

Kamakazi

Murda Mase & DJ Whoo Kid

(M. Biedermann) We're the symbol of society
The masters of our race
We've learned our lessons on those who lived
And how they lost their face What's wrong with living a proper life
When it's yet our time to die?
Faith and honor well preserved
For we never question why... Taking your life in your own hands
As we do every day Living life in the danger zone
Someday you'll have to change Divine wind
Kamakazi flies within
Divine sin
You'll never see his face again No reason living
No reason to die
You look in the mirror
And see your cold eyes One final moment
Before you take to the skies
The needle's your pilot
And the snow is your guide To turn your back on the rising sun
Would surely bring your honor shame
Crying for the ways we live
When we only have ourselves to blame (Solo MB)

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