

## **Killah Priest & Chief Kamachi**

### **"All Been Buried"**

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[Chief Kamachi] Yo, I still be scheming off loss I can take My kids be screaming wit more sauce on their plate Dollar rice and gravy, not a T-bone steak From the "Keystone State", see the chrome scrape Family of dope dealers will be at home tape Don't black mask again, lie and wait My old school .38 beside your fate It's the mind of black prisoners behind the gate Don't know nothing but straight cutting and the grind I make And it's so raw; they snort every line I shake It's that classic killa wax kept inside the crate It's a soundtrack for hell in every rhyme I make I gotta bond wit the block, burden to the angels Project Mary wearing silver and gold Bengal's In a dirty white robe, wit the hair all tangle Going to jail or hell, cuz of my murderous angles (Chorus) Priest 4x Life and Death is like a carnival in cemeteries Ain't nobody left that's honorable they all been buried [Killah Priest] I drank your wrath and ate your violence Swallowed destruction, now guzzle my pain by gallons Praying in silence, my brain is an insane asylum Let's take a train thru the vains of Sodom I came from the bottom Like a tree when it springs in autumn I came in crawling A day in August and we stayed bossing Till we stay flossing, till we laying in coffins I wash my face wit blunts Clean my hairs wit the stories of the niggas that the streets feared Brush my teeth wit corruption The comet is coming, the projects is crumbling Stunning, I stared in the mirrors of murals I saw death in peril, Michael and Uriel, attending his burial Washed my shirt wit tears Splashed my shoes wit beers We the last ones here (Chorus) Priest 4x [Chief Kamachi] Yeah, emerald coffins, sprinkling of amatheist No offense but bury me like I am the Christ - of the streets They promise paradise for the price of a peach And it's right in your reach Your devil decorators gave us somewhere nice to sleep The medic exam rum brick or ice on your feet Look at the clouds draped in a shroud Thunders, just a sound of spirits mumble and loud [Killah Priest] Call us the Ghetto Kabbalah, unforgettable drama It's either medical doctors or the federal box us The devil just watch us, rose pedals are dropping on caskets Stole

Yaqub's ash, placed 'em in carats Now I can see Israel  
shine every time when I'm writing these tablets In the  
heat of the madness, I still bring magic like Jesus in  
Nazareth Kamachi & Priest, see that's a classic Believe  
it and that's it, we write deep graphics (Chorus) Priest  
4x

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