

Army Of The Pharaohs, Silence & I

"Two of a kind...Silence and I

We'll find a way to work it out" <-(sampled from "Silence and I" by The Allen Par

(Intro: Vinnie Paz)

Yeah...Pazmanian Devil

Louis Dogs...hahahahahaha

AOTP, Celph Titled

King Syze, baby

Walk with me (hahahahahaha)

Yeah...

(Verse 1: Vinnie Paz)

Yo, I mastered the flow

I know death more than Lazarus know

And me defeated is infrequent like Nazareth snow

Hold your urn into the air so the ashes can blow

Hold my burner in the air so the pacifists know

That I ain't scared to start a revolution

Another fixed election, another injustice, I'ma execute 'em

Land of the free, home of the bravest

Who you think the victim, who you think the fuckin' slave is?

People on the grind, workin' for minimum wages

Workin' 9 to 9 and seein' a minimum paper

Not to mention the inadequacies of welfare

And the lack of a proper universal health care

They don't know about the common man

They care about distractin' you and hope that Israel will bomb Iran

I got a bombin' hand, and it's for George Walker

Meet your maker, motherfucker, meet your Lord Father

(Chorus) (x2)

"It's gangsta how we rock, while you watch

Attracted to our style, this is how we get down

With big jewelry and big guns

We get busy, it get grizzly" <-(sampled from Mobb Deep's "Quiet Storm (Remix)"

(Verse 2: King Syze)

Yeah, uh...

Yo this is concrete rap, Q-Dementia pavin' the way

It's a sacred day, waitin' for my pacin' to pay

I'm a horse that graze in the hay that's sayin' ol

I'm the evil that's born when someone good passes away

I'm most good at foul things, the love and hate an unwanted child brings

Right, left, life, death, distress that a trial brings

The best of the wild kings, that's us

This is smoked out rap, get high, angel dust

Roll with niggas that be payin' them dues

Playas that don't give a fuck if they lose

Live they whole life drainin' booze

Doc already told me, "Is it rap or smoke?"

Is it Bars of Death for life, or a hole in my throat?

Hard-headed, livin' my life regrettin' shit

This that next shit, Syzemology: the new testament

Do this for my niggas Kong and the fam

Yo I do this for them haters sayin' my songs don't bang

(Chorus)

(Verse 3: Celph Titled)

If this industry's a movie, I'm the starrin' actor

You're an assistant for the intern of the back up gaffer

But I'm only a rapper, standin' on two feet, backstage with four whores

On all fours, and that's on all tours

How long can I spit a punchline and an ill statement

And keep your attention span on my records for entertainment?
No explainin' it, you do the math, I did the math teacher
Ms. Anita spread wide, under the gymnasium bleachers
Fucka, don't matter which herb speak
'Cause we got pistols with barrels longer than Big Bird's beak
Plus the creamy white powder, yeah we sellin' 'em milk D
My audio too raw for children, it's filthy
I never leave the crib without a pack of Now and Later
I pack now, and *BLAAT* later
And ain't no playa you can find rollin' down the strip with hundred rounds and clips
Packin' MACs in the back of the Ac' on some Big Pun shit
When you hear the "click" your clique run quick, dick
We transportin' handguns in minivans; that's the "pistol whip"
Celph Titled, the gourmet chef, ripple effect
An inconspicuous spic with kitchen mittens when I'm splittin' ya neck

(Chorus)