Da Bomb

Gravediggaz

In '97 don't be alarmed, Gravediggaz drop
(Da bomb, da bomb, da bomb)
G R A V E D(Da bomb)
I, double G, A to the zig zag Z
Droppin'
(Da bomb)Aiyo, I really hate snakes
I feel like bustin' off rounds in they face
But that would be exhibitin' the same weak traits
Shit is deep like bass, enemies get beat, lock breaksFrom dusk to dawn, I thrust upon the scene
Always conscious, I was born supreme
No wonder I run with a hundred twenty
Three nine hundred and ninety nine thousand convictsWanted by the beast in the hellified streets
With nullified beef and combat swamp rats
And ghetto playgrounds where scenes is tragic
Everyday seein' decayin' brown fabrics
(Da bomb)A thirty pound addict with a hundred dollar day habit
True Master, broadcast the havocism I'm babblin'
Mic's turnin' to javelins
Stabbin' MCs in the abdomen and laughin' at 'emGravediggaz a cannibal for swoops and bats
Sweat rocks as the jock and they counter react
Occupation I'm a blizzard, Gate Keep freak the reason
For the break, I been around as long as the RzaThe ripper, graveyards known for plenty more
Rugged raw, puttin' hardcore kick on double doors
Your future's at stake, big mistake, you moved
(Da bomb)Mmm, you can't escape, checkmate
The flashy nigga, underground digga
Nigga think his head big enough, I make it bigga
The trank, I bust all blank, when I intake
There forsake, my lyrics are fatter then Phil BrakesThe bed rocker, snatch doctor
This little Bagandian rocker
I'm Phantom of the Opera
Check it, the mic is my crystal ball
And when I'm on it, I'm open like a poreYo, you say you got gats, bust 'em where it's at
While you bustin' caps, I drop the
(Da bomb)Mmmm, now what you gonna do, kid?
Where ya gonna run, son, when I drop the
(Da bomb?)
Mmmm to my bigga niggas
Representing Gravediggaz, worldwide stars drop the

(Da bomb)Mmmm, don't be alarmed
Your persona ain't on from the three alarm from the
(Da bomb)
G R A V E D
(Da bomb)I, double G, A to the zig zag Z
Droppin'
(Da bomb)I possess intellect to reflect
One of the best flows within the metro-politan
Got more styles than a Chinaman
Anywhere ya find the Grym, my mind I bringDisaster to areas
Faster than spots in Iraq that got blown from aircraft carriers
Carry your whack ass outta my war zone
Or get slapped in the jaw boneFrom the megawatts of the raw pone
Missed the tour rooms through
Cities and stadiums, halls and Paladiums
All over the Mediteranean Seas
I'm terrorizin' MCs like an IranianSeizin' a Boeing 747
24/7 we're flowin' professionally
You see spots keep glowin' at the Gravediggaz showin'
We master the art exceptionallyNo doubt, when I precipitate the walls vibration
Dark skies cover your fake ass lacerations
Check it, forever your rest, black hood the event
Brothers in the New York streets that representSqueeze ya coal, 32 below, send a chill through your bow
Catch your fuckin' nerve like a snow cone
You get stuffed like an envelope, yo
Won't even think twice, I'll slice the fuckin' ropeSave your salvation, ruin your reputation
Get ready for a brief devastation
Forty clicks up the creek, if I hear a squeek
The nigga Gate Keep never ever retreatsBrooklyn street perpendicular
We order for manslaughter is vehicular
Terrified flashbacks, gaspin' for your air sac
The mere factor of unleashin' my second chapterYou say you got gats, bust 'em where it's at
While your bustin' caps, I drop the
(Da bomb?)Now, what ya gonna do, kid?
Where ya gonna run, son, when I drop the
(Da bomb? Da bomb?)Yo, Gravediggaz, The Undertaker, Gate Keep
Rzarector, Grym Reap
Collectively droppin'
(Da bomb)G R A V E D
(Da bomb)
I, double G, A to the zig zag Z

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