

The King's Curse

Army of the Pharaohs

Hey this fuckin' guy I tell this fuckin' guy
You got a fuckin' problem with me you got a fuckin' problem with my whole fuckin' fam, I'll smack the fuckin' taste out of your mouth

Yeah

Listen, Hell is hot and Satan there
Motherfuckers looking for your body like Malaysia Air
Halal dishes ain't no muh'fuckin' bacon here
I been sonnin' muh'fuckas since they had prenatal care
I called a lot of you rappers but don't answer
The coke put a hole in your throat like throat cancer
If you ain't trying to get hurt, then don't tamper
How you gonna shoot the gift with no Santa (Ho ho ho bitch)
How you gonna talk shit when you ain't real at all
I ain't have to smack your man up but he was still involved
Chainsaw, line em up, I will kill em all
Fill em all with a bunch of hollow tips, still halal

A pop chart to me (is what?)

Is just a graph to show how many times I blast to keep track of my armory (for real)

Tread these waters face a barricade of barracudas (grr)

Do I have to paraphrase for you lame excuses?

I just aim and shoot it

Cause the game's polluted

And you can die for just listening

This is dangerous music (yesss)

How you figure that?

Thinking you can phase a brother (no)

Do your Swiss army knife have a laser cutter? (no)

Or a surgeon scalpel

Lethal injection syringe and nine other types of blades that will disembowel

So when you see me dippin' bullets in Anthrax

I'm making sure these things kill when I'm pullin' the hammer back

As we march to the gates, salute the OGs

As we walk in the place, drop to your knees

Bow down to the kings, Pharaohs taking over

It's an every day thing, calling all soldiers

Ever since Kane came with the shaved eyebrows

My styles increased exponentially, this rap shit's my house

Them rappers talking bout me better be Audi five thous'

Cause my pals slice up and light up suckers like White Owls

A white out, equivalent to blizzards on Hoth

If you ain't slept in a Tauntaun you bitches is soft

I be getting whores off who resemble Lara Croft

Eat the flesh off the bodies, save the bones for the broth

Leave you frozen in frost, all your toes will fall off

I'm the Chosen; the boss who stay exposin' the frauds

Hard as Wolverine's bones Ap's loadin' the claws

Your bones buried in the backyard by Logan the dog

It's time for you to move on

Yo fuck your Instagram and fuck your new song

Buy a Ghost Writer get a Groupon

And sell the bars to corny rappers who can put your group on

I'm here with Jedi Mind, I'm on the same shit that Luke on
That shit you servin' up? That's the shit I puke on
I grind in a lab, you quit
Cause Jimmy Fallon and the Roots on
Yo 7L, keep the loop on
Shoot through your trachea like Napier at UConn
Leave your crew gone
Got your bitch sayin' that I'm too strong on a futon
She Stark naked like Tony without the suit on
Like Akinyele is the bomb but it's neutron
Leave your sweats Burgundy man, so you the new Ron

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