

# Break What?

Gravediggaz

Fuck ya niggas, real muthafuckas what?

Wanna break? Wanna break, break  
Yo, what ya wanna break, nigga break  
Break what, nigga, what

First rule, ya mistake  
The phenomenal stomp the Earth are bombin you  
It's all my chronicle, particle and rich  
Over original scripts, begger be choose  
Let off three shots, be confronted wit the bad news  
Long as muthafuckas corrupt, infiltrate the state  
Hit him wit graze, throw an earthquake  
Yo fraction, I'm settin off a chain reaction  
That increase, long as muthafuckas bust police  
Bloodsheed, mutts and gruts  
The wonder bread buds, a million black muthafucka  
Head to junk, Devil schemin up plans to plot  
It's gettin hot, usin our own, to start the clock  
Yo, I'm only fightin for what a brother deserve  
Bein God spreadin the gold, roll up on the reserve  
Blood, sweat and tears for years yo  
I'm fed up blown when muthafuckas take it outta they own

I watch thru my infrared green vision binocs'  
Storm in the desert, clever as a fox  
Bolt, wit measures in the clock, huh  
Seven stealth bomber nine, helicopt' drop  
The Gravedigga parachute wit the black roots  
Fall outta the sky like rain, as the soldier train  
To take back the Earth, the terrain  
We overcame fear, now prepare for pain  
First the soul from the rap world, all of ya villains  
That taught ya black children, wit rats in they buildin  
Singin on hydro, squatterin millions  
Or live up in gold, and fulfillions of killin  
And of ya plans strick, my hand grips a mic  
And transmits co-ordinates that float like it on a script  
Break down ya character flaws, to the masses  
Burn ya to ashes, and suck you wit acid

Yo, I can't be denied, gots to try  
Many will die, in the blink of an eye  
Nigga like me will survive  
Cannons and guns, gotta overcome the run  
Gots to chill, set packs of bill  
Shine my gift, or the uplifted brother that stiff and lost  
Trynna stear a brother back to cost  
Ready to try, ready to die  
Lyrical guns, lyrics fire  
What, ya outta line, forced wit pen  
Self defense, whackin the Timbs  
Strive to survive, but build my strength  
Finito, stampetro, don't wanna will a negro  
Ready to break (Break! )

I favor the plot of savin the box

Capable cops'll be the neighborhood watch  
The stable that spots, estrogen is hot  
Infested wit vipers and three hots  
And the cops, yo, my man is snipers  
Trynna eat right, teach my peeps how to reach light  
The beast strikes each night, deep under the street light  
Gotta carry ya heat light, then peep the fight  
It's called Armaggedon, cuz of the armor ya gettin  
Weapon on ya side reppin, carry and hate in ya eyes  
Steppin in spots, ya hatin these spots  
Gettin the papers, surprised, so ya snake in the rise  
Lettin state conive, you end in takin a life

Gravediggaz! Eh-oh, ooh-eh  
Ooh-eh