

Mommy What's A Gravedigga

Gravediggaz

One two
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You're ready?
Yo, this one goes out to Prince Paul, my man Fruitkwan
the Gatekeeper, Prince Rakeem and last but not least
the Grymreaper
Some motherfucker's out robbin your home

As your soul enters the next stage
Reality becomes obsolete
You have nothing to fear, nothin to fear
Walking in the shadows you realize
That live is nothing but a fog of animated death
Grave-diggers!!!
And to my right it's the one that they call, the Grym Reaper
Verse One: Too Poetic/Grym Reaper
Sparks through the dark, I'm diggin in the dirt
Or diggin in your brains or your skirt
Burying the past is a very hard task
I make loot and now everybody's diggin up dirt
I spark the night like a rasta with reefer
And to my right is the Gatekeeper
Verse Two: Fruitkwan/Gatekeeper
Here comes the one, the one wicked sun from the slums
That's how i do when the Gravedigga crew comes for
example, leaving corpses blissed
half hypnotized with my mark on their wrist
The protecta, spectator of death, the selecta
Is the RZA, the RZA, the RZArecta
Verse Three: RZArector/The RZA
The bloody, ferocious, attack, hits the body
Explosive diagnosis, it's fatal like multiple sclerosis
Oh it's, not the hocus-pocus, Gravedigga nigga
Just to keep the focus
Fucking up the tracks like the Fist of the White Lotus
Catch a triptychnosis
If you ever try to smoke this
Grave-digga!
Grave-diggers!!!