

# Barking Up The Wrong Tree

Gravediggaz

Ahh, Gatekeeper  
Grym Reaper  
Peace to the Gods  
Yo (east)

Look before you start to speak  
You're barkin up the wrong tree dog  
I Rest in the East

Yo, runnin diligently, militantly  
Lyrically a million degrees, niggas deadly  
Lyrical work, dabble and dirt, gotta chase skirts  
Offset the balance of the Earth  
Niggas get crushed, rip it in half  
Paragraphs, exodus, triplin my ripplin effect  
Buildin collapse, maybe perhaps, strategically  
A tactic, easily to over dap  
Parallel verse, obvious verse, niggas disperse  
Punish to hurt, fully torched New York  
Terror dome, you're scared of my zone  
Gravediggaz mothafucka, we're niggas, wear blood like cologne  
Darker the tone, they're livin legit, clavicle wind  
Lateral sin, step on the line, let's begin  
Noteriaty but this society don't inspire me  
Settin fires to mothafuckas higher than me  
Critical ritual, hit you with the mythodic  
Hypnotic, chronic, a gas state to a solid  
You can't allow the above, reachin my broth'  
Chokin your ass, without my mothafuckin gloves, nigga

Yo, we used to knock them cats that floss a lot  
When you talk a lot, then it could cost your knot  
After the club get snubbed in parkin lots  
Or your head will get thrown like cosmonauts  
Rich forced out, we forced the glock  
And enforced the block, you can eat chalk or rot  
My heat is deep, and dark and hot  
Dedicated to my niggas who spark a lot  
It be the Grym Reaper, the king speaker  
Reach deep in your thoughts with equal the force of a tornado  
I go to war, lay low, write scripts like Plato  
Back to the war, call NATO for the new treaty  
Rap diety against the F.C.C.  
Observatory tower, can't see me  
The sharp shooter, who pierce darts through ya  
Bring it right to ya head like shh, booya  
Tony T.I. is anti-derogative  
The chief operative, ready to flog a kid  
Who doesn't acknowledge his, melanin background  
WWF here comes the Smackdown

I blast recklessly, terrorize the unseen  
Impact, structural collapse  
Hard consume, grow industrial  
Coloured testicles, a festival  
I kill you slow, nigga, yo  
The deadliest Torture, the author enforcer

Slaughter a double crosser  
East New Yorker's block (Oh yo yo yo)  
Welcome to The Rock

If you fail the plan then plan the fail  
To my mans in jail, I hand your bail  
These fiends they still demand the sale  
These Devils still command retail  
The rebel in Grym provide the spark  
To light the day and divide the dark  
The ArchAngelic guides the thought  
The Earth is held 'til we slide off