

# Henry the 8th

## Army of the Pharaohs

yeah, its murders, plenty murders, blood, we spell doom, pharaoh click baby

for who the bells tome  
Vinnie Paz I call hell home  
put the ratchet to the side of your face like a cell phone  
any way you wanna look at it it spell doom  
Vinnie Pazienza be proud you befell tomb  
me and shareef, we stronger than pillars in greece  
you need to understand the pharaohs are still in the streets  
you need to know that we got beef but we willin to peace  
you need to know that we got heat and its still for police  
its juju mob, and army of the pharaoh click  
we on some revolution Amadou Diallo shit  
I like to watch your brain explodin when the hollow hit  
its Vinnie Paz and we dogs Kamachi follow it

yo its my house like RUN! controllin the 80's  
flow very crazy like I spit the blood of Rosemary's baby  
slang fire like a hustle in Haiti  
couple holes for the souls pitchfork for the daisies  
ashes for urns I'm a murderer maybe  
a lavish little lucifer burnin the hazy  
faced out still could get a hold of the ladies  
hit from madame bavaskier in a old mercedes  
this is death speakin, the smell of fresh flesh wreakin  
get a funeral organ and the best dressed deacon  
juju till voodoo come, eye of the pharaohs  
blood pour, heart of a chump, jump from the arrows

we got a message for ya  
yeah our squads ain't checkin for ya  
and if its beef well protested  
smith and wesson's on ya  
AOTP, JUJU mob we bossin ya click  
rain fire on this hip hop shit

we can't reef raw  
on the streets I'm king cause  
y'all the fuck can't beat my chest like king kong  
is this thing on?  
I'm tryin to channel the youth  
I rock the crowd of caesar, and hannibal's booth  
they call me animal tooth  
use your bones as a back scratcher  
I'm allergic to dirt, weed, and wack rappers  
my hair's too pretty I just let the gat smack ya  
I dropped outta school, motherfuck a backpacker  
double crossin some abominable bitches  
you a fuckin fruitcake like what my aunt serves at christmas  
my darts relentless and we ain't tryin to be friends  
my gun attached to my hip like a siamese twin

its the twin it go beat down  
QD, niggaz hit the street now  
bangin beats out  
thug niggaz throw they heaters out  
its pussy niggaz like y'all scared to leave the house

once they retrieve 'em out BLAP  
let 'em see the clouds  
I make the most gangster nigga hit the concrete  
and start snitchin, pointin fingers like they on wall street  
my squad deep, we the gods and generals  
type of niggaz too drunk, we dodge the interviews  
we came a long way from cipherin all day  
when days was all play, now we rhymin for strong pay  
outerspace got a strong hold on the game  
we reign, you minor leaguers be breezin the hall of fame  
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