

Killing Fieldz

Gravediggaz

No more dead end streets
Gravediggaz, dark angels
Appearin out the fog
Reappearin every millennium
Frukwan, the Gate Keep, sun star
Hit it up, ya
How many's willin, ready for the war
Permit the killin, what if it's ya own
That's the villain, what do you do? Do you kill 'em?
Created from a cumulus, cause that are numerous
Dangerous combattin, when I kill, it's no accident
Punch hole through your abdomen, pluck your vein instrument
Prevent, my thought waves travel infinite
Periodically I generate, natural intake
7 and a half ounce brain, 5% body weight
Repititious, the bishop, he only enter the vicious
Sleepin wit yo misses, tappin that ass vicious
Squeeze time, a pressure ya muthafuckas couldn't measure
The dead body severed, fingers are dismembered
Hair folliculs, point of rap, wrapped in iodine
Wrapped in a heat, body found upon the ground of Egypt
Jamaica, that on to make a Earth shaker
Natural disaster, hemipheric master
Master crater size hole, niggas that want to fold
Blow, transport threatin ya fuckin life support
Petroleum niggas up on the Potium
Figure, how many niggas run wit Gravediggaz, nigga!
Yo, next up
Grym Reap, Poetic, Tony titanium
Criminal record, never had one, never made none
Never grab guns and blaze them just for fun
I'm military trained, not considered very fiend
Not to kill up every frame within the skill of my brain
When I peep certain cats on the block, I know they plot
How to get what I got, 'cause we travel a lot
Doin hip hop in spots that get hot
They figure we get knots, a few bad apples'll lick shots
And shit stops, the Most High
Deprive human life out of his gift shop
Thirty four years up on the brick top
Tryin to survive, it's as wild as elephant's stampede
To see, fans leave as someone in the audience, clans bleed
They can't breath, after the next man squeeze
And this girl is like "Please"
Someone, get a parademic, the ghetto drama's pathetic
More black armor shredded, I need peace
Peace of mind, peace and quiet, piece of the pie
Piece of the action, to acquire
A nice piece of real estate when I need escape
A pen and a piece of paper, to plot my next caper
Up in the safe havin, smokin peace pipes
As peeps try the peace treaty
And we be usin the Sun as a time piece
Dime pieces in two piece bikinis
That give me a piece of ass, whenever they see me
What the dealy? Behind the whole plot
As I carry a piece to protect my flock

Can't throw rocks while enemies toke glocks
The human and the low brain lock, and we go into shock
"My mic check is life or death" (6X) - Nas {scratched up}
"My mic check is life or death, breathin the sniper's breath" - Nas