

# Pharoahe Monch, Behind Closed Doors

[Chorus: x2]

Behind closed doors we go to war, all out  
Hereos turn bitch and have to crawl out rich  
to fall out snitch to switch to out of bounds shit  
Flip, knock the wall out  
Danger, niggaz is prone to clear the mall out

[Pharoahe Monch]

What is a scorpion? A animal that stings, shit  
I'm like a bat with blood comin out the wings  
You should never in your wildest dreams  
shit on a nigga who resides in the borough of Queens  
Strong wicked, in the Lex on the celly  
Now you gettin fucked without the K-Y Jelly  
How I made it you salivated over my calibrated  
raps that validated my ghetto credibility  
Still I be packin agilities unseen  
F'realla my killin abilities unclear facilities  
For more than military tactics obscene extreme confidential  
My exterior serene with the potential of a killin machine  
Ex-marine you drag queen, we tag team  
Queens finest the alliance defiant we bag fiends  
The FUCK you lookin in my face for nigga?  
I mace mics and then lace the bass with figures

[Chorus]

[Pharoahe Monch]

Decapitate his ass, smack him, slap him in the back of the truck  
Exasperate the life of his man and then pack it up  
Cut off his hands and send his girl multiple finger sandwiches  
If she manages to damages, put her in bandages  
The amateurs - bananas is the unanimous way we choose to live scandalous  
Even with doorknobs you couldn't handle this  
Pharoahe's the host, the audience, and the motherfuckin panelist  
My mic's equipped with laser sights so that the man'll miss  
Never you Devils, my level's that of a high evolutionary rebel  
Third rock from the sun to me is only a pebble  
You comin with the corn shit that get forwarded  
like bitches lickin clitoris in a porn flick

[Chorus]