

Army Of The Pharaohs

"The Ultimatum"

Visit "[The Ultimatum](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Scratching] "The Ultimatum, let's abbreviate em" - LL Cool J 'Incredible' A.O.T.P. "You can't fuck with the" [King Magnetic] The ultimatum ain't debated, ain't the same as when you waitin' For someone to keep their word or the paper from a payment Ain't negating nothin' I can break their front and take it from them Wait a month and take a pump and make 'em want to make up somethin' Take an up and coming artist Or classic figure If you see me reaching out, it's to smack a nigga Melanin scheme is telling 'em squeeze, shell an MC to breeze Ease G's Felony three on melody schemes They selling them dreams DMX is Nelly to me Tellin' 'em please, just leave Before I have to swell a person It's no question/Kwestion like playing the accapella version [Des Devious] Look I said it before, shouldn't say it again But in case you hard of hearing look you and your mans Can get it in the worst way, run when killers thirsty For a lame and his blood Sweep it under the rug Just like it never happened We professional fighters And I ain't talking about scrapping I'm talking pistol grippin' You know the rest, no need to, stress how my niggas live it Just know we go so hard, for doe and lavish livin' And since I had my taste can't find nothing that's better Ridin' high gripping wood, ass on the softest leather Are y'all some scary dudes? Man I ain't afraid of you Murder you, crack a brew and watch it on the news [Reef The Lost Cauze] Get stabbed by the cuts on the Kwest beat, respect beef Marty McFly shit, get knocked into next week What does the future hold? Bullets going through your clothes My niggas is all large like a Jewish nose Hold more arms than a hookah bowl Y'all motherfuckers ain't been nice since the Eagles won the Superbowl Check your stat books, get your rat hooks Out my rap books, biting-ass niggas get your snacks took You in the scrapbook scrap shook Y'all niggas think beef is what these dudes type on they Macbooks I'll smash your Hewlett-Packard You fucking doofus rapper A.O.T.P. fuckers, it's the newest chapter [King Syze] Catch me in the street dressed pretty as hell But when it comes to these raps I get gritty for real Knock

'em out the box Syze I spin your motherfucking head
counterclockwise Y'all niggas is not Syze You full of shit
like a pa pa Labels better cross them T's, dot them I's
or them shots fly Pass the Master, have to blast you
Chokin' the track like please excuse the asthma Please
excuse my French, fuck the Spanish Talking ghetto
language the hood can understand it I wrath of God
Satan, fuck the apostles Army of the Pharaohs back
ready to rock you [Vinnie Paz] Vinnie fucking smash
your jaw It ain't nobody rapping half as raw I was
writing rhymes over loops by Stacey Lattimore Guess
you wondering what Vinnie need all the assassins for
Guess you wondering if I'm a communist or fascist boy
Shoot three at you and push the rock like this was
basketball Chop your body up in little pieces with my
plastic saw Y'all need to overstand the jux is real I run
with ghetto boys/Geto Boys and I ain't talking Bushwick
Bill If looks could kill then y'all would be kaputs for real
We drink your blood and hang your body up on hooks
of steel I push the pills, call me Vinnie the psychiatrist
And y'all are gonna have to see defeat/feet like a
podiatrist [Celph Titled] In the dice game you say I
won't place those bets That's like saying you know the
Wu, but call that dude Ghostface Deck I leave your
whole face wet like you got hit with a water balloon The
size of a propane jet Altercations all took place and no
police was involved If I'm beefin' we ain't greetin', I'm
deleting you, pa I keep my weed in a jar And roll it in a
Philly wrapper I'm A.O.T.P. so I roll with Philly rappers
And will kill a rapper Don't believe us? Try us We the
illest out believe it I'm not biased At best you're a
rookie Your show's like a Catwoman audition Cause
we'll see who plays the best pussy [Planetary] It's the
ultra (ultra) Magnetic like I'm seven foot Outsmart your
art of rhyme though I've never read a book Off with
your head, you shook in the corner shiverin' Delivering
a dosage of the most potent Ritalin You must be kiddin'
nigga, this ain't no Kid-N-Play More like N.W.A. Fuck you
kids gonna say? Hola Hola aye Oh God hold my trey
pound You rap clowns sit around in broad day
Broadstreet Bully rap Yo Kwest you took me back To the
scuffed trees and the Champion hoodies in black I
blacked out Snap in a packed house The gallon of
Jack's out Des got my passed out [Apathy] You can't
take the word on the street from a bird on the wire And
you'll never hear the truth in the church of a liar Real
men converse, you prefer to conspire Give it a year
you'll be the first to retire We don't roll with snakes, we
curse a pariah You're mad at your people over earthly
desires You don't believe it? Just peep the verses
Presidential, we roll deep as secret service [Crypt The

Warchild] Too many niggas claim they O.G. But most of them won't approach me Catch me everywhere, my niggas like to play low key I'm mostly surrounded by apes, gorillas Out of a broken home so they label us hateful niggas Never take a nation of mills, it takes a killer On medication chasin' their pills with haze and liquor Bad lieutenant in a black whip, black shottie Dragging a safety net only cause we catch bodies We act snotty and rap godly and clap loudly They don't want hardcore cause they fags probably I don't make shit to make you want to paint a canvas I spit fatal language only to cause pain and anguish [Journalist] Don't bring drama to the old-timers When it calls for a time and you catch Alzheimer's And turn into Carl Thomas I'll pack a Lama Separate the lions from llamas and alpacas if I pow pow at ya Ali bumaye Zoom by clappin' ya Wound guys, the room guys, moon by massacre Verse so raw I'm trying to tell ya I'm salmonella poisonin' these boys in the path of the craft Lean on the Craftmatic Paralyzed from ass to your calf Half radish for half of the cabbage Five and a half hours, dime bags is sour Get twisted, niggas get high as the Comcast tower Lifted Like a dumbbell, inhale, your lungs swell Whiff of the piff bury the gun smell Either you run well, the shells stick in you like a thumbtack Pistol clip you like a thumbnail Won't get caught for a thumbprint The lawyer eat the case like roast Deploy you and your boy, ain't payin' one cent Hide your charms Firearms, will rip through the bone and the marrow It's the Army of the Pharaohs [Scratching] "The Ultimatum, let's abbreviate em" - LL Cool J 'Incredible' A.O.T.P. "You can't fuck with the"

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