

# 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 breaks  
From 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 convicts  
Wanted 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 'em  
Gravediggaz 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 Rza  
The 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 trunk, I bust all blank, when I intake  
There forsake, my lyrics are fatter then Phil Brakes  
The 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 pore  
Yo, 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 bring Disaster 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 bone From 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 Iranian Seizin' a Boeing 747  
 24/7 we're flowin' professionally  
 You see spots keep glowin' at the Gravediggaz showin'  
 We master the art exceptionally No 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 represent Squeeze 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' rope Save 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 retreats Brooklyn street perpendicular  
 We order for manslaughter is vehicular  
 Terrified flashbacks, gaspin' for your air sac  
 The mere factor of unleashin' my second chapter You 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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