

## Chief Kamachi

### "Death Choir"

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(Hook) Kamachi 2x Yeah-yeah, sing the song of the 'Death Choir' I sing the song of the 'Death Choir' I didn't waste all these tears sayin' all these prayers I don't really care [Chief Kamachi] Yo, don't learn shit in school just wanna choke the teacher Back on the block all I see is dope and reefer I wave at the Reverend he ain't righteous either He a fiend on the low shootin' blow wit Meeka Yeah it's a crazy world, see how a baby girl When there's crack in the pregnant stomach of a baby girl Neglected offsprings end of the zone Single mother in the welfare instead of alone Pops smokin' up the money, ain't no food on the home Now they callin' collect back in jail on the phone The kid's starvin', kill for everything that he owned It get real hard, body showin' nothin' but bones Smell the death, shirt sprayed wit the bullet colognes Kneel down, pray on the trigger when pullin' the chromes So twisted, love the sound of funeral tones We so stressed out, got a smoke a few to dome C'mon... (Hook) Kamachi 2x [Chief Kamachi] Old babe slang weed outta bribes stay on the porch On the corner, youngstaz rollin' the dice, stay wit the torch My nigga 6-foot like to hoop at the court Died at the hands of a crooked cop, excessive wit force Abusive marriage to the block where we get the divorce It's like storm after storm but we weather the course Yeah, up to a certain extent But we look all high stumblin' on the corner, we bent Dodgin' shots, unsuccessful murder attempts When it's time to go nobody is preferred or exempt Heaven or Hell got the mama to takin' ya temp If it's hot then you go below If it's cold Mount Everest glaciers of snow I go the penalty, look at my face on the road I'm in the outside prison that's restrictin' my flow That's why I smoke weed like I'm free basin' the dro (Hook) Kamachi 2x [Chief Kamachi] Yo, stick-up kids is out to tax Caskets stacked for that white snow and plastic wrap These the bul troops to help you make classic raps Project pissin' hallways full of nasty rats All the pain and the glory, shame in the story How a nigga gettin' slained on the train for his jewelry It's still the same sin in these locations After all these years of prayers and

invocation The likely invisble man beggin' for  
donations They want me to go to war screamin'  
'DEFEND YOUR NATION!' Burn the flag, fuck Bush the  
fag I'm in squalor, can't put my hands on the ten dollar  
bag Dreams of being a big boy wit a Colombian tag So  
grimey eat the dead man in the crab So slimey turn ya  
head then you get stabbed Go head and try me, cuz so  
many that had (Hook) Kamachi 2x

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