

De Gregori Francesco

"The Deer Hunter"

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[Chief Kamachi]
Yeah yeah
Uh yo yo, yo yo yo, Jedi Mind yo yo
Yo, my words sold germs, spread em like a slow germ,
infected
Disease is collected and quarantined from my method
The borderline where the animal and divine become
separate
I'm Def Leppard, case of beautiful hell on a record
Compel the skeptic when Kamachi unveil the epic
It's needed and requested
Brought to you like Elijah in the message
A jury of ancestors was sequestered
To decide my fate, for conductors of viscious vespers
Candlelight death is extras
Is usually hollow point flesh presses
Until they skin caress stretchers
I'm the best to finesse textures
My rhyme fabric, is elaborate, scrolls kept in a gold
cabinet
Open the book to the chapter of this old soul magic
Juju tongue to voodoo come, behold this untold havoc
Up north grab it, then I hit the south pole wit a magnet
East and west avid, now my name on all four points of
the square
It's firmly established, the language is lavish
First to rock Roshashannah's and African pajamas
Swear before I die to be there wit the best of the
rhymers
Music for different ears, hears in different spheres
Global ink like the mobile link, make sure the pitch is
clear
K-A-M-A-C-H-I be the dopest in here

Vocal sample

"Too much...I'm tired"

"In the company of those that fear..."

"In the company of ...fear"

[Ikon]

Yo we smash mics, but ya'll wanna build

But in the face of death, you can't kill
And that's real, we feel what we feel
But ya'll muvafuckas can't overstand skill
If ya'll start me, we Buck like Milwaukee
But ya'll, ya'll just do a lot of talkin
And maybe that's why you feel what the devil does
Maybe that's the appeal of a metal slug
You ain't a ghetto thug, you an actress
That's unnatural, like love between faggots!

"In the company of ...fear"

[Jus Allah]
I burn leaf wit Ikon and the Chief nigga
This next bud is not for you
Watchin you made me land a closed hand to your
nostril
Stoppin you from givin the god cold stares
Beware, my flares poke ?holes? in rolling chairs
Dunn I'm prepared when the holocaust begins
You'll have the roach smoked down to the sole of your
Timbs
Now I'm, holdin your gems, you're holdin for dear life
Any mothafucker holdin the heat can have vice
You're just like a bitch wit no top on
At the Houston five, you lay down and get shot on
Double check, your dead, plugged twice in your mug
I'm high off the weed, drunk off the cop's blood

"Too much...I'm tired"

"In the company of those that fear"

"In the company of....fear"

"Above all, there was fear
Fear of today, fear of tomorrow
Fear of our neighbors, and fear of ourself"

"We came from distant space and even what some
might call
Another dimension...and we're about to return"

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