

# Army Of The Pharaohs, Gorillas

[Verse 1: Crypt the Warchild]

Y'all get too close, I'ma squeeze the life out of you  
You speak too loosely with your words, I'ma silence you  
You ain't a leader, dog, nobody'd die for you  
You ain't a killer, dog, who the fuck lied to you  
And I don't even fuck with y'all ballerinas  
Tryin' to tiptoe by me, I'ma stab your team up  
Tryin' to get dough by me, I'ma snatch your cream up  
'Cause my squad gotta eat and y'all can't come between us  
Thoughts of blowin' my fuckin' head off when I look in my gun  
I cock back, can't squeeze when I look at my son  
I stop that, can't breathe, y'all wouldn't walk in my shoes  
I'm antisocial, don't speak unless I talk with a tool

[Verse 2: Esoteric]

You can take the braggin', the boastin', add up the passion devotion  
The crabs that lack in emotion, we throw 'em back in the ocean  
The Pharaohs packin' the potion, we back in action and rappers are chokin'  
Actin' like the smokin' cats, their backs will get broken  
And '96 was the year I started talkin' with Vinnie  
Rockin' the city, talkin', really reppin' Boston and Philly  
Now you can find us, lined up with OS and QD  
We flow best, so don't test, we grotesque and beauty  
I profess a slow death, your plan of attack's a panic attack  
Still better than Bush's plan for Iraq  
My fam in the back, known to keep it realer than most  
While you fake cats Cowher like the Steelers coach

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah, we the realest, ain't nobody stoppin' the fam  
And we gorillas, walk around with glocks in our hand  
And we some killas, run it like the Mafia ran  
And you should feel us 'cause we turn your fuckin' block into sand

[Verse 3: Apathy]

We been bubblin' like Bazooka Joe since Boogie Down and Superho  
Futuristic, new simplistic, sweatin' my computer flow  
Army of the armed and dangerous, we stay with stainlesses  
Status is famous, raps translated to seven languages  
Rulin' rap, iron fisted, flow's fluid, rhyme is liquid  
Nitrogen, knife in my pocket, pull it out when shit gets twisted  
Y'all lookin' for villains? Well, I'm that guy  
I charge junior high kids for a contact high  
And I could always tell y'all was on some faggot shit  
Like singin' Lil' Kim's parts during Magic Stick  
You'll get your face rocked, nose popped, we got, heat cocked  
The A-dot, o-dot, t-dot, P-dot

[Verse 4: Planetary]

Check, yo  
Ever since Blood and Ashes life's slowly been changin'  
Catch me sweatin' every night, with my rosary, prayin'  
Meditatin', bathin' in blood, face full of mud  
So grimy, tryin' to speak to me's like takin' a drug  
Razor blades under the tongue, with "Ways of the Gun"  
Playin' in the background when I'm embracin' my sons  
It's like I'm huggin' Satan, though, they feel the evil inside me  
Nah boys, it's me, Papi, can't one emcee stop me  
I'm stressed, blessed with a gift, I'm still tryin' to make it  
Stained from separations, my brain is like a matrix  
I tighten up my laces, prepare for the sequel  
Until then, I'm gon' hustle and take care of my peoples, what!

(Chorus x2)

