

From the Bronx to Philly, only real niggas feel me  
Sucker-proof is how they built me  
We outlast trends, pay attention to your friends  
See me in a train, might see me in a Benz  
No matter where you see me, I'm official  
That's without the whistle  
Even without a pistol, known for launching missiles  
My air strikes, check these clowns like Air Nikes  
Your whole team against me and Paz, that's a fair fight  
Pro-black nigga, even when I wear white  
We raise the price like fare hikes  
I just want a clear mic to make sure these niggas hear right  
The giant, worldwide fans and street clients  
Put you in a box and call it the sweet science  
Before you start, we have won  
That's cause the cloth I'm cut from

D.I.T.C (yeah).. AOTP (yeah)  
Army of the Pharaohs (yeah), known for shooting arrows (yeah)  
Diggin' in the Crates, have gun, will travel (have gun, will travel)  
D.I.T.C (yeah).. AOTP (yeah)  
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It's moments like these when in the zone ain't the word  
First time my words relate with thirty-three in the third  
Nerve endings respond to the sound of the drums  
Taught myself breath control as I can strip my lungs  
Each line makes sense, I don't just flap my gums  
Talking loose leaf the target, the pen is my gun  
Tactician know to reincarnate Isoroku Yamamoto  
The one responsible for the attack on Pearl Harbor  
Die hard bloggers love getting the followers  
To start commentaries 'bout whose shit's magnanimous  
Character traits of funny style artists  
Get the taste smacked out of they mouth for spitting garbage  
The solution for half-wits, we solve it  
Toss little pumpkin bombs like Green Goblin  
Take the heads of so-called kings that sip wine from a goblet  
Looting cash just for they profits

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Listen  
And while they blood clot, all of y'all swimming with sharks  
And the closest one to you, he be living with narcs  
Everybody have a choice, but you live in the dark  
And with this bulldog, ain't nobody live when it barks  
Every rhyme is a very small glimpse in the dark  
And these dumb-dumbs going to put a rip in your heart  
I don't waste time money, I'm efficient with art  
I was leaving Jordan, three foot prints in the park

You talk a lot, ock, and you ain't got the nerve  
The four pound milli' silly, but the Glock absurd  
I've been rocking Philly all the way to Gothenburg  
Copped the bird and distribute it until I got the word (¡Qué rico chico!)  
Half moon, park, God, dark fade  
Armor on all y'all, car wash, car sprayed  
D.I.C.I., happy that we parlayed  
Callaway went thataway, Pa Clark Gabe