

Army Of The Pharaohs, All Shall Perish

Into

Yeah

a.o.T.P., come on!

Underground legends, yeah

Yeah! Army of the mother fuckin' Pharaohs!

And what I'm saying, independent

Warriors taking over the game

And I'm sayin' it time for y'all to lay down

And I'm sayin' we back. It's been too long

And I'm sayin', the deer hunter is here

Verse 1 - Chief Kamachi

Ain't no need to know my ethno', 'cause world wide is where my respect go

My flow is multi-spectral, like I'm space spaced on LSD

Entranced state dancing techno, tellin' y'all haters to let go

It's enough beef, but be vegetarian: observe the spiritual laws

Purify your channels and clearly hear your flaws

So I won't have to convince you

That you wack and shouldn't be here at all

Kamachi's dissin' that I hear it all

And see you run from your squad,

Screamin' that "I wasn't there wit y'all"

I start wars with the tongue like it's a lesbian arm

Talk with that Thesbian charm

And you can let your stereos amp this, it's the old english

Pamphlets of a hoodlum hamlet

Or the literary FBI cameras, candid daddy

Yeah!(Ha ha ha ha)

This shit is child's play man

Chorus x2

Don't let your life be the aim of pure misery

Don't let this knife keep your frame on floor, shivering

This pain and strife can no longer exist to me

Don't be the cause of an unsolved mystery

Verse 2 - King Syze

I'm an assault author

Shockin' vaults mixin' water disturbin' the law and order

When I'm broiling for the future, we dem better kids

Rap flows throughout my heritage

And let it live you reppin' shit where's the evidence?

All I see, and hear, is poison to my ears

I kill a track, choke-slam this man

And let the sample live another day

save it for another chase, hunt it down with my brothers outer space

Drive runs in my careers, bent up anger

I'm 'bout to leave these raps alone and load bangers

It's just the words from a slave rapper

Tryin' to bring the game back, talkin to the same master

I'm takin' a stand, my shit expands

Beyond makin a band that talks and storm upon forsaken lands

So when approach, bring your best shit wit you

When I break it down you can take the rest with you, word

Chorus x2

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Verse 3 - Vinnie Paz

Yeah this is bars of death

We murkin everybody, God is next

This is raw literature, pure as Ghandi's flesh
Palm to your chest, let your breath cave in
A heart attack that bring the horror back, wes cravin'
It make no sense waitin, the teams risen
Like Pakistan and India liberated by Britain
We got rid of dead weight division sharp and cleaner
Like the assasination attempt at Cartagena
We like a zombie feature, cause it ain't often sweet
And it ain't nobody fuckin' with us on the street
We re-inventin the wheel cousin, the cycle dead
We push the rock and we buck like we Michael Redd
I gave you life instead, gave you rights and bread
I think it's time that I separate the disciple head
That's probably the only thing that can calm me
Vinnie Pazienza it's the mother fuckin' Army

Chorus x2 -

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