

God Particle

Army of the Pharaohs

Back to the hardcore!

Intelligent, infinity
Malevolent, epitome
They consider me as the most deadly weapon from Italy
That will include the Benelli semi-auto artillery
Literally cryogenically treated to be invisibly
Symphony slicker than sixty Sicilianos from Sicily
Motherfuckers talking but never going to do shit to me
I'm about to set it on motherfuckers officially
Rip they spine out and just put them out of they misery
No more mister nice guy, everything maliciously
Who can stop me now you with Luca Brasi where fishes be
It's impossible that you're righteous without the dignity
If it's a problem you motherfuckers can come visit me

Super humanity gradually back from my galaxy
Burning them calories I'm still yearning to earn a salary
The son of anarchy I'm in court pleading insanity
Can it be all the panicking and agony that's trapping me, tragically Introducing you rappers to tragedy
Happily ever after if after means you're a casualty
Praise those who savagely sacrifice their reality
Bury bones and annually dig them up unhappily
Catch me flossing dead in the center of gravity
Bonafide, I'm a mix of Maxi Priest and the Maccabees
My mentality, manipulating your mastery
The master, disaster strikes whatever's in back of me

Playtime is over, Their time is over
The finest soldiers, take nines from holsters
My only weapons: canines and cobras, we diamond poachers
We take your shine, we some mind controllers
My rhyme is solar-flaring, airing out the kind below us
You know Lois Lane know my name
I'm throwing flames at your brain like Ghost Rider, my flow's tighter
I'm Blakey Griffin with an open lane
My foe is Bane, my flow is Betsy Ross off the Zoloft: so insane
I'm over-trained in hand-to-hand and man-to-man
my hammers land and can ya fam
I'm a brutal rapper, you're a Chutes & Ladders
Candyland emcee, I'm completely AOTP 'til the death
Esoteric zombie-killer taking out whatever's left

You're mad cause the army's here
Top to bottom, army gear
Gunshots is all you hear
Death come to all who's near
We're running through the village killing
Building a regime
Heavy unstoppable
Crown of thorns form we ready
When playtime's over I'll take your mind back to the hardcore

The God particle
Armageddon-weapons in my arsenal
I'm the real deal

Fuck an Alex Jones article
Heart is arctic cold
My murder's are nautical
Murk you in the murky depths
Where the screams aren't audible
Salutations, standing over the body salivating
Was kicked out of hell because I wouldn't bow to Satan
I'm the boss, I turn your albums off
Turn your brain to apple sauce
My wingspan is like an albatross
Out the frost, mouth spewing out exhaust
Out come the claws
Power force, that can blow the tops of mountains off
Blow the head of cowards off, you'll get carried off
Y'all are soft as ferries buried in terrycloth

In '94 I dreamt of spreading Salt-n-Pepa's legs
But I was busy playing dodgeball with severed heads
Conducting chaos with a chrome baton
So sound the smoke alarm
Cause overall I broke your arms
And kicked your ass with loafers on
Homeboy this HK settle wars
I'm a dragon, you're a faggot with a tape measure sword
Celph Titled is a motherfucking problem
With germs that are infectious
Attack like German shepherds while acid dissolve em
I got the ratchet -I blast it
You got a ratchet, but you keep it in your jacket
Undercover brother on your album cover trying to look like you crazy
When your theme song should be Aerosmith, "Dude looks like a lady"

[Hook]