

Silence & I

Army of the Pharaohs

Yo I mastered the flow
I know death more than Lazarus know
And me defeated isn't frequent like Nazareth snow
Hold ya urn into the air so ya ashes can blow
Put my burner in the air so the pacifist know
That I ain't scared to start a revolution
Another fixed election another injustice I'm a 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 working for minimum wages
Working nine to nine and seein' the 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 distracting you and hope that Israel'll bomb Iran
I got a bomb in hand, and it's for George Walker
Meet ya maker motherfucka meet ya lost father

"It's gangsta how we rock, while you watch
Attracted to our style this is how we get down... "
"Big jewelry and big guns
We get busy it get grizzly"

This is concrete rap Q-Dimension pavin' the way
It's a sacred day waiting for my patience to pay
I'm a horse that grazin' the haters sayin' all that
I'm the evil that's born when someone good passes away
I'm both good and foul things
The love and hate an unwanted child brings
Right left life death the stress of the trial brings
The best of the wild kings that's us
This is smoked out rap get high angel dust
Roll with niggaz that be payin the 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 whole in my throat
Hardheaded, livin' my life regrettin' shit
That next shit Syzemology the new testament
Do this for my niggaz call me the fan
Yo I do this for them haters sayin' my songs don't bang

If this industry's a movie I'm the starring actor
You're an assistant for the intern for the back-up gaffer
But I'm only a rapper standing on two feet
Backstage with four whores on all fours
And that's on all tours
How more can I spit a punchline and an I'll statement
And keep your attention span on my records for entertainment
No explainin' it, you do the math I did the math teacher
Miss Anita spread wine under the gymnasium bleachers
Fucker, don't matter which homes speak
Cause we got pistols with barrels longer than Big Bird's beak
Plus the creamy white powder yeh we sellin' the milk D
My audio be to raw for children it's filthy
I never leave the crib without a pack of now and later
I pack now and blap later

And ain't a player you can find rollin' down the strip with hundred rounds i
n clips
Packin' macks in the back of the Ac on some Big Pun shit
When you hear the click ya click run quick dick
Transportin' handguns in mini-vans that's the pistol whip
Celph Titled the gourmet chef ripple effect an
Inconspicuous spit will catch ya mens when I'm splittin ya neck.

[Hook]