

Army Of The Pharaohs, Feast Of The Wolves

[Intro - Vinnie Paz]

Yeah...hahaha....

Vinnie P!

Celph Titled, Apathy...

Yeah, walk with me!

[Verse 1 - Vinnie Paz]

It's the return of the most fucking grimy on earth

It's a funeral in every single line of my verse

Your mind'll just burst, with every line of Solomon's curse

Fuck a hummer, Vinnie Pazienza driving a hearse

It climb to reverse, like the lyrics on a dirty record

I carry thirty weapons, burn you with my .30 Desert

Should learn to accept it, it's a path of destruction

I earn my wage with a 30 H you pass, we'll be buckin'

It's no fucking discussion, I'm as hard as granite

I hope my vocal will choke you and then orbit the planet

And then cross the Atlantic, Pharaohs is causing a panic

Arms will be brawling with Planet, saw us and called the mechanics

My baby girl is a .40 cal, I used to tell my older brother "little shorty, wow"

But that was then daddy this is now

You can suck my dick you little fucking bitch, your block about to bow

[Chorus - Celph Titled]

You better make way, the motherfucking wolves are back

We back at it like a bad habit, no we ain't having it

Tell 'em, you heard we came down

Smack 'em, if they make a sound

No, we ain't backing down

No, we ain't repping them

Get 'em? We got 'em (Pick 'em up, pick 'em up!)

Shoot 'em? We shot 'em (Understand what I'm saying?)

Get 'em? We got 'em (Pick 'em up, pick 'em up!)

Shoot 'em? We shot 'em (Understand what I'm saying?)

[Verse 2 - Apathy]

Fuck around with the Army and get a split wig

Like Santa Claus, bringing gifts to a Crips' crib

Cuz you're the type that a phony when you try to fight

Hide behind a bouncer and your homies when wild'n right

Nowadays, faggot nerd poets be trying to write

On the mic, looking like a Napoleon Dynamite

The foamiest fall, like foliage when they brawl

Tongue spit black magic, unholy of all

Like the planets revolve around suns and space

I got plans that involve large guns and waste

I got flows that evolve beyond the human race

Try to spit em in your lips or off your tongue and your face

I'm toxic waste, I'm top-secret box lock the safe

I'm blocks with shot cops only dropped in lakes

I'm crack-rock and base with a cosmic taste

To put the fiends into space where the rockets race

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Celph Titled]

Yo, is there heaven for a gangster?

No, but there's hell for a faggot

Put on my work outfit, with a belt for my ratchet

You gonna melt when the gats spit, shoot your mother at your funeral

She fell in the casket, how convenient is that shit?

Shoot a flare at my troops, and we letting the gats flame 'em

Put stairs in the booth, and we stepping our rap game up

I'm a boss but I take orders, from gun exporters

Plus I got a keen sense for sniffing out tape recorders
You a snitch? We'll rape your daughter
And bring her down to the basement to tape record her
Get your best entertainment lawyer, cuz we about to extort ya
Fake thug, Tom Sawyer, yeah I saw ya, we'll saw ya
With the Black and Decker, slice savagely
I don't gotta use God's name in vain to get my soldiers to blasphemy
And I won't say I'm the best since Rakim and Pac and them
Better yet, I'm the best since Mozart & Bach and them

[Chorus]