

The Demon's Blade

Army of the Pharaohs

"The king of the ring, undisputed
There's nowhere to run, nowhere to hide"
Yeah, one-two, one-two
It's like one-two, one-two
Listen
Pharoah clique, man stop playing

Cartier weaponry, chain gang recipe
Punch you in your face after we exchange pleasantries
I always understood that the pain was a necessity
Put the pressure on you until we exchange densities
Stupid motherfucker thinking he can change destiny
It's a different game, man, need the same referee
Me and Marciano, different people, same legacy
Brought a motherfucker back, still the same treachery
How could you ever be a leader and bring less than me?
That's the type shit that make a motherfucker dead to me
Nineteen eighty-eight, back when death made leprosy
Life is hard money, and the pain, the accessory

You catch a heart attack, coming fatter, gravy spinach
Carjack your whip, put your baby in it
I rock a navy fitted, AV leather, custom stitchwork
My constituent more accurate, aim training in the Navy given
Early with the Dirty Harry pistol
Rarely my words miss you
'Til your area's crippled, and buried where the worms'll get you (fucker)
When I click mine, your whole clique dying
Flick a slam, ricochet through hips and it's blam (blam)
Bulldozer through your house (Celph, pave the way)
He the hardest non-graffiti artist (that sprays a K)
Titanium pop screen, my voice be ice cold
Cause just a slight tone'll burn a hole through the mic-phone

Chemicals in the lab, mixed up, cause explosions
Wizards in cloaks, breathe, focus, sip potions
FBI profile is going through the motions
Psychoanalyze my behavior and emotions
Alien from the abyss coming out the ocean
Cops lick shots, bullets travel in slow motion
Bare flesh exposed to state cause corrosion
Frost bit and frozen, bodies get ripped open
The pack of wolves close in, claws exposed skin
The crows would sing for the leftovers the bones bring
Scavengers with bags full of jewelry and old rings
Wash the blood off of the gold in a cold spring
This ain't nothing new, it's an ancient, old thing
When man chases money, but only the ghost win
Don't say that it don't sting when walking in cold winds
Just fade into the forest homie, tighten your coat strings

I design profound takes over rugged soundscapes
Niggas bugging, go apes when they open the drapes
We kill niggas, and leave bodies soaking in lakes
I compose another opus as the locus awaits
'Til I exist above the clouds with the past time greats
I'm in a booth pounding my chest like wild primates

A black Ayatollah Khomeini, don't ever think you can play me
I kidnap rappers and tell they broke families to pay me
With EBT, warehouse is full of CDs
So I can package sixteens like I'm packaging keys
You need practice, your raps ain't fucking with these
So in a word, you're Johnny Blaze, nigga, you know my steez

Fresh is what it means to be, illegally
I'm lashing out these lyrics so easily
At least you see the beast in me
So melodic, yet malicious when it manifest
A manifold of manpower, quick to put your man to rest
The melancholy after the mention of severed bodies
Settles in the devil's skin so who's next to stop me?
I couldn't imagine a loss
Back with an immaculate force
Ratchet with the action, a torch
Actually the baddest of all
Superhero, zero loss
Planetary, presidential
Actually a Killer Priest who walks with a Heavy Mental
A cut above what you love, yeah I know I said it
What you rapping about? I'm cashing out without a line of credit

I slaughter rappers and autograph all their coffins after
Demonic master, your raps are good, for yawns and laughter
Find me standing on your lawn with two machetes, seven Pharaohs
Fifty tanks, eighty guns, your piss your pants and your lady comes
This way, the capital E
Capital S, happened to be
At the Capital Grille, with your girl
She wants to pay the bill
Be my guest, you regress
It drives me crazy like the DJ
Khaled saying "We The Best"
When A.O.T.P. spit that nastiness [Nasty Nes]
My rap attack lives in a habitat that shatters kids
That work at Lids
Embroidering hats for pussy gangs, that did no bids
And pay no dues, guts and glory
Spit ya sob story
Esoteric's bars are Cannibal Holocaust
Level gory

"Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide"
We blacking out, we mobbing on you motherfucker
Four in the morning out here, we drunk out here
We acting a fool, you nahmean?
Yeah, Philly in the motherfucking building
Yo Stallone, how you living papa?
AOTP