

Chief Kamachi

"First Warning"

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(Intro) Yeah, you know what it is right?
You'kno'm'sayin', Mic Messiah, Juju Mob nigga I'll
smack that trucker hat the fuck off ya head man Yo,
this nigga... It's like the Insane Clown Posse or
somethin' up in this jawn man Yeah, you'kno'm'sayin'
you know who it is right? Yeah, yeah, uh, Kamachi,
yeah, yeah Ayo the Pharaoh's back [Chief Kamachi] Yo,
you little lames stare at the flame cuz my fire rare
Wave white crosses when a Messiah there You look
sweet in a night gown in Nike Airs Little ass, loose
faggot nigga wit spiky hairs All that tough talk, get
some of the toughest stares Snitch niggas smack wit
interrogation chairs I was makin' songs while I was
facin' years Made a livin' off runnin' up on face &
squares Ya little gun pin a nigga face this year I don't
think so, lil homie erase ya fears I'm on the hellevator,
you tryna take the stairs Scared, yeah, now I gotta
trace ya tears Where? Here! To the steps of the Church
Ya name and everything that you respect in the dirt
Brings friends along, no problem wit stretch in a hurst
Kill you fo'real, don't care 'bout expressin' a verse I'ma
animal, different type of hunger and thirst This why
you wallow in pain and wonder the worst Who this evil
man that God let come to the Earth Easter Sunday, gun
play, run in a Church Pharaoh's back, in less then an
hour's math Woke up, choked up another coward cap
Seven in the cres' is where my power's at You a faggot
Catholic Priest wearin' shower caps Lights and candles
slowly march the isle They put dick in ya ass then you
start to smile Tone of the Beast, think you on roamin'
for peace Gangsta made me a wrestlin' ass comin'
from Greece Step to my booth, old center, confess to
the streets You ain't neva seen blood from a body, slug
in a shotty Research gangsta in love wit the Gotti's
'Daddy Day Care' you stay here huggin' the potty
Here's ya pacifer, I'm the Black Messiah Bible for the
block, shots from that rapid fire It don't take a genius
to know the shells spin spherical Another verse,
another ten minute miracle Mayhem at the morgue
early in the a.m. I'ma goon, under the cherry Moon is
where I lay 'em The bodies are pilin', slay 'em, how they

pay 'em They don't want no beef, so I vegetable
soufflÃ© 'em Give 'em tubes and wires, crew's retire
I'm the real thing, stop tryna confuse the bias My proof
is when you dead soul move the choir Kamachi -
mothafuckin' Mic Messiah, YEAH!!!

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