

The Deer Hunter

Jedi Mind Tricks & Chief Kamachi

[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 fear 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 fear 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 clenched hand to your nostril
Stoppin you from givin the god cold stares
Beware, my flares put poets 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 ice
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"
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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