

# Running Game On Real

Gravediggaz

Yo, it's that Brooklyn shit!  
y'all niggas ready? NAAAAAAAH!  
y'all ready? YEEEEAH!  
Yo, oh shit  
Runnin game on bail  
A nigga might find it hard walkin alone in a graveyard  
Runnin game on bail  
And if ya can't compete I'll leave ya 6 Feet Deep, nigga!  
Yo, I be the Pied Piper, enlightener, holy cipher  
Watch the God strike like a viper  
Potential energy pumps the mainstream  
Warn a nigga, crazy enough to return the dust  
My chrome crushed the image, considered it a mess  
Jump the C.O., bust the captain, and hop the fence  
Did manuever like a cougar, usin night vision  
Interrogate intruders, rest, puff my Buddha  
The grand child, father of mad style  
Battle Gods on file, exiled since I lost the trial  
Behold, control niggas like croaks, insert dats  
Death blow, aim and hit straight to the heart  
It's a strong wind, niggas is thin as tin strips  
Immeasureable wealth, campaignin that wack shit  
The barriers ready, engaged lock finder  
Fox 1, launch the sidewinder  
Gothic hip-hop break, I blast microscopic bars  
Til it ends communication, only seen through Allah  
God body, search Darth Khadafi, killa of Nazis  
Take heads like Jake DiViassi  
Clips of snake venom, toos rock, instructor, destruct  
Just burnt from lyrical reflux  
Tramp through decisions, battlin and collisions  
High speed, still a nigga tryin to breathe, what nigga?  
I come with the Killa Arm-Leg-a-Leg-a-Arm-Head  
Ready with the bomb threat, fuck all of the calm shit  
Waitin til the bomb hits, make a nigga vomit  
'cause he gave it all when preparin to respond wit  
My correspondece, only young foes fall as soldiers in the Cold War  
Powered by solar  
Always in the trench, intense until I dent  
The armour of the Devil brigade, slugs are spent  
And dark rebels invade your tent, with the intent  
To leave your body bent, I let the shotty vent  
To lay your chest, penetrate your vest  
Look for your family traits, as you defecate  
You're dyin in the stench, nothin can prevent  
A violent takeover, the modern J. Hova  
Cannot be tempted by no type payola  
Colder than the Polar, your bling-bling is over  
Fuck all you fake Costra Nostras  
Grym is a real street soldier, put you in a deep coma  
Your weak streak is over, finito  
I sting like 10 million mosquitoes with hypodermic needles