

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
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(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)