

# Nightmare In A-minor

Gravediggaz

The battle, the war, lay your whites, slick  
And I won't blast clips  
That'll end your ass quick

Yo, yo  
What y'all know about the war? About the corps?  
Active duty, bit missile buoy  
Sink your battleship, +Fuck You, Sue Me+  
This be from the heart, sincerly yours, truly  
B9, behind, your blinds  
Behind your door, you want war?  
Don't think so, you know my M-O  
Beretta 9, black Rambo  
Big guns, extra ammo  
Plus, heavy artillery, D-stream me and military  
Killarmy A-rabs, out for your commisary  
So nigga Run it and catch a hot one in your stomach  
Bitch! Bitch!

What y'all know about the war? (about the war)  
Yo, when I was young I strongly seeked for the knowledge  
I never went to college but acknowledged  
The fact that knowledge is first, through the academy of the universe  
Taking everything for what it's worth  
Remember that +Night the Earth Cried+ for the Gods to come through  
To make unknown things that seem impossible possible  
Mastering all obstacles, and all courses  
Striving to absorb the Earth's forces

Yo we never wack, clever rap, stay forever black  
I'm a lyrical Pteradac', severin' backs  
Bad luck for sorry MC's to get a match  
Bad luck, I strike you like you just broke a mirror  
Black, here's the fact, I manufacture the jams that fracture your program  
Shatter grain matter with the soul of a slow jam  
It's the GrandMaster, Eloheim, flaming guillotine  
Still scheme, with the, skill of a marine  
To the extreme, flow like a jet stream  
Also collect CREAM at shows, the veteran P-are-O  
Better than most you know, sharp as an arrow  
Sing like a sparrow, Grym Reap's the motto  
+Killing You Softly+ with Islam right knowledge  
For hollow-head pieces that worship dead Jesus  
And still don't keep His commandments  
I Leave souls abandoned with pieces of a dream  
I'm so unique when I peak on the scene  
Chk-chk-chk-chk, Gravedigga at it again  
2000, running through your project housing  
What!?!

Yo, check it, check it  
Gotta peep at this shit  
It's called key rap

If you doubt the strength  
Competition, every blow high tense steel  
That you can't touch, taste, feel

The lord of the world, capable at will  
Take control of all your mils  
When I blast my solar winds  
Nomads in the land  
Mercenaries that are tactically prepared  
Gravediggaz show no fear  
Ghetto warriors in a jungle, where if one don't find the hedge  
And to no one there's the trend  
Back-breaker of men  
Mighty morphins, no beginning, no end  
Can you place my origin?  
But now in our days, finding new ways to destroy ya in one day  
Not afraid to dig graves  
In the mind of my own, graveyard is my home  
And Hell is where I dwell  
Gravediggaz will prevail