

# Man Only Fears

Gravediggaz

Gravediggaz, Gatekeep'  
Grym Reap', Gravediggaz  
Gatekeep', Grym Reap'  
Yo

A fresh alley, is like Death Valley  
Strangers are met foully like heads with a bounty  
I Invade your county, state, town, or borough  
Rap steelo, thorough, home on the furlo  
Dolo, solo, singular, similar to none, with the black Polo  
Outfit, house bitch you dumb  
Deaf, blind, can't rip a rhyme  
MC's lines is empty, I'm unfriendly  
The Art of War horror-core slaughter more cats than a Chinese restaraunt  
My rhyme peaks is the art on all you triflin' me, like the Eiffel  
MC's, I'm rightful in these lyrical bullets in the form of a bullet  
In your back, you're wack, fuck your click, they just over-react  
I ain't feelin' your track when I come fully stacked for combat  
I break mates, human bein's, shapes, and Shakespeare's of Europeans  
Fuckin' sewer semen, Apache renegades with hand grenades  
Drop bombs, invade men through their hearin' aids  
And fully extend the Gravedigga welcome  
To Hell, son, the Devil got you in a full nelson  
Stride for stride, I carry my Gravedigga shield with pride  
If left to the doctors I'd have already died  
But I'm back, darker than a pitch-black night  
With a track and a mic

Man Only Fears what he knows he should not  
Man Only Fears what he knows he should not  
(Yo niggas that know not can't get, don't got)

Let me dictate what I wrote, PaperMate  
ShoGun, I use my words to Assason-ate  
Murder is all I see here, so I say what I see  
When you step in front of me, my thoughts is explosive energy  
Call the bomb squad, I'm a threat to the cassette deck  
Might spit a cartridge, to rip through your cartalidge  
Danny Godsmith, who the fuck you think masterminded this?  
Brain-storm, Red Dawn, war pawn, let the gun show 'em  
We could happily leave the convo', I got an arsenal  
I'd Dress to Kill, Swingin' Swords Where I Rest At  
It's Blood for Blood in this Shoot Out  
Clash of the Titans, Universal Soldiers, Wake the fuck Up!

Black ambiance, I levitate in a motherfuckin' seance  
Upon a black young child with the crayon  
I prayed on intellectuals in exceptional venacular  
Vintage cosmetic venacular callisthetics  
Genetic contraband, study of the graphed tin man  
Wisdom concurrent, run determind through event sentence of death  
Last chance, close the curtain, go inhale the vision of detail  
Realistic accuracy backed by the faculty  
The Gods, I use the guns and glocks to lock the monopoly  
Armed, the bomb, the harness, released under my own recognizance  
Gatekeep', what? You know how it motherfuckin' be  
G-O-D, the path consists of numerous tricks

But niggas thoughts are restricted  
Rather be cramped in little districts  
Chop the element, a household name in every residence  
I be the King sparkin', runnin' niggas like drill sergeants  
Of course no remorse, deterrent fear radiates coherent  
Rather bust your own than eliminate the appearance  
Cover us but On the Strength my niggas double up  
Here to engage, left in disarray  
Torn, devastated, from the fierce brigade

Man Only Fears, Many Only Fears

Niggas that know not can't get, don't got (x4)