

Here Comes The Gravediggaz

Gravediggaz

Intro:

You gotta keep saying it
Say Gravediggaz, Gravediggaz
come on say it with me, come on
Gravediggaz, come on
Gravy, yeah, uh huh
You don't pull on Superman's cape
You don't spit into the wind
You don't pull the mask off the old Lone Ranger
and you can't fuck with me and my men - so check it out

Chorus: Ryzarector

Yah, Here come the Gravediggaz -- repeat 3X

(Pray for your mommy)

Verse One: Grymreaper

Boom bit competition ain't shit
Fakin the funk like silicon tits
Left on a level of a skill
or jack the imposer like the Buffalo Bills
They come close but can't win
or do a damn thang, huh
I'm merciless like Maine
As I get the wreck off
I navigate a course like Czechov
Soft MCs you better step off
Will a villain ever learn
I'm killin like a mad germ
I burn MCs like a bad perm
Do not turn
'Cause I got you on my infrared
Once I dead
I pop 'em like a pimple's head
I get up and get down like I was gravity
Cause pains like cavity
Thick like a salary
Flow with little or no skills I kill 'em
My shoes are illa makin a mountain out of a molehill
Chill
Or your ass'll be taken fast
Crossed in the style like Alice in the lookin glass
You want to see the Grym get raw
Ay-yo I bust your whole shits in your

Verse Two:

My style's gravy, rough and real
Raise up the rugged on my Gravedigga shield
That's how I deal with the fake frauds
I flow hard
Yo hearthrobs'll get robbed
I come with the wicked one stompin tons
I mud other crap as I wreck your town
Cock my bore to hell
as we dwell
to a ludicrous lunar eclipse
no to exit
I radiate gamma rays at random
I slam 'em
Yo, quick fast like the phantom
Guard my gate

with a passed down cape
You want to escape
And now ain't no one safe
Check it
as I hit you with a boom from the trigga
Chorus
Verse Three: Rzarector
I learned to burn rap germs like antiseptics
Dem while eats, I piece a music living epic
Words like proverbs
Blended braided so on like a storm or song of king David
Potentially vital, only as the bible
Camel eyes used to worship the false idols
New form of literature, dance to the fiddler
Don't mean to riddle you God
I'm not The Riddler
On super the moon, no, wait for high noon
I'm the other space Doom I be entombed
I don't squawk like a hawk or stalk like a stork
But walk in New York, stay away from pork
Rhymes are by passion
Don't need the hassle
Swingin everything cause I'm king of the castle
Niggas gettin boggled, it scream and squabble
Gravediggaz got the paperback novel
So line by line you should read
Take heed
Or you'll bleed and bleed and bleed and bleed
Chorus: repeat 2X
Pray for your mommy -- 4X
Chorus to fade