

Army of the Pharoahs "Narrow Grave"

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[Vinnie Paz] Yeah yeah... Kamachi, Planetary, King Syze... [Chief Kamachi] Yo! They love the way I pin a champ Under a tinted lamp hear my voice blast from a vintage amp I kill the reciters of lies Get burned by the fire from the light in my eyes It's Kamachi, possessed by the pharaoh ways Underground like where the dead bone marrow stays The spot where you breath is where the arrow lays A sideways death for a narrow grave My shit hit hard like an Arab raid We blow up, ain't no need for a barricade They looking for good luck, like a barrel of jade They looking, so stuffed when the barrel is sprayed Since the five perfect exertions, they waited afraid The devil caught from the tower on the table is slayed, pussy! [Chorus x2] Fall back, fold up, rappers is so tough Until the army roll up banging that cold crush We send shots through ya vest and leave your soul touched Lock and load up, post up, toast up [King Syze] Hey yo, my vocal duel, payments hiatus save the local crews Only the chosen few can ride with the most explosive crew But not you, jealous ones they envy us Cause we spit venomous, until books remember us Hell fire embedded in us, plus sins condemning us It's just what I write, ignite cop killers and predators I be like this, best believe I can't be ignored Spitting metaphoric, until the chosen child is aborted When my mind's in orbit, forces knock you out your high horses Deal with high sources, until the meal is five courses The flames is high, when my brain and the train collide Under much needed change in time, the game is mine I build strength through the niggas that be hating me peers But it's the army, part of me ya'll been waiting for years From a small block, hip hop, busting my tool King Syze, dope shit, what can I say, man, it's nothing new [Chorus x2] Fall back, fold up, rappers are so tough Until the army roll up banging that cold crush We send shots through ya vest and leave your soul touched Lock and load up, post up, toast up [Planetary] I'm a scientist in the lab, with a violent twist and a gift of gab Pharaoh tongue that can lash through your clique and stab From the days where you carried screw drivers in back pockets in case you had to prove that your crew

lava We was painting on your property and until this day I still got rookie niggas out trying to copy me Planetary nigga, Q-D original, Smooth criminal, bash your mental, bruise your physical There's something about the evilness of this track It makes the heaven's gates close, and the tabernacles crack In fact, it separates all the lies and the facts, It makes you see the light right before the sky turns black It turns boys to men, it turns toy soldiers to generals Innocent motherfuckers graduate to criminals It makes you think twice about who you are It makes you feel like death coming every sixteen bars [Chorus x2] Fall back, fold up, rappers is so tough Until the army roll up banging that cold crush We send shots through ya vest and leave your soul touched Lock and load up, post up, toast up

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