

Chief Kamachi

"Love 4 the Craft"

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[Chief Kamachi] Each word I spit sparklin' glow
Kamachi street shaman, remarkable flow Rebellious,
rowdy saints put a part on ya float Blood on the
turntables, AK assaultin' the show I'm from the 70's,
gang war heavenly blow The same block old pops sell
beverely snow Crush groove in my heart, the culture I
know I'm the same ock _____ prop whereva I go I'm
underground my sounds in the ghettos overseas Love
to Kim voice, Brand Nubians steez Bring that 90's rap
back, who want it wit these? The thriller, straight from
Philla, Ali of emcees Juju Mob, scatter magic dust in the
breeze Catch the vapors, instantaneous death if you
breathe Broad Street the bodies in back roads in Belize
They want the prize, one look at my eyes then they
freeze (Hook) 2x I got 'Love 4 the Craft' for my spirit to
be reputed It's a reason why I do this and why I persue
this I got 'Love 4 the Craft' and if you don't true this
That's how we seperate the real from intruders [Chief
Kamachi] Yo it's Chief Kamachi, one of the wildest
ock's I go to vote leave a bomb in the ballot box When
I'm dead they think death & terror stops But each word
is like a seed from the Reverend's crops Minds
blossom and grow when you hear it rock Bless you like
the father you submit to in prayer Granddaddy of that
half street spiritual sphere I know I'm nothin' like the
way you had envisioned me there When my light shine
come thru like the beautiful heir When I write rhymes
nothin' you can do to compare Take it back like my
Queen puttin' braids in my hair When I'm on another
land brother man this is the jam of the year I'm on the
throne holmes you tryna put ya hands on the chair I got
the fire to lead and a murderous glare Give the world
what they need before my grave site is clear And I
ascend to Angels wit my family that care (Hook) 2x
[Chief Kamachi] Kamach Bolivian rock in the booth wit
the wake I spit the block, all I know is the stoupe and
the crate I got seven questions for God - seven spooks
at the gate While seven kids can't even put their tooth
in the cake Mommy sacrifice for that little bit of loot
that she scraped Left the world before she heard my
first group on the tape The pain is in the music I make,

so ruthless and great Black roses around the evil of
state Candles burnin' the windows what I reveal at the
gates It's the ghost of old Kunte, death drum on the
waist Warrrior paint on my face, spears thru ya ears I
don't know if you can hear dirt cover ya face Trumpets
blow, Undertakers dumpin' slow Hell's crowded but
Heaven got extra bunks I know It's deadly, OD on the
medley Pump the flow, make the US draw consumption
grow, yo (Hook) 2x

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