

## **Chief Kamachi f/ State Store**

### **"Holy Rollers"**

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(Intro) Kamachi Yeah, kno'I'mean, this that Philly fiend  
music Kno'I'mean, the sound of the dope heatin' on  
that spoon Hmmm, you feel that right, I know you feel  
that right (Hook) State Store 2x Holy Rollers How I fell in  
hell in the cell wit the world on my shoulders Holy  
Rollers Tryna twist them L's see the spell different cast  
on my soldiers [State Store] This for my broke brothers  
that's leakin' The have-nots and the heathens Who  
work hard and hustle just to spend it all on the  
weekend We - live without reason Numb our brain with  
liquor and cheeba Get tore down, hollerin' for God to  
help us Everything we take is truth, a misguided  
message The hood, better grimey, jealous, aggressive  
and desperate And we exit in enormous numbers  
Stressed out and restless City infested, Avenues  
infected And the struggle to success? Only accumulate  
the herb and depression Now how in the hell we  
supposed to get it together? We go from no diplomas  
to obituaries Seminaries and cemeteries, all we know is  
stress and worry Nosy neighbors, hoodlums and haters  
We reach for the sky Steady wonder why ain't no  
angels comin' out of heaven to help us out We know the  
situation full of doubt, so look at us now (Hook) State  
Store 2x [Chief Kamachi] Yo, I'm like, what? God ain't  
got no love for the kid Home from a bid, livin' on skid,  
clutchin' a rib Little scruff, barely enough to puff  
production at crib Small hands of a crack baby touchin'  
his bib From a heartless dark place where the evil is hid  
Slidin' board of addiction where my people done slid  
Only thing in life that really seems equal is dead Don't  
need a shrink to take a peek and see through his head  
Just study this hood culture where the future is lead  
And understand how a young child could shoot you for  
bread His whole like "Stop Snitchin'" "Fuck the blue and  
the red" Runnin' the spot, gun cocked, give two to the  
dred Only shook when the lookouts holla "The Feds!"  
Then you dash, quickly stash or swallow the meds  
Upstate, pacin', stressin', walkin' the edge Second tier,  
come in here, get tossed from the ledge I'm a crazy  
celly, like a war crazed Isreali I try harder but it seem  
like these days will fail me See I'm a psycho, in an

asylum I might go Or I'll be at the door of the Lord with  
a rifle Cuz I want more than James, Junior, and Michael  
Or I'ma keep studyin' this criminal bible Psalm one,  
Palm gun Ain't no fears in kings, so be prepared for the  
long run (Hook) State Store 2x (Outro) Kamachi Yeah,  
c'mon, kno'm'sayin', aint' nuttin' changed, kno'm'sayin'  
Still out here tryna take dirt and change it to a magic  
glitter, kno'm'sayin' Yeah, Holy Rollers, c'mon,  
Philadelphia

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