

Army of the Pharoahs "Feast of the Wolves"

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[Vinnie Paz] Yeah...hahaha.... Vinnie P! Celph Titled,
Apathy Yeah, walk with me! It's the return of the most
fucking grimy on Earth It's a funeral in every single line
of my verse Your mind'll just burst, with every line of
Solomon's curse Fuck a hummer, Vinnie Pazienza
driving a hearse It climb to reverse, like the lyrics on a
dirty record I carry thirty weapons, burn you with my .30
Desert Should learn to accept it, it's a path of
destruction I earn my wage with a 30 H you pass, we'll
be buckin' It's no fucking discussion, I'm as hard as
granite I hope my vocal will choke you and then orbit
the planet And then cross the Atlantic, Pharaohs is
causing a panic Arms will be brawling with planet, saw
us and called the mechanics My baby girl is a .40 cal
(.40 cal) I used to tell my older brother, "Little shorty,
wow" (Shorty wow) But that was then daddy this is now
You can suck my dick you little fucking bitch, your block
about to bow [Chorus: Celph Titled] You better make
way, the motherfucking wolves are back We back at it
like a bad habit, no, we ain't having it (Tell'em!) You
heard we came down (Smack 'em!) if they make a
sound (NO!) We ain't backing down (NO!) we ain't
repping them Get 'em? We got 'em (Pick 'em up, pick
'em up!) - - > Onyx Shoot 'em? We shot 'em
(Understand what I'm saying?) - -> Ghostface Killah
Get 'em? We got 'em (Pick 'em up, pick 'em up!) - - >
Onyx Shoot 'em? We shot 'em (Understand what I'm
saying?) - - > Ghostface Killah [Apathy] Fuck around
with the Army and get a split wig Like Santa Claus,
bringing gifts to a crips' crib Cause you're the type that
a phony when you try to fight Hide behind a bouncer
and your homies when wild'n right Nowadays, faggot
nerd poets be trying to write On the mic, looking like a
Napoleon Dynamite The foamiest fall, like foliage when
they brawl Tongue spit black magic, unholyest of all
Like the planets revolve around suns and space I got
plans that involve large guns and waste I got flows that
evolve beyond the human race Try to spit 'em in your
lips or off your tongue and your face I'm toxic waste,
I'm top-secret box lock the safe I'm blocks with shot
cops only dropped in lakes I'm crack-rock and base

with a cosmic taste To put the fiends into space where
the rockets race [Chorus] [Celph Titled] Yo, is there
heaven for a gangster? No, but there's hell for a faggot
Put on my work outfit, with a belt for my ratchet You
gonna melt when the gats spit, shoot your mother at
your funeral She fell in the casket, how convenient is
that shit? Shoot a flare at my troops, and we letting the
gats flame 'em Put stairs in the booth, and we stepping
our rap game up I'm a boss, but I take orders, from gun
exporters Plus I got a keen sense for sniffing out tape
recorders You a snitch? We'll rape your daughter And
bring her down to the basement to tape record her Get
your best entertainment lawyer, cause we about to
extort ya Fake thug, Tom Sawyer, yeah I saw ya, we'll
saw ya With the Black and Decker, slice savagely I
don't gotta use God's name in vain to get my soldiers
to blasphemy And I won't say I'm the best since Rakim
and Pac and them Better yet, I'm the best since Mozart
& Bach and them [Chorus]

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