

Killah Priest & Chief Kamachi

"Closest"

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[Chief Kamachi] Yo, kneel down in prayer, nah, but I pretend to be My ministry of L, class of hot Hennessey Genius in the hood, we mastered coke chemistry President love us, we get the dope from the Embassy Sit on the stoop, inhale and choke is a tendency Judge gave the sentence, no repentance, fuck the penalty Sitting in cage, full of rage, fallen man Think wit my ten year old mind, first sold a gram Family starving, trying to do all I can Waiting for the mystery millions to just fall in hand Open my palms, barely getting fresh air Scrabbling like my body allergic to getting fresh gear Six from the brown bag burning up your chest hair Cold and brisk, sign of somebody's death near No light, last vision seen was the Tek flare No night, morgues ain't filled wit young blessed tears Music is good, vividly reflect the death fear Tombs talk, graveyards makes you respect fear Blood on the stairway of heaven, keeps the steps clear Electrocuting put me in your next chair Bang two cops, waiting for the next pair If I die there'll be another me next year (Chorus) Kamachi 2x Ghetto Gabr-el, can you save my shell? Closest I get to heaven is when I blaze an L Ghetto Gabr-el, can you save my shell? I don't wanna spend another holy day in jail [Killah Priest] I've been the author, teller, composer of death My best seller, got a load off my chest Through the cobwebs of my cellar The Goodfella, picked from the hood to be a failure Wit black shoes, black suits and black umbrellas No God to help us, the devil provided his angels And blood stained shoes from trampling the bodies like wine press God likeness, white divine dress But makes yourself drunk from the blood of the righteous I write this like stoned being caught by lightning Clash of the Titans, I fight against her and the Vikings Snake bitten by Great Britain New Age System, Medusa is your ruler She turns your city into cement jungles I came from amongst you and your dumb schools Waiting for you city to crumble I pity the humble, love the aggression Thug recession, blood on my weapon and I hug it wit affection (Chorus) Kamachi 2x

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