

From the Bronx to Philly, only real niggas feel me
Sucker-proof is how they built me
We outlast trends, pay attention to your friends
See me in a train, might see me in a Benz
No matter where you see me, I'm official
That's without the whistle
Even without a pistol, known for launching missiles
My air strikes, check these clowns like Air Nikes
Your whole team against me and Paz, that's a fair fight
Pro-black nigga, even when I wear white
We raise the price like fare hikes
I just want a clear mic to make sure these niggas hear right
The giant, worldwide fans and street clients
Put you in a box and call it the sweet science
Before you start, we have won
That's cause the cloth I'm cut from

D.I.T.C (yeah).. AOTP (yeah)
Army of the Pharaohs (yeah), known for shooting arrows (yeah)
Diggin' in the Crates, have gun, will travel (have gun, will travel)
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It's moments like these when in the zone ain't the word
First time my words relate with thirty-three in the third
Nerve endings respond to the sound of the drums
Taught myself breath control as I can strip my lungs
Each line makes sense, I don't just flap my gums
Talking loose leaf the target, the pen is my gun
Tactician know to reincarnate Isoroku Yamamoto
The one responsible for the attack on Pearl Harbor
Die hard bloggers love getting the followers
To start commentaries 'bout whose shit's magnanimous
Character traits of funny style artists
Get the taste smacked out of they mouth for spitting garbage
The solution for half-wits, we solve it
Toss little pumpkin bombs like Green Goblin
Take the heads of so-called kings that sip wine from a goblet
Looting cash just for they profits

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Listen
And while they blood clot, all of y'all swimming with sharks
And the closest one to you, he be living with narcs
Everybody have a choice, but you live in the dark
And with this bulldog, ain't nobody live when it barks
Every rhyme is a very small glimpse in the dark
And these dumb-dumbs going to put a rip in your heart
I don't waste time money, I'm efficient with art
I was leaving Jordan, three foot prints in the park

You talk a lot, ock, and you ain't got the nerve
The four pound milli' silly, but the Glock absurd
I've been rocking Philly all the way to Gothenburg
Copped the bird and distribute it until I got the word (¡Qué rico chico!)
Half moon, park, God, dark fade
Armor on all y'all, car wash, car sprayed
D.I.C.I., happy that we parlayed
Callaway went thataway, Pa Clark Gabe