

# Army Of The Pharaohs, Listen Up

[Intro: Crypt the Warchild]

Yeah...Once again

It's like this...

AotP, we runnin' this rap shit now

Celph Titled, we runnin' this rap shit now

ES, we runnin' this rap shit now

Warchild, niggas runnin' this rap shit now

[Verse 1: Celph Titled]

It's about to be a motherfuckin' slaughter in this bitch

We got the awfulest clips, rusty burners with the rotten rubber grips

We some hardcore crooks, drinkin' rubbing alcohol

Never use a rubber at all, we fuckin' bitches raw

Chokin' up your faculty, turn your whole "gang green"

Unload the magazine to your knees, give you a gangsta lean

Military minded, on the A-Train with a deranged brain

I was buildin' the walls of hell way before the flames came

And bitches love me with a MAC-11

Tellin' the police sketch artist I look like Jon B. with a deadly weapon

Keepin' it ghetto even when it's war, ock

Rockin' jean shorts and a tanktop, loadin' shells in the tank top

Aimin' the cannon to blast you where you standin'

You could be in Montana campin', but your head'll land in the Hamptons

Won't grin for the camera when you clickin' it at me

But I'll smile with a gun in my hand, I'm trigger happy

[Chorus: Crypt the Warchild + Vinnie Paz] (x2)

Listen up, it's murder music 'till your wrist is cut

Fire octane, nigga y'all can sip it up

We do this rap shit here so we can live it up

We walk around with hot flames runnin', give it up

[Verse 2: Esoteric]

You could never fathom the level beyond your God or your Devil

If every thought is a pebble (my style's boulder, I told you)

A radical rebel and yes the jacket's full-metal

And men I'm hackin' through several (I'm like a soldier, I'll fold you)

A blow to your composure, heat of the moment

I be meat-cleavin' a bleedin' opponent, he didn't want it

These heathens try to eat off me but they repeatedly clone it

This industry is mine, I can put my feet way up on it

I put my people up on it, my sinister and lethal ministry of evil

Turn a Vinnie Diesel to a skinny weasel

I'm the pinnacle and steeple of this faction, feeble men I'm smashin'

Playin' God? you ain't Jim Caviezel with The Passion

Automatic how I'm causin' havoc, I body maggots

Who thought they brought the static, they probably addicts

And fiendin' for a bag of this antagonistic savageness

You talkin' platinum but ain't crackin' pitchers' batting averages

(Chorus)

[Verse 3: Crypt the Warchild]

Don't make me get your fuckin' face broken

I ain't jokin' when I'm flamethrowin'

I'll spit a verse at you to slit your fuckin' veins open

I'll spit a curse or two just to keep the rain pourin'

I'll lift the skirt of you to see you pussies ain't workin'

I'll live to murder you until I see the game's over

We never heard of you and 'cause of that, the name's worshipped

(It's the Army, cocksuckas) Get it correct

Or y'all can find sharp things straight embedded in necks

I rep my team to the death, I will slice your people

Wave my flags in the air, plus the knives are lethal  
Hottest shit to hit the streets since Nas did Ether  
Now we pick at your soul and let your conscience eat ya  
And take over, Crypt, Es, and Celph  
You reap what you sow, so protect ya health, NIGGA

[Vinnie Paz]  
Yeah muthafuckas! That's how we get fuckin' down  
AotP, Vinnie P., Crypt the Warchild, Celph Titled  
Esoteric, Chief Kamach', Planetary, Apathy

(Chorus)