

Black Christmas

Army of the Pharaohs

Put me in the booth and I'll brodie your wave files,
You still getting booted at the open mic like 8-mile,
You still actin like spoken word is serious,
I laugh at you fag-niggas with dyed hair and pierced lips,
What kinda nigga from the hood is you?
I could name fifty niggas thats as good as you,
But a nigga like Plan man I'm better than all of em,
I make em quit, how their baby moms' is callin for em,
Askin me where they baby pop at,
That nigga he at the scene cleanin my White Sox hat bitch!
I tell em call you back in a minute,
Cause when he finish he gotta brush my dunks so vintage,
I'm in this rap game for the spinach,
My food-for-thought is like servin fresh lettuce to niggas,
I'm the chef and I'm cookin up def jams,
Broad street bully cut the check for ten grand

I made a promise that I never get high,
I aint scared of death, I'm scared to live wantin to die,
Cause the 120 opened my eyes,
Duck the iron more than me,
The Bible told me what's in disguise,
But, I broke nights like they need to be fixed,
I had a thought pattern process pattern that D and B's rich,
But, the block chirped hid work in the trash-can,
I rip a nigga off and lay low in the Badlands,
Stay bent offa what poppi done sold me,
We all forced to hold heat, smokin the gold tree,
So knowledge knowledge till the 7-15-4,
Vinnie Paz, Planetary, Reef the lost Cauze,
Kamach, My nigga Crypt and Demoz,
Apathy, Celph Titled and King Syze,
We all 'bout to put this game in a frenzy,
And the chain's slight frost like the air in Benzy

I can feel a breeze through the leaves when D's passin me by,
You can breathe you can bleed but please wrap me a nine,
On Black Christmas,
I need a Gun with bullets on Black Christmas,
Black Christmas,
Nigga look at me little B,
My peeps askin me why,
I'm a G this is me, so please wrap me a nine
On black Christmas,
I need a gun with bullets on Black Christmas,
Black Christmas,

Yeah, yo it's incredible the most,
How a nigga's flow just come so easy,
Child's play with me home boy, please believe me,
The way I formulate on time with metaphors lines and punch lines,
Some times the shit amaze me,
Fall back with a spliff and admire my shit,
Don't need you, got enough people on my dick,
I speed through, breathe life on a track so slick,
With sick shit, time is money so I must move quick,
Epitome of rap,

Never been clapped never been slapped ,
Just one time, cold winter day in '79
I catch that jock, and I'ma beat him till my arm's numb,
And stomp him like Lars did that drum on one, Mothafucka!

I once heard the art of war is don't start a war,
So I don't think you wanna ride like a carnivore,
I mean carnivore excuse my French I'm on the floor,
The bruising wet got me feelin like I took a Hallucinet,
Blue is bent, L-Y who the truest yet,
Blew the inf,
Brain fragments flyin through the fence,
Stupid is as stupid does,
I aint stupid cuz,
I rap like a mothafuckin animal my blueish blood,
Never spills, I wrap my hand around the bluest steel,
Blew is grill like foremen and informers know who I kill,
Ill, now get outta my face,
Sorry officer, Me no hablo Anglais,
Let me offer you, food for thought on the plate,
Once you know the block hot you hit the fire escape,
Get in get out,
Hit liars and snakes,
Your birthday only gave you rely on the cake nigga!

Army of T.P., honor of street thieves,
The harmony of harm done to a beast-Beat,
I execute from hook to hook like a nice jab,
And pain from pushers squeeze like my wife's hand,
Slight tan, my homie Muslim like Fife's man,
Pillow of Kush as if the Kush is my life span,
My product slip through the right hands like white sand,
Those I kill for can count on my right hand,
Beef handled like blades in knife factories,
Cut coke, cut bum niggas like nutso,
This aint a movie clip, It's a jewelry stick,
Ever see me runnin,
You'll have to be like "Who'd he hit?",
You knew he Vic shit you still trusted him,
Know a lotta robbers from bids, still fuck wit them,
That don't mean they up in my crib,
I'm still hustlin,
Anniversary 9-11 we still sufferin!

I'm a muthafuckin monster,
Everything I'm spittin is all real,
Take a good look in my trunk and it's all steel,
Aint nobody in control it's Allah's will,
The other trunk aint filled with diesel,
It's all krill,
Arm leg leg arm head when the gods build,
You the first devil with a plate when the hog's killed,
You the first one to run from the war,
You the first one to run from Vinnie's gun when it draw,
I left your whole team deaf when I spoke,
Then I put your whole entire fuckin set in the yolk,
Yeah, we aint the mothafuckin set to provoke,
Or else the last thing you see the fuckin deck of a boat!