

# Army Of The Pharaohs, The Torture Papers

(Intro: Vinnie Paz)

Yeah, muthafuckas! AotP in the building!

Pazmanian Devil!

Celph Titled!

Planetary, OS! Apathy!

What's the deal, baby?

We mobbin' on you muthafuckas!

(Verse 1: Celph Titled)

Yeah

If there's one thing for certain, Celph Titled's a serpent

Put on this earth on purpose to change the ocean's current

Into tidal waves and lava, Secret government labs in Nevada

Found fragments of my sentence and died instant

From an infant to an emperor

Dead Sea Scrolls mixed with gangsta shit, my literature

Annihilate entire societies, nothin' left to salvage

Next mornin', loungin' on a tropic beach, gettin' drunk, talkin' about it

We might move in silence, not revealin' our plot

No alcohol in your system, but you'll be feelin' the shots

So many pistols, I'm the 45 King

Yes the Pharaohs is the new Flavor Unit, it's a fortified thing

And it's 'cause we animals, 'cause we ominous

'cause we tyrants and, 'cause we're prominent

On all continents, our contents incite mosh pits

Products of our environment, we Designed to be Violent

And the Hologram showed you that, the prophecy was golden

The Torture Papers, hands catch on fire when they hold it

The game's changed, now there's more than 5 Perfect Exerters

Hang my portrait on the wall and you can frame me for murder

(Verse 2: Planetary)

I'm a arson, y'all live y'all lives in coffins

I can hear y'all hatin' (The walls are thin)

Apathetic, call the paramedics, we had to set it

It's a war of words, they got lost inside the sentence

I'm diggin' graves, put the switch to my blade

Shank a nigga just for lookin' at me, get up on stage

When I say "Throw your hands up," better keep 'em up

'Cause niggas is creepin' up with heaters up

And nigga, you soft, I'll take you to lunch and feed you a corpse

Wash it down with OE, see nigga, I boss

Celph bring guns and smoke, I bring rum and the coke

Love my wife, that's why I never had no love for a ho

What, you don't know? I spit it with a propane flow

Cocaine-to-the-nose rap, that's why Plan' about to blow

So let's go, take a walk with a menace

Alcoholic nigga, showin' 40's love like tennis

(Verse 3: Apathy)

I'm the product of angels and demons, cocaine and weedin'

Eight different reasons the A-P is breathin'

Language I'm speakin' is ancient as Eden

Where snakes had Eve eatin' Satan's semen

A top dollar pharmaceutical block scholar

Pop my collar like a bionic rottweiler

Molecules dissolve, I pass through walls

Solidify on the other side, grab my balls

I'm the shit, bitch, flip bricks bigger than Egyptians

Dragged across sand to expand my shipment

Shapes are shiftin', liftin' more weight than pistons

Attila the Hun with a gun, keep your distance

Toss UFO's and foes like a discus

The size of Godzilla, dick bigger than bridges

Wicked as a wizard with a liquid elixir  
Stick to the script, I'm spittin' the unholyest scripture  
And y'all are just now goin' through your thug phase  
While I blast like flash grenades in drug raids  
Try to criticize me, you little rappin'-ass groupie  
Y'all as corny as muthafuckas who clap at the movies  
The Army of the Pharaohs, checks with six ceros  
Try to walk in my shoes and pop your Nike Air soles  
There's no mercy, so of course the haters  
Will get my autograph on The Torture Papers