

Pharaoh

"Front Line"

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[Chorus x2]

No time to relax, nowhere to run

Living on the frontline (x2)

[Slimkid3]

Who could believe in you if what you say isn't true

If he's deceiving me then what's he see for you

When they raise the flag who do I pledge allegiance to

Life in paper bags, sometimes they fall through

Best love I ever had was this world when it was new

Back in nineteen-seventy all the way to eighty-two

Things were heavenly around the town where I grew

Family love was the sound that I knew, or ran home to

Don't it make your brown eyes blue?

When somebody loves you just for you

With no competition testing you

What's the proposition of our disposition unable

You said that I'm a finish, my style won't replenish

You reckon I'll diminish, fuck a demolition

I'm steady on a mission with no intermission

Cramped up in rough conditions like a Cessna in a hurricane

I get my best nuts standing on virgin stages

Feeling timeless and ageless

Seen those like embryos in our invasion

It's universal, God is amazing

[Imani/Citizen Strange]

They mad cause my rhymes even sound fresh a capella

Hella fellas is hella jealous, had me feeling uncomfortable

Cause they're unacceptable while we're the exceptional

Here to let you know they're influenced by the phenomenal

While you're unable cause you're too unstable

All of your progress is minimal and that's the inescapable fact

Verbal rhyme visionaries equipped with stacks of wax

Rhythm that varies and carries like the wind

Travelling and elevating towards unattainable heights

Exercising my rights and just trying to do what I feel is right

[Chorus x2]

[Bootie Brown/Frank Fiction]

There's a lot of players in the game
And they seem they can't remember why, forgot their goals
Lost then stole like skipper in the minnow
Now they got a long face like Leno
Stressed, feeling gray, nervous
Asking what they did to deserve this
Maybe it's not what you did but what you did not
You're like snot, uncomfortable, agitated
We inter raining what was said in the past
Nigga could buy a Benz and can't afford gas
Getting nowhere fast in a hurry
My visions not blurry, to quote Mr Flave:
Don't Believe the Hype unless his last name is Williams
Then it's guaranteed play, am I lying?
If you ask me how I'm doing, I'm trying
To stay above six feet outside of the bars and the concrete
Love pumping grass making a bomb beat
This is for my niggas on the late night creep
Watch where you sleep, watch where you sleep

[Chorus x8]

[Slimkid3]

Oh yeah, 342nd airborne
Paratrooper platoon..

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