

Chief Kamachi

"The Edge"

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[Chief Kamachi] Yo, the first grandson of Phillip Lee
Grew up on the Ave, where they was dealing D
Searching for my moms, oh where could Camilla be?
My Uncle Upstate, hope they set my killa free Days is
dreary, little swollen eyes stay teary Grandmoms died
on my birthday, speak of a dearly Until this day, feel
like a warm embrace they near me And got me, when
this young nigga can't think clearly Inside me, had to
be strong from the start Day-by-day but everybody
around me falling apart Alone in the dark, wanna put
the chrome to my heart With the heavenly weed that I
know the angels spark These the things that influenced
my behavior Go to Church; probably put a shell in the
Savior Worship for what!?! Niggas ain't working
enough Was praying to pay my way but I judge for a
book Tryna stroll but it seems the world was hurting my
strut Don't wanna have to resort to drastic measures I'll
kill for a bird with fantastic feathers If I don't get paid
off this voice, these classic treasures (Hook) 2x I'm on
the edge nigga, like I was born on the ledge Cuz I said
"Please" that don't mean to push me to the edge Hard
to be righteous but easy to put one in ya head I'm from
the slums in Congo, live from this dunya [Chief
Kamachi] Yo, I live them Section-8 Housing tales
Depressed, chain-smoked over 2,000 L's Hungry miles,
with little vials to sell Keep my bear warm in Philly's
crowded jail Some ain't coming home or even browsing
bells Suicidal, whether we be doused in hell It's
strapped in special war, in the middle of blue walls
Where they keep human vegetables stored Some
genius with incredible scores But than the kitchen crack
come send 'em to their ghetto medical store They go
crazy, or smoke that Bolivian pure Skies is hazy, is
these days we living in war And I wrote this A&R, the
infirmary floor From my brothers became broke like
they learned to be poor On the edge nigga Man, what
kind of world is this? Man, the faggots have stolen the
fucking rainbow, man (Hook) 2x [Chief Kamachi] Maybe
I'm crazy, never occurred my state blurred from the
tropical herb Messing with my optical nerves with the
doctors observed Is the young hustler disturbed, got

the psycho in me I can see it in my face, immediately I
can walk the line of evil, obediently It's getting dim,
and I can see my light leaving me Must be the dark
spirits and they thievery High on the stoop, wild as
Congo Visualize paint, elephant and army suits Don't
be drinking orange juice In the white jacket, can't get
my arms loose Even the though the nurses was Indians
teaching me Kama Sutra Still tryna find the cooch on
mama goose, sinning Looking for the zone off in the
Ritilin Cuz I'm tripping, screaming "Fuck the police" In
the hospital catching on the edge, nigga

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