

Chief Kamachi f/ State Store

"U Try"

Visit "[U Try](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Intro) Kamachi Yeah, yeah, JuJu Mob, Dirty Deacon
Kno'm'sayin', Mic Messiah, kamach, c'mon Its' like, you
keep tellin' 'em the same thing Same shit, kno'm'sayin',
fall back man Candy ass niggas, ayo check it out [Chief
Kamachi] Yo, if I ain't have a mic I'll be flyin' kites from
a cell Respect me like I'ma Al-Qaeda leader in jail And
my prison pose my arms all swell like Melle Mel Do you
hear me like the Prophet heard the Angel Gabri-el
Boooooom! You know what that mean, don't risk it
Camoflauge y'all be a murderous mystique Wanna
hustle, scramble nine millie jam Devil worship - dance
on the pentagram Me and the Dirty Deac. Church full of
nerdy freaks Quiet girls that like to fuck in the pews
Give 'em vodka and holy water if they stuck in the blues
I'ma heathen, I love slangin' and thievin' Cold hearted
love to see families grievin' Right until the darkness
their souls is leavin' Minister Mach, this my sermon for
the evenin' Thank the Lord for the wise words who
receivin' Don't eva go against the code It's the Black
Moses in Da Vinci clothes When my sandals touch the
sand the ministry rose When I stood up, lights out, the
industry froze Bear witness to the Wooly hair, you know
how it goes K A M A C H I another chapter is closed
Bear witness to the Wooly hair, you know how it goes K
A M A C H I another chapter is closed C'mon... (Hook)
State Store 2x Don't - you - eva - try - to - come - and -
test - us Test - us [Break] You'kno'm'sayin' I keep tellin'
y'all to stop playin' You'kno'm'sayin' - you'know'I'mean,
this ain't no game When you come to my Church you
listen to my gospel You'kno'm'sayin', c'mon' Dirty
Deacon, sing it, c'mon Y'all just don't learn do y'all, ha-
ha Yeah, you'kno'm'sayin', stay on ya lanes, one more
time [State Store] Project paths, there's brick weed, the
hustle dime, the dust Call me the Deacon Preacher for
all the henny thugs For any victim I leave splashin' in
gorilla blood I speak sermon that evolved by the semi
slugs My shine Bishop Juan, Betty showed me plenty
love Holy communion reefer clouds over veggie grubs
My crap shooters throw bones for a dirty dub Since a
kid I played the block where the stash was So every
word will flame from a dutch that hashed up I'm State

Store, North Philly get ya cash up My congregation a
hundred shorties wit fat butts I'm warrior style, you
over print on my black tux I hold it down, drink a liquor
out of glass cups I see visions, I'ma psychic for a fast
buck Ride in the hood, dirty bikin' and a dump truck I'm
State Store 'Death Choir' for my vultures (Hook) State
Store 2x (Outro) Kamachi Yeah, you'know'm'sayin',
Dirty Deacon they just don't learn You'kno'm'sayin', you
know each one keep steppin' into the zone
You'kno'm'sayin', this is our zone You'kno'm'sayin', we
own this right here You'kno'm'sayin', stay on ya own
galaxy You'kno'm'sayin', we made a star here
You'kno'm'sayin', we made a star here, hahaha
You'kno'l'mean, JuJu Mob, Death Choir, c'mon

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

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