

Army Of The Pharaohs "Wrath Of Gods"

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[Verse 1: Apathy]

I could talk bitches out of they jeans
Gold diggers out of they cream
Little wannabe rap muthafuckas out of they dreams
I'm slick, I could talk a hustler out of his fiends
I rap so hot, the water in my spit becomes steam
I'm like a pound of uncut coke when hittin' the scene
Y'all are powder particles that trickled off the triple
beam
Stop trippin', little chicken, I ain't payin', I'm pimpin'
If ya waitin' for trickin' then you should date a magician
Wake up and listen, and keep this in the back of your
mind
My thoughts are heavy, the weight alone could fracture
your spine
Cats swear to God they high, hearin' Apathy's rhymes
And hold a torch up to trees like the back of a dime
These little backpack faggots probably jacked my lines
But like divorce with no prenup, half of it's mine
Y'all are just bitches (Esoterodactyl got morgues to fill)
While Ap's on a mission to make green like chlorophyll

[Verse 2: Esoteric]

My team drops bread like chicks on health kicks
Ya squad could rock Bird throwbacks and couldn't "sell
ticks"
I melt shit with the words I spit
Steven King, disturbed and sick
You know Shay's killin' rappers that be speakin' on their
dealin' coke days
Only birds you ever flipped was due to road rage
Only gray you ever pushed was due to old age
Bomb grower? Nah dude, the only weed you ever
moved was with lawn mowers
You ain't traffickin' shit
No package in the back of the whip
No gats, no clips, why you rockin' that watch still?
Only archeologists check for iced-out Fossils
Is this a vintage affair? Them Jordans isn't that rare
Plus they so dingy they resemble my original pair
Servin' AotP? That'd be a head trip
Like a Cali-bred Crip rockin' Cincinnatti Reds shit

(scratched) (x2)

Y'all tryin' to put a crease in the cards

Everybody want a piece of the gods

[Verse 3: Planetary]

I spit spontaneously, insane on a beat

Gigantic with the rap, I throw a flame in the street

Nothin' less than a professor manifestin' the heat

So hot, I don't even bring a piece when I beef

Rappers shot, make your casket drop

Pass the block, and get your ass beat down, we laugh
and watch

And it's funny how we throw a rubber band on a knot

Smack you in the face with it and let you have it to shop

And the reason that you bleedin', you disrespected a
demon

Cryin' like little bitches or newborns that's teething

We urban gorillas workin' with killers

Bow and arrows from the Pharaohs, dog you heard
what the deal is

We the realest and you feel us 'cause you probably
been through it

Suicidal rap, nigga, cut your skin to it

And shit don't matter if you die or live through it

We beat you 'till you piss bluish, hit you with sick fluid

[Verse 4: Des Devious]

I never aim to please, get cut quick, gone with the
breeze

And post up, sparkin' my trees

Like it never happened, the captain of fly rappin'

Attackin' with war tactics and write it down in fine
graphics

Cause havoc, my "mobb's deep," gun butt, you now
sleep

Your funeral be in a week, I dare you to creep

Pack ridiculous heat from sweepin' the streets

The tech nine to your meat, chopper bringin' defeat

To any one who oppose these assholes' murderous
flows

I'm standin' here close from breakin' your nose

The life that you chose is nothin', why keep runnin'?

Shoot, I'm gunnin', my muthafuckin' cold deeds is
headhuntin'

Frontin' is a waste of time, you get money and shine

On your grind, it's all in your mind

'Cause I've never seen you holdin' a spot, callin' a shot

Pops scorchin' your flesh, you bleedin' to death

Heed these words or meet this bird, Desert

Bangin' at your heartless herbs, heartless herbs, nigga

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