

Listen Up

Army of the Pharaohs

Yeah...Once again
It's like this..

AotP, we runnin' this rap shit now
Celph Titled, we runnin' this rap shit now
ES, we runnin' this rap shit now
Warchild, niggaz runnin' this rap shit now

It's about to be a motherfuckin' slaughter in this bitch
We got the awfulest clips, rusty burners with the rotten rubber grips
We some hardcore crooks, drinkin' rubbing alcohol
Never use a rubber at all, we fuckin' bitches raw
Chokin' up your faculty, turn your whole "gang green"
Unload the magazine to your knees, give you a gangsta lean
Military minded, on the A-Train with a deranged brain
I was buildin' the walls of hell way before the flames came
And bitches love me with a MAC-11
Tellin' the police sketch artist I look like Jon B. with a deadly weapon
Keepin' it ghetto even when it's war, ock
Rockin' jean shorts and a tanktop, loadin' shells in the tank top
Aimin' the cannon to blast you where you standin'
You could be in Montana campin', but your head'll land in the Hamptons
Won't grin for the camera when you clickin' it at me
But I'll smile with a gun in my hand, I'm trigger happy

Listen up, it's murder music 'till your wrist is cut
Fire octane, nigga y'all can sip it up
We do this rap shit here so we can live it up
We walk around with hot flames runnin', give it up

You could never fathom the level beyond your God or your Devil
If every thought is a pebble (my style's boulder, I told you)
A radical rebel and yes the jacket's full-metal
And men I'm hackin' through several (I'm like a soldier, I'll fold you)
A blow to your composure, heat of the moment
I be meat-cleavin' a bleedin' opponent, he didn't want it
These heathens try to eat off me but they repeatedly clone it
This industry is mine, I can put my feet way up on it
I put my people up on it, my sinister and lethal ministry of evil
Turn a Vinnie Diesel to a skinny weasel
I'm the pinnacle and steeple of this faction, feeble men I'm smashin'
Playin' God? you ain't Jim Caviezel with The Passion
Automatic how I'm causin' havoc, I body maggots
Who thought they brought the static, they probably addicts
And fiendin' for a bag of this antagonistic savageness
You talkin' platinum but ain't crackin' pitchers' batting averages

Don't make me get your fuckin' face broken
I ain't jokin' when I'm flamethrowin'
I'll spit a verse at you to slit your fuckin' veins open
I'll spit a curse or two just to keep the rain pourin'
I'll lift the skirt of you to see you pussies ain't workin'
I'll live to murder you until I see the game's over
We never heard of you and 'cause of that, the name's worshipped
(It's the Army, cocksuckers) Get it correct
Or y'all can find sharp things straight embedded in necks
I rep my team to the death, I will slice your people

Wave my flags in the air, plus the knives are lethal
Hottest shit to hit the streets since Nas did Ether
Now we pick at your soul and let your conscience eat ya
And take over, Crypt, Es, and Celph
You reap what you sow, so protect ya health, NIGGA

Yeah motherfuckers! That's how we get fuckin' down
AotP, Vinnie P., Crypt the Warchild, Celph Titled
Esoteric, Chief Kamach', Planetary, Apathy

[Chorus]