

Becoming the Absolute

Army of the Pharaohs

No more olive branches, no peace offerings
Put him in the killing fields, let the beasts slaughter him
Cold day in Hell, still let the heat torture him
Even if I'm isolated I can still reach all of 'em
Clown-ass niggas all running in the circus
Tryna cut my throat, tryna shorten up my circuit
God is my witness, but the universe is churchless
No room for forgiveness written in these Bible verses
Never move timid even though the reaper's lurking
Will always be a Pharaoh until it's time to close the curtain
This don't fall on deaf ears, don't act like you ain't heard it
Jealousy's a bitch and we all know your feelings hurting
Space Odyssey, quantum leaping over serpents
Ain't nothing hot as me, ho ass niggas know the verdict
Proceed to kill everything don't know if there's a purpose
Just here to play my part, nothing given I just earned it

And I burned it
Several layers deep in my epidermis
Dirtiest motherfuckers to walk on this earth's surface
Searching like heat-seeking missiles submerging and hurdling
Towards the enemy sub-[gurgling sounds], the sharks are circling
Bloodcurdling, gurgling, murdering, I'm emerging
From the murkiest depths with mermaid skeletons, stretch
Backwards around the planet from the east to the west
There's nothing left, but the bubbles from the dead man's breath
It hasn't reached the surface yet, but as soon as it does
There will be absolutely no mistake about who it was
The Pharaoh clique, the click, the clack
Sound effect to cock it back
We locking rap up in the treasure chest to drop it in black abyss
Police frisk, 'cause I left deceased chicks
Inside of a deep ditch in pieces like deep dish
My telephone prefix is always with three sixes
I'm always with three bitches, the people say he's vicious

I got the urge to dismantle
Blow out a wack rapper's candle
This is a panel of Pharaohs
Cannibal hungry animals
I came with a flame to brand you
Burn you like metal handles
That we sharpen for the sword
That'll stab through your Adam's apple
You're lame thinking you're hotter
Out of your fucking league
And I aim at your oblongata
Like you ain't part of my team
You afraid of my whole armada
Papa taught me to squeeze
'Till the heat from the barrel's bottom unleashes another beam
I'm the monster
Zilla, nine millimeter, and heater
Another beat I can beat up
Sit back and just kick my feet up
Steady fighting for freedom
And you ain't rattling me up

I hustle till the death and right now I'm leading the re-up

Another sucker to beat up, that's why I'm writing your will
Adam Keefe Horovitz, I am Licensed To Ill
I started liking to kill
And the dark of life and the thrill
The horror life real
And its hard to fight the appeal
The Goose go lovely with lots of Vicodin pills
The truth so ugly I walk with Christ on the hill
My life steady now because I have a life to fulfill
Franck Muller watches and private flights to Brazil
You fishing for a compliment, stuck a knife in your gill
I lived on every continent, indecisively still
The digital information, gigabytes in a pill
The shit you writing is nil
The sinner bites for the kill
Stupid

"The game is over, it's a wrap"

"We put hardcore on the map"

"Got a reputation on the streets for keeping it rough, what?!"