

Terrorstorm

Army of the Pharaohs

If anybody got a problem with me we just fight
Step up to the Gods and you'll see we just fight
I suggest you best to take it easy
This is AOTP and we'll make you believe we just fight
If anybody got a problem with me we just fight
Step up to the God degree and we will fight
I suggest you check our reputation
This is dedication or the devils may come and we will fight

Listen I could never take an L
Same energy that created Heaven, created Hell
Keep your motherfucking mouth shut and just wait for bail
That's the first law of the street, you never snake and tell
Big guns, big beards, bunch of Chewbaccas
Walk up in the Tourneau and cop a few watches
So much dro in high school I needed two lockers
My Enemy Mine, my enemy Lou Gossett's
I ain't trying to listen to y'all, cause you garbage
Viktor Vasnetsov, higher when he flew carpets
Everybody make money, only few profit
Still the same Vinnie, I just got a new logic

I ain't here to cut the cake (stupid)
The fuck you think the knife is for?
Criminal psychologist; ain't never seen my type before
Celph Titled: mother-fucking manager of manslaughter
I'm a mobster, shoot you if you move your hands awkward
If I'm running it's from the police
If I'm gunning it's at your dome piece
Extended barrel that's four feet
The steel mag will fold ya (fo'sho)
I think of Steel Magnolias when I see your soldiers (that's them?)
So come to the fork in the road and get a fork in your throat
No father to my style, I am the orphan of flows
Yes bitch you can get on my guest list
Just know I keep a biscuit in a bag like a McDonald's breakfast

You ain't truly hard, I pull your car up the boulevard
Rob you for your jewelry in front of your groupie squad
Cause I'm a full retard
I slap you silly, tap the jelly out your capillary
Might murk you like Makaveli
The armor's on at your worst you're an accomplice
A sidekick, you ride dicks
You're like an armrest, you'll get elbowed
Kick your shit in with my Shell Toes
Shut the fuck up, yeah I'm stuck up like Velcro
You want a free hook? Hell no
You're a pussy cat, I got a douche for that
Peel your wig off and push it back
Your god flesh will hang off your skeleton when the missiles rang
Let's make an official gang, let the pistols bang

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(Never take your eyes off your opponent)

Cause if you do you are obsolete
The .9 you see will make niggas jump like Dominique
You need to stop rapping when I'm tryna sleep
Never trust a fat dude who say he just tryna eat
And that kind is me, I smoke that kind of weed
You see and say sensi star under the ganja leaf
The flow sweeter than grape jam
But still I smack you in your motherfucking head like Captain Caveman
And the church say "Amen"
I don't know you niggas, your name to me is "Hey, man..."
The righteous at war with Shaytan
So in one hand is my son the other 28 grams

E.S. the high priest coming taking them heads
Rappers popping shit on Twitter without taking their meds
I see 'em laying in bed, I can picture it now
They thumbing through their phone looking for original style
Get off your ass, rap Cialis, and spazzin cats get devoured
So call the doctor if it's lasting more than four hours
Open the cell, y'all focused as hell
I spit acid like the flower on the Joker's lapel
I Stand Alone, Complex like the Ghost in the Shell
You suffer from a concussion like players post-NFL
So guard your grill, no trigger tracks take bigger steps
I straight body tracks like a stick figure sketch

Fuck you similes and metaphors, I'm just tryna settle war
I can only self destruct, I am like the Predator
Personal vendettas now, I am out to settle scores
You don't wanna get involved, you can't walk, run or crawl
It don't rain it heavy pour, soon as the Henny pour
I don't need grimy bitches, hoodrats or Fendi whores
Nope. I had to step back but I remain sharp though
How you gonna build walls around Cain Marko
Love this rap shit fully but it pays partial
Got tunnel vision for the money so it strains carpals
Andre Dawson with the hawk, let the spray spark you
When these sharks taste blood we never lay off you

One inch punch, hits hard as shotgun pumps
Knock kids out they Reebok Pumps
Fucking punks walk the plank, kerplunk
Suckers sunk get slumped
Like drunk driving and crashing in tree trunks
Backstage, rap groupie sluts scheming on blunts
Bunch of bum ass bitches in some beat up Dunks
Roll that weed up cunt, tell her we'll meet up front
She kinda frumpy but she still could get her D cups humped
Every beat that we bump, means somebody got jumped
Beaten up tied his hands to his feet to bleed in the trunk
I don't understand the reason kids are feeling these chumps
I'm kinda stumped... uh duuhhhh, I can't even front
I lose a brain cell every time the 808 thump
That shit stunk, shrunk heads like a voodoo monk
A wild monkey in a cage throwing doodoo chunks
I lunge straight for the throat, blood and guts for lunch

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