

Chief Kamachi

"Show Me Proof"

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(Intro) Yeah, Kamach III-Zaar, Regime JuJu Mob, Cult Status, kno'm'sain Mic Messiah, Cult Status Pull out ya canvas Let's go at it [Chief Kamachi] By the listeners request I'm here in the flesh My voice will put an African spear in ya chest So don't tempt me, black palms slap on the djembe Perform across the globe with my ritual kente Feel high like the hills where the Indian men pray Mach the Messiah, listen what the King say Pop's in heaven, props where the Jinns stay Music still nutritious like brown rice and tempeh So in hell when I serve the resin It's soul surah, the urban legend Number one will deserve a seven Do you get it? I'm on a throne possessed with it In the zone and a pen in my hand finesse vivid Capture minds, now I got obsessed critics It's raw he spit it, oh boy he did It's the word magician so take the further listen As I baptize minds like these words were Christian (Hook) 2x I'm Supreme! Supreme Deity Do you wanna go to war, wanna play with me? You tu be dalil I doubt that you could spit properly fo'real I shout... [Chief Kamachi] Kamachi the sage of the spoken word page Here to fight for the freedom of these musical slaves Captain Crook, I saw the pirate ways Ghetto Gabri-el stay posted up in the skies for days These the eyes of a psychic reader Looks like I just lit the brightest reefer These jewels that I drop gimme the right to teach her Many shine but the question is whose light is weaker? I strong arm with these African fighting features From the jungles where the war scars mark ya face I'm the bomb like the Middle Eastern market place This the song of a warrior that march with grace And they target me with preschool archery I'm too electrical, when I'm shining Let my aura fuck with ya retinal The gatekeeper of the great African festival So don't let Kamach cause spectacle (Hook) 2x [Chief Kamachi] Put dirt on my kingly fabrics, I can't have it Let my shell shake the cabinet From the pistol speechless that's elaborate Represent the children of addicts Look to them lavish, here with the medical examiners baggage Yellow tape my music it's madness Like ghetto gun clashes, CD's sell wherever blood splashes Crime scene camera

flashes For the rare paint to gush from ya gashes And
this is what they push to the masses Turn bodies in a
ritual ashes 20 a bush, Indian kush, I tint up my glasses
Saifullah! Kamach! Ill-Zaar! It's the Regime! And y'all
just can't pass us! (Hook) 2x (Outro) It's the Messiah!!
Chief Kamach!! And we live from Philadelphia!!
C'mon....!! You're in Good Hands right now (Movie
sample) "When life itself seem lunatic, who knows
where madness lies? Perhaps to be too practical is
madness. To surrender dreams- this may be madness
To seek treasure where there is only trash. Too much
sanity may be madness And maddest of all, to see life
as it is and not as it should be"

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