

Behind Closed Doors

Pharoahe Monch

Behind closed doors we go to war, all out
Heroes turn bitch and have to crawl out rich
To fall out snitch to switch to out of bounds shit
Flip, knock the wall out
Danger, niggas is prone to clear the mall out
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What is a scorpion? A animal that stings
I'm like a bat with blood coming out the wings
You should never in your wildest dreams
Shit on a nigga who resides in the borough of Queens
Strong wicked, in the Lex on the celly
Now you getting fucked without the K-Y Jelly
How I made it you salivated over my calibrated
Raps that validated my ghetto credibility
Still I be packing agilities unseen
F'realla my killing abilities unclean facilities
For more inter-military tactics obscene extreme confidential
My exterior serene with the potential of a killing machine
Ex-Marine you drag queen, we tag team
Queens finest the alliance defiant we bag fiends
The fuck you looking in my face for nigga?
I mace mics and then lace the bass with figures

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Decapitate his ass, smack him, slap him in the back of the truck
Exasperate the life of his man and then pack it up
Cut off his hands and send his girl multiple finger sandwiches
If she manages to do damages, put her in bandages
The amateurs, bananas is the unanimous
Way we choose to live, scandalous
Even with doorknobs you couldn't handle us
Pharoahe's the host, the audience, and the motherfucking panelist
My mic's equipped with laser sights so that command'll miss
Never you Devils, my level's that of a high evolutionary rebel
Third rock from the sun to me is only a pebble
You coming with the corn shit that get forwarded
Like bitches licking clitoris in a porn flick

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