

## **Chief Kamachi f/ Charon Don**

### **"Peddlin' Music"**

Visit "[Peddlin' Music](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(Intro) Kamachi Yeah, JuJu Mob, kno'm'sain Kamach,  
kno'm'sain African Kingpin, kno'm'sain Hustling these  
melodies forever, kno'm'sain Change the world with  
this music, nah'mean My man Charon Don, yeah, JuJu  
Mob [Chief Kamachi] Yo, it's the velvet caine killer, I  
spark cooler It's Young Dula - gold palace like a  
Baghdad ruler Sipping blood and caluha, with some  
herb from Afrua AK's ock, I got nuclear shit to do ya  
Obliterated, no residue so the body count is fewer I'm  
considerate; I give open caskets twice a year Die  
before you; look at these hands, your life is there My  
twin glocks, yo they're known as trifling pair Hear shots  
in your dreams and you wake up and your wife's like...  
"Honey calm down, that was just lightning there" But  
the truth is that Kamach might be here Straight killer,  
dressed in a God that the righteous wear I'm a nigga  
that'll sell out heaven if the price is fair Don't believe  
the hype cuz nigga your plight is near Graffiti covered  
my crook in heavenly stairs My rep is there, dirty  
chalice full of everclear Raised in lock ass like a  
pittbull's pup Never see me on the strip stuck I don't  
kick fuck I know the game like my mama know my  
name I blow brains like fiends blow caine I was born  
into the dope game Sweat tubes and rope chains  
Hustling nigga the world just know my show name The  
block hot, but the boy hustle propane Smokes at the  
corner bar, just like a Soul Train Rocks glisten now they  
sweating my whole gang Like the way I stroll North  
Philly soul theme Sweating my jewels maybe these my  
old frames Just royalty, killa puffs a flow caine [Charon  
Don] Alecrim, raised on day long Rakim Judge me not  
cuz you ain't neva saw where I been Hell without  
flames, way beyond Nextel's range My necklace's  
frame below the microcell's in my veins Oh my... show's  
wild what I bleed you read So high... no guys could  
believe my steez We the truth - selected to lead the  
youth So what you do to the weed is what we do to the  
booth This is head-trigger music, half nigga music  
Something to blast for you sicker music I rhyme with  
class, it's richer music Don't confuse it, these punks is  
useless I'm on the beat where the heat pumps thru

speakers when boosting Don't confuse it, these  
chumps is useless I'm from the street where the heat  
speaks and few get excuses Stupid! It's Chief Kamachi  
and Charon Don It's impossible to stop me, that's like  
pause in God I'm a pimp with knowledge so my mama  
sent me to college Ever since everything I spit is been  
nauesas Lyricism slash Prophet, ahead of my time This  
for your grandchildren's kids as they sit and they vibe  
So welcome to the game where the Ying meets the  
Yang But seldom do the pains that we're in seize to  
change Freak the beats, speak, keep 'em flame With a  
sleek physique and keep a heat to aim Repeat, repeat  
these waves Eat defeat, the weak and lames With a  
name that's so acclaimed you can't speak it in vain  
Maintain, we try to drink, smoke, think and coke  
Peddalin' music to survive while we eat these nuts  
Listen...

Visit [Chief Kamachi f/ Charon Don](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.