

Army Of The Pharaohs

"Pages of Blood"

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[Vinnie Paz] Brap brap! Hahahaha! Kamach! Section 8 Egyptians! What up couso? Demoz, Demoz! Louie Dogs! Hahahaha! Yeah! Genocide General... Yo, everything I see is fucking dead Bullets everywhere, fucking red I need the meat to be complete give me the fucking bread We smoke to get high, shoot guns dust and lead Struggle to get by Shoot nuns, nothing said I been rockin' with Kamachi since nine-five You a pussy, I'm a fuckin' cat that got nine lives I keep the ratchet with me, that's where the nine hides Italian motherfucker come from where wine thrives We from Philly we was trapped in the dirt Where the young boys clap at you then clap at your earth Yeah, so I suggest that you should clap at them first Cause here in Philly we got shit that make the back of you burst! [Chorus: Demoz] Man, they say your right hand man ain't your right hand man Till your right hand filled with money you feel me? Money's the root of all evil I guess being broke is the root of all peaceful people Please be patient Man, they say your right hand man ain't your right hand man Till your right hand filled with money you feel me? Money's the root of all evil I guess being broke is the root of all peaceful people Please be patient [Demoz] Nigga' you goin' end up dead or dead broke You goin' end up in the trunk with your head poke Tie yo' ass up with your son to them bed posts Beat you in the head, then be out like the Red Ghost Ain't a fucking line in my rap you can dare quote Fuck a bear-hug I'll put the game in a bear-choke Bear-choke nigga's out my way they forfeit Whores get, dick in they mouth like Orbit Or Juicy Fruit Fuck a nigga let the uzi shoot you I don't get high i'll give you ? (Fuck that, nigga) Fuck with the squad? I'll turn you (?) You bout to get signed? Big deal whoop di doo Moz, slash Pharaoh true to the skill Don't greet me, say hello to the funeral bill Alot of nigga's play stupid and silly but know what they do When they get a little money and move out of Philly, you know? [Chorus: Demoz] Man, they say your right hand man ain't your right hand man Till your right hand filled with money you feel me? Money's the root of all evil I guess being broke is the root of all peaceful

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Please be patient [Chief Kamachi] Yo, yo, yo, This
preacher boy trying to tell me my mission on Earth
Walk up in the episcopal church, pistol berserk Even the
Devil say Chief is a sick little jerk Underground buzz
like dirt bees that gristle the dirt Dear Father, I hate
them fag fuckers Smoking dirty weed with cups of OE
at the last supper Got Mary table dancing, Holy Ghost
trying fuck he (Fuckin' heathen!) A hustler from
Nazareth, I ain't no sucker Might be crazy, a little out of
my mind To the tingling of the serpent that's riding my
spine That aspire me to climb up the fiery vine Out of
the devilish pit where the rebellious once sit After
inhaling one spliff, I zone to the sixes Big boy
Beelzebub, cracked them crucifix's K-A-M-A-C-H-I,
messiah in his riches AOTP, I never liked you bitches!
[Chorus: Demoz] Man, they say your right hand man
ain't your right hand man Till your right hand filled with
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