

## Chief Kamachi

### "This Man"

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This Man This Man This Man This Man [Chief Kamachi]  
Yo, most peoples life control, by the things they  
worship But my soul ain't for Shaitan's purchase I  
remember being young, grandmoms telling me to  
keep silent In the churches but my inner searches Went  
beyond scriptural verses And giving the Preacher bills  
from her purses Cuz what was real was the jails And  
the bodies that sailed in the hearses Abandoned cribs,  
with no operating circuits The pain not able to get your  
children ticket for the Circus Never leave the hood, to  
the masses bigger as the Earth is Now the Angels at  
your service To guide you to happiness and help you  
sense a higher purpose The truth is the Savior is at the  
end of your own arm You do anything to eat and the  
world say you so wrong Cultural elements, the root of  
emotional derailments To lead to the eyes failed  
princess looking thru jail friends And use to park  
Benzes, but ended up on park benches C'mon This Man  
This Man This Man This Man [Chief Kamachi] Yo, I'm the  
eldest, a five sibling split up So don't ask me why the  
L's is lit up And I'm still tryna wonder why the hell I get  
up? But I just can't seem to give up against the Earth  
and this cruelty Hell is grudge, but these streets I fell in  
love But than I seldom rub the wicked body of bells and  
bub In the hood trap, and they tryna derail the sub  
After the hammer drop, then there's nothing to tell the  
judge See the pen coming; hear the state bus running  
often tryna tuck something We grizzling but end up in  
the prison yard whistling On death row looking for  
protestors and petitions Listen to the words of a  
scattered musician Who speaks for the youth caught in  
a loop Living a lawless truth for a faluce Their minds is  
loose, and it's never a time for truce In these jungles  
we die for our fruits See the police eyeing our troops  
Eating steaks and french fries on the stoop With a buck  
25 and a Goose Hustling like we don't see no white  
guys on the roof But that's the risk you take when it's a  
nighttime on the duce- sing This Man This Man This  
Man This Man [Chief Kamachi] Yo these are jewels for  
an Honest Abe After I sit down and contemplate I was  
so hurt by my mama's fate Knowing her son about to

dominate And she can blow out the candles on her  
promised cake And endure a finer place That's why I  
stay with a piranha face In search of gold fish, nurtured  
from a soul dish Look at the way the streets oppression  
mold us Corrupted mommies press their soldier I grew  
up with the Avenue in me Plus I picked up the habits of  
plenty Thorough young boy, the old heads said they'd  
give me Everything from revolvers to semi to dope  
Tryna stay afloat, it's easy to stray away from hope  
When everyday is broke, looking back at 58th and  
Pascale Ave When I was playing tag in my lil rascal rags  
This Man This Man This Man This Man

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