

Army Of The Pharaohs, Pull The Pins Out

[Intro: Celph Titled]

Yeah, haha

Turn the lights on, party's over motherfuckers

Celph Titled the ammunition magician

The Esoterrorist

It's the Army of the Pharaohs for real for real

[Verse 1: Celph Titled]

Back with the "Kill-Death-Murder", you better check your computers

I won't ever cheat on my bitch but I'll still sleep with a luger

You can see my reflection in the chrome, it stays blazin'

I guess my gangsta's all smoke and mirrors

Kidnap you in the basement with hatchets and cleavers

So every time after that you hearin' the Wu-Tang torture skit, and you havin a seizure

Fuck your street cred, I'll turn your street red

I'll skin the head of a skinhead

Celph Titled and ES raisin' hell without Pinhead

It's been said the Pharaohs immortalize rhymes

We kept heist plans in a trapper keeper -- that's organized crime

You might arrive in a stretch limo, tinted out

But you'll leave on a stretcher linen with no mouth, neck broken and ribs stickin' out

[Verse 2: Esoteric]

We the gorillas, its the season of Ichi The Killer

Your CD is filler so we beef like manilla

My sneakers: peach and vanilla

Call me Michael Jordan while recordin'

Slide a sword inside your organs

Speak from the pillars

How real is ES for that scrilla?, I build with godzillas

Militant flotillas that believe in shootin' first like Reggie Miller

The illest of all sorts, he spit that fire motherfucker

To leave you lookin' like dude on the "Legacy of Blood" cover

[Chorus: Celph Titled]

Soldiers stand up [UP!]

Ready the artillery

SALUTE! your comrade

Eliminate the enemy

Fire in the hole [hole!]

We lettin our grenades [blow!]

It's like we pull the pins out every time we pull our pens out

[Bridge: Celph Titled]

By now you should know theres no fuckin' around

It's the Army and it's goin' down

We came to take it all

And there ain't no stoppin' when the cannons start poppin'

[Verse 3: Celph Titled]

I wish a motherfucker would yap their lips

'Cause whether I'ma rap or load a clip

Either way that you look at it, a mack's about to spit

At crackhouses, I'm out with, real killers not rappers

Who keep pumps on our lap like we inflicted with asthma

Addicted to disaster, every last bullet, I ain't savin' none

Can't say hi to my neighbors 'cause I might wave a gun

Aim at the sun and you can shoot for the stars

Put on your beat, we'll turn it off, won't even let it loop for a bar

We known to keep your head an obstruction

Preach death and destruction

Cop diesel when I cock the eagle, and thats not for nothin'

My shots always hit their target after the smoke sprays

'Cause we store bullets in cat shelters so there's no strays

[Verse 4: Esoteric]

We sinkin' arrows through your mink and pink apparel
The pharaoh, king of the battle, on the brink of insanity
Frantically, I'm sprayin' ink out the barrel
Your way of thinkin' is narrow
We breakin' bones baby, drinkin' the marrow
These psychics blink at my Tarot (You serious?) That's hilarious
You rollin' up in chariots and leave in wheelbarrows
I'll have you wrapped in plastic just like the food in fruit baskets
I'll have your crew in suit jackets, all sad when viewing the casket
Now they pursue and attack us to rep for you and get back at me
But I'm rollin' with the army, motherfucker you can ask for me
And even when I'm outnumbered, I shut 'em down
Like Teddy Bruschi and I proved it in the past so don't you fuck around
Call me stupendous with sentences, pen a genesis
Chemists with seven venomous menaces on your premesis
We write the Torture Papes, orchestrate ways to slaughter fakes
Formulate tapes and tour the states, I can ride with Norman Bates

(Chorus)

(Bridge)