

# 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)