

## Army Of The Pharaohs

### "Tear it Up"

Visit "[Tear it Up](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Reef The Lost Cause]

Yo, this young buck rowdy, my gun buck loudly  
When I was a buck, they had me locked up down in  
Buck's County  
But I beat that wrap, you never catch me on a beat  
that's whack  
I can't eat like that  
Reef that cat who cock back, let the Desert hit you  
When you thought I was just talkin' shit like Freddie  
Mitchell  
You ain't ready, is you? I invest in every pistol  
Aim on point like a steady missile  
Heavy fiscal, I need that love, hundreds in dubs  
Where the weed at? I need that drug, cause I'm  
addicted to it  
Rhyme-boxes start spittin' fluid  
When y'all do it, seem don't nobody listen to it  
Love from Philly all the way to kids in Munich  
Germany, I murder beats and add the difference to it  
Word to Paziienza, smack your men's up, crack your  
limbs up  
And leave you fucked up like a Latin's liver

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

So listen up  
They be scrapin' your cantaloupe off the pavement  
You know we in the place with the guns in our waist  
Step through the door, tore the shit off the hinges

[Planetary]

This is the start of you dyin', Plan' spit with the heart of  
a lion  
The belt of Orion wrapped around your neck with the  
iron  
Pointed at your fuckin' chest, bitch niggaz is cryin'  
I'ma reef the lost cause and we causin' the violence  
We causin' the murder that causin' niggaz carryin'  
burners  
We the cause and effect of life, it's hard to observe us  
You don't understand, we got the upper-hand spittin'  
First you need to over-stand, you soft like under-hand

pitchin'  
You could tell I'm a Pun fan when I'm spittin'  
Rapper like me are hard to come by like coppin'  
Summer Jam tickets  
You need to focus before you think or approach us  
You scream "player" dog, we the coaches  
Too ferocious, bo-guarded, every moment is precious  
You niggaz is co-starrin', we the stars of this epic  
Unveilin' the secret is more than fairy tales when we  
preachin'  
This that '94 Boom Bap shit that we teachin'

[Chorus]

[Vinnie Paz]

Cut your head off, guillotine, Henry VIII style  
Y'all remindin' me of Cheddar Bob in 8 Mile  
I wanna see everybody in the place wild  
Anybody move, buck 'em in they face "Blaow!"  
I stay bent daddy night and day  
Show 'em that I care when I send kites to Jay  
It ain't nice, but it's right to say  
It's real, when the cat gone, mice will play  
It's ice today, but tomorrow you breathless  
My team is on the same shit like collaborative efforts  
We grab at your necklace, there's no other way  
We bring it back to the East like we brother Jay  
Any fuckin' day, you could come see us  
North, South, West Philly, you don't wanna meet us  
We some wild Puerto Ricans, Italians, Morenos  
Fuck it! Let they brains blow

[Chorus]

[Outro]

They be scrapin' your cantaloupe off the pavement  
They be scrapin' your cantaloupe off the pavement  
They be scrapin' your cantaloupe off the pavement  
They be scrapin' your cantaloupe off the pavement

Visit [Army Of The Pharaohs](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.