

Army Of The Pharaohs "Murda Murda"

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[Intro-Des Devious]

Yeah, Des D nigga,
Celph Titled, Crypt the Warchild,
Where you at nigga?
Yeah,

[Chorus-Crypt the Warchild]

This be that murda murda,
I shall not speak no further,
After this it's hazardous,
My niggas pullin' burners,
Your weak shit don't concern us,
I see you gettin' nervous,
By accident,
We make more moves than niggas make on purpose.

[Verse 1-Crypt the Warchild]

This shit is gettin' scary,
Y'all niggas best be wary,
My team is legendary,
Y'all niggas is secondary,
We stackin' cemeteries,
More the merry, more to bury,
Fuck 'em all, fuck the world,
Put em in a mortuary,
And all I know is pain,
I walk through coldest rain,
I aint supposed to change,
Cause I approach the game,
I'm tryin to coast the plane,
Y'all niggas know the name,
Warchild, Celph Titled, Des D,
Of course it slams,
We too dangerous,
So move away from this,
Niggas will waive the fifth,
at you courageous kids,
I aint no plagiarist,
This shit is major biz,

So let the truth be told,
When I'm sayin it.

[Chorus]

[Verse 2-Des Devious]

I do it for the hell of it,
Spit it, mix it, package it up,
For the sale of it,
Get profit for the sell of it,
The meanest nigga,
This bullet is 16,
For props and cream
Close the screen,
You plot, I scheme,
Competition take heed,
And listen ??? with henchmen,
Slander your name, damage is done,
For this rendition,
Walkin' the streets,

Kickin' your rocks,
Steady grippin,
problem get solved, blink of an eye,
The fifth is kickin',
Listen I aint here to promote no violence, violence,
But that's what happen when mothafuckers can't keep
it silent,
Bloody you up,
Sharp-tipped death from a thousand,
I grew up in housin,
Did a lot of wilin',
Robbin' niggas, that was my twist,
Slug it out in an instant,
If you was resistant i'm a predicate,
Never seen jail time for crimes I committed,
The most I see,
Some still repent(?) it.

[Chorus]

[Verse 3-Celph Titled]

You'll see my face when I attack,
No ski-hat or a Jason mask,
No laser-beam gleam,
So you aint seein where I'm aimin at,
Charles Manson clone,
Meltin flesh like Indiana Jones,
It's Tampa's own,
Titled the Toolman,

Bringin' hammers home,
And fame it's know me here,
Gats will kill ya,
And we'll bust inside your house like Michael Jackson's
Thriller,
Caterpillar arm slasher flick, slash a bitch, distort a
thug,
Seperate the men from the women, like a Divorce Court
judge,
I'm not a rapper I'm a rocker in a Grunge band,
I'm supa' fly,
One hell of a helicopter stunt man,
We'll make your guns jam,
And leave your forehead crammed,
With sharp swords that cut "Boars Head" ham,
And we're back!,
It's not the torture papers,
We got more claws and razors,
A lot of Rambos, Commandos and Terminators,
You Die Hard when I rhyme bars,
Roll an L with the same holy scroll that God's DNA's
designed on.

[Chorus]

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