

# Nowhere To Run

Gravediggaz

so for all y'all niggaz out there that be puffin shit  
When the music go on, y'all listen to this alright?

Let's get it on ock, and watch the spot get blown  
I be the sick lunatic with the devilish poem  
From the mists of the darkness I come with this  
Hittin straight, to the chest, like a primatene mist  
Ryzarector, yah, the fanatical type  
I'm like a bat, in the night, when it's time to take flight  
Here I am, in the flesh, and yes I love sess  
I'm obsessed, by the sounds, the track posess  
Intellectual, killer, special majestic  
Ropin up the devils have em hangin from my testicles  
Nowhere to run to ba-bay  
There's nowhere to hide

Ahh... fuckit! another day, another ducat  
From here to nantucket mc's kick the bucket  
I'm rugged ruff flow-in up till I bust  
While other rappers is flatter than a white girl's butt  
I manifest my name and the reason I came in the first place  
Word shake your brain just like an earthquake  
A lot of people admit that I am raw  
I cover my ass like a v-i-m, store  
My forms are real wicked like dahmer  
A whole mob of a lot of niggaz is like a meal ticket  
It's nowhere to run to ba-bay  
It's nowhere to hide

Yo  
As a child, a bad seed, was on the prowl  
Runnin mad wild, cause death was my style  
The crazy, maniac, yo lunatic  
I circle like a shark when the fresh blood drips  
Needles to the pen now you're in  
I eat em then I feed em chop chop rippin sheets from your skin  
Terror is in, with the rza and the grym  
Problem one now begins, hah!  
Streak up your skull to the sides of a freedom  
Record to the meter, so tell me who could be the next one  
Gravediggaz complex death oath  
And watch king tee, kill a fuckin note  
Here we go, I'm cursed with dawn you was warned  
And now, I'm slayin every new firstborn  
It's nowhere to run to ba-bay  
It's nowhere to hide  
It's nowhere to run to ba-bay  
You best to stay inside  
...  
You best to stay inside

Here comes the drastic...Just like... a tactic, attack it, attackin, attacki  
n  
I'm wrappin you bastard now prepare your casket  
Death is the final step, when y'all step  
To intercept, the rep, of a brother, who has kept  
His status, stop the madness, that is

I flow just to show that, black, y'all can know that  
Me, being wack is like naps on kojak  
Eruptions of volcanoes, o-ccur when I speak  
Try to twist my dialect and get caught by tornadoes  
There's nowhere to run to ba-bay  
There's nowhere to hide  
There's nowhere to run to ba-bay  
You best to stay inside

{nowhere to run, nowhere to hide  
Nowhere to run, nowhere to hi