

Army Of The Pharaohs, Strike Back

Planetary:

It's the manifestation of rap greatness

I determine my life around the sound of a piano and bass hit

The basics of this hip-hop matrix, it's graveyard rap, Quest build on your Day shift

I shake shift and get 'em to shake quick 'cause when Paz makes the call I make grade A shit

Am I labeled a bitch so I say fuck chicks because who the fuck is gonna hold me down 'sides Crypt

Who the fuck can control my sounds still don' got me, Scott be makin' my vocal sounds so cocky

Who got me? Yeah my dogs most likely

If I ain't loyal to my niggas then god strike me

Demoz:

Keep Strikin'

I'm taking your life, take my advice it's basically right

If money's the root of all evil then Satan's right

Break me twice that makes me two, that makes me a double headed rapper now make me a booth

Next to the one now that I'm in now the day's legacy too

Lazy motherfuckers light a fire up under these roofs

Maybe it's true I'm a rapper and maybe it's truth between my ego and pride make me true

Maybe I do need powder to make it juice to go down with the first rapper claiming that he's too

fuckin' nice, I'll fuck ya with a knife, fuck his wife, tell your friends your husband said good night

Yeah it's like that

Ain't no army that can strike back

If hip-hop is dead

Then Demoz will bring it right back

King Syze:

Raise up the white flags, man it's time to surrender

I'm on a mission for the dope with a cokehead agenda

We're stormtroopers, burst through the craziest rain

I'll burst through fire walls while lazy niggas complain

Your pride came and went and you ain't make it

It was right in front of your face you ain't take it

Never be me, I can't live with that

Cause the youth I got I can't have that back

I'm the general, commendable, overall dependable

loc'd out of cosmos but most times sensible

Live for the minute the moment the older I get

When the digits roll over that's it

Esoteric:

Ya call me Eddie Brock

Venom with machete chop

penny rock

guzzilin' husslin' from eighty block

You wanna battle band

But you ain't serve Gallohan

You pussies take heat back like Shaq's travel band

But you ain't got no gun or paper in your luggage

The only 9Mil you have gets you fries and nuggets

We stab bucks like study Jack Sigma

We'll travel back in time and attack Hitler

Look at money grid tryin' to buy his life back

You ain't a pharaoh dog, ring him by his life back

Fuck 'round with the army get your ice packed

We don't fuck around dog, you it's like that

Vinnie P:

Anybody go against me gettin' tortured and slain

Slaughtered then maimed

We robbin' rappers off with their chain

I'm a cannibal eatin' motherfucker start with their brain

They say Panzienza previously thought to be sane

I fought through the pain and established a remarkable reign
Lamatta Panzienza Marciento all in the same
We coulda signed a couple deals but what they offered was lame
But that was regardless of the fact that we was awkward with fame
And I remember me and Jus Allah would talk on the train
About how we were going to leave our mark in the game
We back together and we gon' bring the dog back to the game
And you know we put our motherfuckin' heart in the game