

## **Killah Priest & Chief Kamachi**

### **"Don't Waste Your Lungs"**

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[Chief Kamachi] Yo, before I bear the cross My lungs trying to see a dutch I smile at the heavens, I now know that we in touch Mic Messiah, please acknowledge me as such I work miracles when famine and hunger struck Heal the world, dreaded Juju girl in a jungle hut Peasants scrambling on the bottom trying to stumble up In line for blessings, stressing wit they number tucked About my image as a child they used to wonder much Fist thru the clouds, index finger wit the thunder touch Alpha-Omega all nine numbers clutched 144 waiting, like will he come or what? Deathlehem, Kabala, camouflage hummer truck Hebrew king sing the song of the Lord Lyrical Nibiru, humans welcome aboard Thru the pineal gland, my warrior clan is absorbed Sit on the sands, no telescope, study a orb Real rulers rule they stars, watch the transits Young tut back, you see the precious stones and amulets Still in search of OZ, this a different zone from Kansas I bewilder the minds of the scandalous, analyst God-body debate any panelist, about they racial claims I take as strange Last cycle warned 'em fate would change My-rec-room-reign, hi-top-kane, two dancers Gold-plate chains, all my shell top souls take aim Quiet storm, philosophical firearm Study my glow, never attempt to try the charm Magic shows on the strips of Giza The Valley of the Kings was just a teaser I am the host, from Philly to Abydos, keeping my album Like keeping the magic close 'Don't Waste Your Lungs'!! (Hip-Hop Samples)

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