

## Deandre Fabrizio

### "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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