

See You in Hell

Army of the Pharaohs

Call a military transport
Cause you gon' need protection from the man
That cut your life span short
Pipe bomb with a short fuse, you're right I extort crews
Your eye an inch away from the tip of this corkscrew (take that)
I'ma boss you, also an enforcer
Fire torture to ashes, dump your urn in a toilet (yes)
Of course I'll double-clutch the burners
For sure I buck 'em fast
I might spill your ketchup or suffocate you with mustard gas
I'm a G, yeah bitch I is
A shark when you feel me 'neath fish eye lens
Scare your bitch-ass like the ghost of Christmas Past
Pull a home invasion with a Homer Simpson mask
Yeah

Too many niggas wanna be us but can't be
Blue fitted, blue J's, Jim Clancy
Plan's skeet, a modern-day Meyer Lansky
Lighters by the pantry, the arson getting antsy
Fancy forms of filet for the family
Feast or famine, my flask full of Jack D
And me, pull the act behind the acme
The Stan Lee of syllables, the Army stampede
Ditch the whip, I'm camouflaged in a taxi
Actually the uncanny bastard got bad dreams
I can't see what the future 'bout to grant me
You say it's so simple, I ask why can't it be?

Hitmen for hire, we got a job to do
Heisenberg-style, rig the trunk and make the chopper shoot
We turn a fuck off the duck sauce they just sweet
Flip it back tomorrow then we millionaires next week

See you in hell
Is anybody kill 'em
We gon' see you in hell
We train assassin guerrillas
See you in hell
It's hot all year-round
We gon' see you in hell
After we pop these rounds

I'm Hannibal, riding elephant-back triumphantly
Scored the heads of the oppressors I'm comfortably
Taking a drone, blowing horns made of elephant bones
False idols get exposed with irrelevant poems
Nightcrawler teleporting through walls
As I shit on wack rappers like bathroom stalls
Made shrines of dog tags from the soldiers I slaughtered
Get the fuck off the beach, the sharks is in the water
Adult swim size ain't fitted, made of human skin
Buffalo Bill, Silence of the Lambs again
That's my bad, I shoulda knew that bitch was your kin
I spawned a devil seed busting off through the lamb skin

You think that beauty is in Acapulco

I think that beauty is putting three in your wee adobo
The vampire is godless is never seen in photo
My brain move at lightspeed you just seen it in slo-mo
(y'all moving in slow motion)
My heart dark you can't see it through Soco
You motherfuckers is overrated like Miguel Cotto
I never talk to anybody, you dealing with po-po
I've been in Africa, but y'all only seen it through Toto
Vinnie rep perico, y'all is just equal to nodo (y'all ain't got the raw)
Y'all dummies, funny style you like Didi Mocó
I'm Lucas Matthyse when he gave the beating to Soto
I break you motherfuckers up like we sleeping with Ono

Hitmen for hire, we got a job to do
Heisenberg-style, rig the trunk and make the chopper shoot
We turn a fuck off the duck sauce they just sweet
Flip it back tomorrow then we millionaires next week

See you in hell
Is anybody kill 'em
We gon' see you in hell
We train assassin guerrillas
See you in hell
It's hot all year-round
We gon' see you in hell
After we pop these rounds

Coming for you motherfuckers' heads man
It's over for y'all

We gon' see you in hell
We gon' see you in hell