

Battle Cry

Army of the Pharaohs

I put you up on the IV, not the Roman Numeral 4
But the IV that leads to the funeral floor
Wax gets melted; breaks bones, fractures pelvics
Speeds through space and cracks blast Astronaut helmets
Face it, motherfucker I can pay to get rid of you
I've got more heads in the hood than Pagan rituals
A new tyrannical force for you to fear
Known to kill and keep human ears as souvenirs
A shape shifter face slitter, paper getter
Tape your sister, rape your sister
Make your sister take it in the face
And if you're facing us, block off a 30 block radius
I throw more blows than boxing Dr. Octavius

Ever since we made some noise I learned people love a winner
We the quality of deep dish rims, y'all the hub spinners
Tough sinners, break bread with Jesus at dinner
Protected by a heavenly force, fuck a minister
Niggaz know better, no one's letter is better than mine
Everytime I rhyme, it's metal; the terror level is high
Plus I testify, it's best you die
Then find the truth deep down in a mountain of lies
Downsize, I'm ousting you guys deep in the dirt
Clocking in and out of rap, have y'all fiending for work
When I breed it, yo it's treason what the semen is worth
Non-believing, make me steaming, make you meeting the earth

Ayo it's my world and I wont stop
And if you stand in my way you bound to get popped
In the land where you lay, invade from straight shots
I demand that you pay and stray from straight blocks
I'm the man that you pray, don't spray the flames hot
I could tan in the blaze for days and stain cops
I astound and amaze, y'all praise the same god
I'm a pound out your brain and scrape the graveyard
Have you shout out in pain, y'all say y'all bravehearts
I'm a box up your frame and play the same card
And I'm out for fame, spacebars and quasars
Pharoahs locked the game, no shame, we hate y'all

Yeah! Raw muthafuckin rap! Hardcore shit! Ninety four shit
Shoot the fuckin place up, yeah!

AOTP blast through your army fatigues
Damage your team, competition done it with ease
Gun in my sleeve cause now a days homicide is my steez
Collecting my cream, I'm living your dream and peeping your scheme
Put you on lean from right hooks, pausing your jux
You fake crooks need to hit them books
Learn the rules of the game
Two to your brain, three to your frame, incredible pain
You getting drenched in that November rain
We the opposite of that whack shit
Trash man of clap rapping, you die, trash it
Five six professional assassins
Rocking these mics and repping my fam' with passion
Remember its Q-Dement', you bastards

Tell your man and your parents we be demanding that Brandon appearance
At a minimum my venom damage your lyrics
We be like Manny Ramirez, comes out at fall
With the radical, magical, and emphatical
I'ma battle till I scatter your clavicle
Call me admiral, raising the temp of the room
I'm the emperor, remember I never surrender, I dismember platoons
Your petty men are bafoons
We send them to their doom, a stab of my venom enters their wounds
I mentally bloom, exhume tombs with dope lyrics
Tupac's alive and well, Big L 'The Devil's Son' ??? with dope lyrics
Live in regret, AOTP these shook rappers hit the deck

Courtesy of the streets, make it a microphone Middle East
My speciality, only rhymers enveloping my lyric sheets
Knock turbans off of Sheiks
Use a pipe bomb
Downtown Israeli boutiques full of dead tourists
With they dreams no longer in arms reach
That's what I call 'Dealing with calm speech'
When I alarm your peeps
Inscribed in a peasants palm is a blessed psalm
If you draw and your weapons wrong, there ain't no stepping on
My forty five is my weapon
My culture's a holstered with seven inch slugs is kept in
Squarely I step in, tilting my clips and blue Stesson
God is my essence, and you could check these rhymes for reference
adept to any preference, pussy

Yeah baby, kings of the motherfucking underground
Y'all motherfuckers don't want it with us. This that raw shit, throw back
shit

I make Evil Knieval music
I come through stuntin'
Every verse is the same, just flipped a little something something
Baby I'm crazy, a crazy baby, a sick infant
Born with an intent to spit slick sentences with sick penmanship
Shoot at you Chicago fitted and knock your socks off
Aimed at your door but hit your head, shot your locks off
I heard you was afraid to say my name on your record
Cause you's afraid I'd put your motherfucking frame on a stretcher
I can't change laws sons, that's a government issue
But I'll break laws with a gun, that's a government issue
It's the army we got power and numbers
And that's nines, forty-fives, and three-five-sevens, and m-500s

Some people say I'm superior when I shit it
Vivid visionary spit, vocabulary ridiculous
I am a tyrant, I'm Violent by Design
I silence the scientific with every line of the rhyme
Mozart of street rap, breaking the barriers
Space harrier filled with forties and pit terriers
Ready to mangle, anybody crossing the line
I saw the sign and ran with the army, lost in time
Ready for war but won't rock no dick trees
I rock mic's, you think it's a hundred and sixty degrees
Who stomp crews, batter and bruise clicks
Kill bitches and stab you tricks with loose lips?

I'm slightly disturbed, Pazienza is nice with the words
That's the reason that I'm fly like the life of a bird

I don't care if you're dead, let god have ya
Cause I'ma stay rugged and raw like Marv Hagler
That's something you don't know about me small rapper
Nice with the left, nice with the right, the jaw tapper
Allah backer, murder every track that I'm on
You just spit a fucking verse whack then you're gone
Fuck fame, I study the fame closely
They build you up, then you get rocked like Shane Mosley
It's pain homey, and your blood on my pen
It's Army of the Pharoahs and we're flooded with gems