

## Visual Camouflage

### Army of the Pharaohs

I stay puzzled as I backtracked to earlier times  
While I'm in rock constructed temples of unearthly design  
Astrologists who follow us attempt to search for a sign  
Now cops bother us follow us to search for a nine  
Asking Apathy to kill it a verse or rhyme  
Ridiculous would you ask to shine  
I would merk you murder you turn you burgundy with the burner  
Burst you bubble snuff you upper cut you like you had nerve to touch  
a  
Yeah, I got a reason to slaughter these villians  
Kept the die?

I'm the god of rap Paz is just evil and vizal  
Shut your motherfucking mouth while I'm speaking represso  
Vinnie snatch a motherfucker I'll steal it Slaughter  
Why would I ever question whether he was successful  
Murder rapper you dirty rapper eating a cesspool  
I have an hunnid motherfuckers that's eager to check you  
And a bunch of Sicilianos that's eager to get you  
I never felt any remorse never seen any regretful  
The nine circa's of hell is for the demon essential  
I feel like Brock? when he see through the threshold  
I'm Bray Wyatt dummy you ain't too eager to wrestle  
Squeeze the pretzel reason I met you  
Was either to wet you or grieve in your mental  
And leave your essentials the reason I treat em like suckas  
They fuckin suckas B  
It's not a feature list it's names of people that can't fuck with me  
Ruptured teeth, structured beef more than epic meal does  
Crack your egg with a 40 watch what wearing steel does

Oh you a UFC fighter (Word)  
Lets see if you could be a uzi survivor  
I'm shoot on arrival  
Get money and rob jewelry (Ya heard)  
Let them shots turn your ditty bop to a funky You will contort and have a seizure (Yup)  
No barbers here but we will put a part in your ceasar  
Skim our QR code and see an AR scope  
You won't be seen again til we do a Séance show  
Am I AK though? Got a knife on the tip  
If anybody want action put a price on a bitch  
I pay marketing teams to promote my records  
I get paid to promote gun violence and talk reckless  
My Saint Bernard keep a artillery in his?  
This ain't a magic wand or baton, it's just that tec with the arrows  
I spray that tec in the AM, make you sway in the morning  
And in night it's just yo family crying pray in the morning