

## Luxor Temple

### Army of the Pharaohs

The league of extraordinary gentlemen indeed  
And proceed to take the underworld under siege  
The most decorated, celebrated soldier on the scene  
The most underrated, overhated nigga on my team  
Black ops, black cops, falling on black tops  
And I pursue chasing suspects through back blocks  
A superhero shooting supernovas through my toaster  
Face on a poster, hiding out in Nova Scotia  
Break a mic over my knee, like Canseco kid  
Still wanted on the run like I'm Pecos Bill  
Spit quicker than a six shooter off of the hip  
With thicker chicks in Bermuda blowing coke off the dick  
Living the life of a pharaoh, in this modern day Babel  
Fuckin' too many bitches could leave a nigga sterile  
My whole battalion, snatchin' olympic gold medallions  
Like old Italians, season they gravy with the scallions

Official Pistol Gang click it and spark  
I swear y'all mother fuckers made bitchin' an art  
Vampire y'all mother fuckers stick through the heart  
I don't rap over beats Vinnie rip em apart  
I smell fear y'all was bitch from the start  
Y'all are sweeter than a fructose kiss in the dark  
I was here first I'm an aboriginal's thought  
I have poison on the pen like an indigenous dart  
My name Boxcutter, I'm about to christen em, lord  
Like a jail dude ima stick a shiv in em, lord  
Throw a left hook then I take a piss on em, lord  
Salt pepper ketchup everything I get in the store  
They say the Siciliano was wild nice  
I'm a keep em feeding every block like I'm fried rice  
Stupid rapper you could get punched in the eye twice  
You could never walk in my shoes or live my life

This is tricknology trick trickle triple six  
Blood droplets and optics I'm sick I'll slit your wrists  
I'm wickeder than wicked witches or the wickedest men  
I scribble on period pads get a whiff of this pen  
I make pussies pop like ping pongs or slutty whores  
Muddy floors from the bodies I buried in bloody wars  
Blood in, blood out let em bleed out (repeat)  
Radar got em, I spotted em, shot at rocket at em  
Crushed em and forget em, in bottomless pits  
Places where the goblins exist we gotta get chips  
So we plot to rob all the rich I'm rotten, you bitch  
How you think I'm rocking these kicks  
I'm kickin it with Amon-Ra inside a rocketing ship  
This the power of ether, I'm like a towering creature  
Who figured out how to defeat ya, by devouring speakers  
I'm the pope of the pompous  
Smoking dope with the Pontiff  
Selling coke to Pocahontas  
I poked in the Oval Office

I'm a dragon, exhaling the flames  
Killing, impaling the lames  
Demons are still in my brain

The evilest militant gang  
Pharaoh clique, Talented, notorious  
I'll bust your motherfuckin' shit  
Slap boxing with oven mitts, I'm rugged with... words  
Cops they don't want me murdering the locals but they (but what?)  
Let me do it like Motorhead vocals, listen  
Right brain, left handed, I'm a perfect mess  
Mic's flames, don't touch it, it could burn your flesh  
I'd rather steer my Wagoneer past the pier  
To a certain death than have to hear about your rap career  
Got it?  
Everything I spit's got a golden seal  
Authentic furniture flow, yeah I'm sofa real  
Your day job is the only time you load the steel  
General Zod motherfucker, make opponents kneel  
I try to kill em off and make sure that they die  
But they keep coming back and I (Don't know why!)

Flash the hammer at you in front of the nail shop (Is he crazy?)  
I want you dead so bad I'll sleep on them jail cots (I'll do it.)  
You in the hospital bed, I ain't satisfied  
I need you on the coroner table, ribs open wide  
Die for my respect til I'm laying on the pavement  
Knowing I got a job in Hell narrating for Satan  
They say I'm already that, nightmares, where Freddy at?  
Cutting fingers off until you tell me where the 'fetti at (Where's it at?)  
What good is alarm systems and guns  
If I blow up your house, like a petroleum spout  
Lock the coordinates in, fucker what I gotta aim it for?  
Bitch ass rapper I was the first to pop your training bra (Fagget)  
Stay away from my dough, it ain't gluten-free  
My label got college interns that'll shoot for me  
Bitch, boy you just a toy to me  
Strangle you with an extension wire and handle a bitch boy accordingly

When I spit a little  
Let me excuse myself before the Crown Royal dribble  
And Crypt drive me to the hospital  
Ritalin couldn't calm me, we toastin' to the Army  
Capitol Hill, trill, man I'm shooting at your car keys  
Couldn't see the car seat, we had to pull the babies out, bomb  
Took the lady out, this what being zany bout  
M-80 shady out, shady like Em with the crazy mouth  
Fuck you, pay me this a paper route  
Outerspace caking out, out front of Outback Steakhouse  
Waiting for haters to pull them plates out  
Everything you got... mine  
Everybody hot... I'm  
Ready to machete them, cause petty niggas drop dimes  
Scoop enough coins though, rock this funky joint flow  
Wise and intelligent enough to let the horns blow  
Back like a cornrow, with pourin' liquor, so I  
In Death Reborn alive and I (Don't know why!)