

Conversation with a Bullet

Army of the Pharaohs

My first time outta the gate, we back on that Pharaoh shit
Zilla in the mix with a deadly pause in his arrow tip
Rock spots, wielding machete murder it nonstop
On my block, niggas will squeeze bleeding your snot box
(Raw)
Definition we definitely the missing
Link, hand me the keys of the rocket we on the brink
And blast off it's fight music
I'm like Ike Quartey in his prime
Critics don't rhyme, I let the hype prove it
Fuck your deal in the ass, I came to hurt 'em and crash
300 soldiers commandeered by Paz
A million listeners supported my camp
Who would've thought the boy from Texas could massacre on verbal command
I'm the reason you rewriting your verse kid
You're better off with metal in your mouth going out like Kurt did
AOTP the mahfucking truth
I'm a monster truck rolling over your Coupe
Let's go!

While you was arguing who was getting the top of the bunk
I was arguing about who getting the Glock or the pump
Can train paratrooper maneuvers, watch me swoop in
And have these bitches dribbling my balls like Sheryl Swoope's friends
(Oh yeah we balling mayne)
But that's only the start
I play the Master P role, you play Lil' Romeo's part
I'm a leader not a follower, gasoline I be gargling
Ready to spit it out in front of a flame and make some carcasses
You shopping in bargain bins, I'm outside parking my Benz
Grenade man, much more than a marketing trend
And if I could I'd shoot napalm bullets
Atomic hollow points before the military even got the joints
Some futuristic shit, sniper rifles with pistol grips
Heat seeking .50 cal's with rocket guiding missile tips
I'm trying not to scare my neighbor off
So if they see blood I try to play it off like it's tomato sauce

We the hardest rap niggas in the game
Never catch a Pharaoh trying to go against the grain
Dogs with no muzzle that'll tussle for the chain
Strapped up with shovels now to bury the remains

Nothing better than a headbanger banging off the monitors
Kilogram of coke getting smuggled four kilometers
The walls are caving in on niggas, pressure getting powerful
See you at your funeral, now who am I giving flowers to?
This is murder rap, up in a grenade launcher
Everything's a death threat, rugged like a Bing monster
Lock me up you could throw away the key
I'm behind every bar like a stowaway from me
Man I'm pouring lighter fluid in the booth to turn the flames up
Working extra hard, young niggas fucked the game up
Snap back (backpack), nigga we done did that
Kids napping on me only getting niggas kidnapped
Got the game gift wrapped, money looking mummy tight
Doug E. Fresh nigga, you'd a teach me how to Dougie tight

Type of dudes start straight, snitching to the po-nine
Po-nine mad at me, I'm sitting on a goldmine

Yeah

I fuck with Marx like the Bolsheviks
Eat a mahfucker heart, cross it off the grocery list
Being close to godliness is being close to loneliness
Like being close to Communist is being close to Socialist
It's a cemetery reign, this is frozen mist
I swim and I don't get wet, I am oceanless
Straight right/left hook y'all are motionless
How is you gon' make magic when you potionless?
Feeding multiple motherfuckers like loaves of fish
Gun cannon assembly from Terrordome broken clips
I just wrote so many rhymes I got a broken wrist
You ain't worth the left hook, stupid here's an open fist

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