

# The Torture Papers

## Army of the Pharaohs

Yeah, muthafuckas! AotP in the building!  
Pazmanian Devil!  
Celph Titled!  
Planetary, OS! Apathy!  
What's the deal, baby?  
We mobbin' on you muthafuckas!

Yeah  
If there's one thing for certain, Celph Titled's a serpent  
Put on this earth on purpose to change the ocean's current  
Into tidal waves and lava, Secret government labs in Nevada  
Found fragments of my sentence and died instant  
From an infant to an emperor  
Dead Sea Scrolls mixed with gangsta shit, my literature  
Annihilate entire societies, nothin' left to salvage  
Next mornin', loungin' on a tropic beach, gettin' drunk, talkin' about it  
We might move in silence, not revealin' our plot  
No alcohol in your system, but you'll be feelin' the shots  
So many pistols, I'm the 45 King  
Yes the Pharaohs is the new Flavor Unit, it's a fortified thing  
And it's "A" 'cause we animals, "O" 'cause we ominous  
"T" 'cause we tyrants and, "P" 'cause we're prominent  
On all continents, our contents incite mosh pits  
Products of our environment, we Designed to be Violent  
And the Hologram showed you that, the prophecy was golden  
The Torture Papers, hands catch on fire when they hold it  
The game's changed, now there's more than 5 Perfect Exerters  
Hang my portrait on the wall and you can frame me for murder

I'm a arson, y'all live y'all lives in coffins  
I can hear y'all hatin' (The walls are thin)  
Apathetic, call the paramedics, we had to set it  
It's a war of words, they got lost inside the sentence  
I'm diggin' graves, put the switch to my blade  
Shank a nigga just for lookin' at me, get up on stage  
When I say "Throw your hands up," better keep 'em up  
'Cause niggas is creepin' up with heaters up  
And nigga, you soft, I'll take you to lunch and feed you a corpse  
Wash it down with OE, see nigga, I boss  
Celph bring guns and smoke, I bring rum and the coke  
Love my wife, that's why I never had no love for a ho  
What, you don't know? I spit it with a propane flow  
Cocaine-to-the-nose rap, that's why Plan' about to blow  
So let's go, take a walk with a menace  
Alcoholic nigga, showin' 40's love like tennis

I'm the product of angels and demons, cocaine and weedin'  
Eight different reasons the A-P is breathin'  
Language I'm speakin' is ancient as Eden  
Where snakes had Eve eatin' Satan's semen  
A top dollar pharmaceutical block scholar  
Pop my collar like a bionic rottweiler  
Molecules dissolve, I pass through walls  
Solidify on the other side, grab my balls  
I'm the shit, bitch, flip bricks bigger than Egyptians  
Dragged across sand to expand my shipment  
Shapes are shiftin', liftin' more weight than pistons

Attila the Hun with a gun, keep your distance  
Toss UFO's and foes like a discus  
The size of Godzilla, dick bigger than bridges  
Wicked as a wizard with a liquid elixir  
Stick to the script, I'm spittin' the unholyest scripture  
And y'all are just now goin' through your thug phase  
While I blast like flash grenades in drug raids  
Try to criticize me, you little rappin'-ass groupie  
Y'all as corny as muthafuckas who clap at the movies  
The Army of the Pharaohs, checks with six ceros  
Try to walk in my shoes and pop your Nike Air soles  
There's no mercy, so of course the haters  
Will get my autograph on The Torture Papers