yo

[Chief Kamachi]

Yo I'm a pharaoh my street magic been on deck

I'm the north Philly Imhotep, you ain't been no threat

Look at the walls to my lingual set

In the trim on the gold coffin where my demo's kept

It's Kamachi my legendary status is earned

With the ashes of dead faggots from the Vatican  
burned

I don't care unless the murder of the Pope is concerned

I'm +Violent By Design+ with the scope in the urn

You sweet wearing sequins stroking a perm

I'm in the desert with fatigues try'na focus the germ

Yeah, and all you see is blocks of fire

Suicide bombers screaming what to Allah

Y'all try'na play heavenly angels

Get ya halos mangled, in the throat of ya saviour  
strangled

Enough to baffle your ears a little shrapnel from the  
chapel stairs

[Vinnie Paz]

Ayyo my flow is pain

I feel nothing I'm bleeding over Cain

This is a soldier game fuck 'em buck 'em blow his brain

I camel-clutch mics put ya fuckin' soul in flames

Take a hold of you and scold you with Jehovah's name

We fuckin' load and aim, ayyo Chief Kamach'

Take these rappers and strangle 'em until they  
breathing stops

We talking weed and rocks, Desert E's and glocks

The only thing that make me happier is bleeding cops

I only fuck around with ill rappers

My homie Celph got the heritage, stealth and all the ill

clappers  
You only mad 'cos your flame is dying  
It ain't hard to find you can catch me on the grind with  
Seamus Ryan

[Esoteric]

Master builder  
Rap British Bulldog boy ask Mathilda  
Cats with the steel young god  
The soul benders with uncontrollable tempers  
Leave you dead in your Nikes like you was heaven's  
scapegoat members  
Yonder yo the, money folder with that funky odour  
Don't get it twisted like I'm speakin' with the tongue of  
Yoda  
You stay behind the voices like a cock-less thunder  
quoter  
I'm sayin' fuck the voices like a foreign country soldier  
Shay's worthy my family play dirty  
We continue to diss you discontinue like a J-30  
(Money wants you killed) Yo you better tell cuz'  
To rely on M-16s like D-12 does

[Celph Titled]

It's the Army of the Pharaohs  
Make a threat, you're hardly a scarecrow  
We provide you with ammo knockin' off your sombrero  
So move back bandejo, you dealin' with a lot of these  
guys  
Who rock silk suits with Mafia ties  
I'm blazing hot, open my mouth, flames come out  
You's a snitch open your mouth, and names come out  
So we gonna, hop your top off and brains come out  
Nigga I thought you said you knew, what a gangsta  
'bout?  
Hang 'em out, these pussies is wet, leave 'em to dry  
I do the work of the devil, I'm a +hell of a guy+  
Unload the MP5 and leave your studio sprayed  
And have blood squirting out ya head like Coolio's  
braids  
Doggy this is how we slaughter heads  
Catch you sleepin' stab you so deep the tip of the blade  
puncture your water bed  
'Cos I'm the type to slice the skin on your back off  
Come back a week later and slice the motherfuckin'  
scab off

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