

# Players' Theme

## Gravediggaz

[Intro: Frukwan]

Yo, check it, yo, Frukwan, Sun Star  
A new category, a new chamber in hip-hop  
Yo, it's called the wise category  
You know what I'm sayin'?  
Cause all I do is drop science, fuck the bullshit  
So for you wack ass motherfuckers

[Chorus x2: Frukwan]

Don't come in my house  
Thinkin' you runnin' this shit  
Players can't even get with  
Hangin' with the lyrics I spit  
Hit harder then I hit

[Frukwan]

I be the ill wild keeper, creep with such  
Pack a punch, yum yum, bag chumps for lunch  
Till the last forgade, the crime that pays  
Canarse, New York be the home of the brave  
Got slang and game, brother whats your rank  
Wanna slip me a bitch, and I say no thanks  
I don't fuck with skeez, don't waste my cheese  
Catch me in the street, get in clubs for free  
Frukwan be forever, my notes is thick  
Sick just like a lunatic fuckin' with this  
Got a million plus fans, bars and hooks  
Claws that leave a gash, cash in the stash  
Twin berettas, armoretta's laced in the sweater  
Sculptin' my craft like Egyptian math  
King of the king kings with the crips and right  
Swing a double edged sword, disrupt your life, what

[Chorus x2]

[Frukwan]

Yo, time or tell, thoughts is gold  
Elevate certain heads if you gots to know  
Born leader, brand the architect by fate  
Since day one, represented the real duns nigga

Don't compare with the truth for there  
Try to keep an MC from his destiny  
What I do, how I live, do affect my kids  
Knew that before hand, when I crossed the bridge  
Alias, a.k.a. all I see in the cruise  
Diligents with the bumps and bruise  
Give 'em daps, sippin' wine doesn't make me less  
But I'm the villain in the eyes of depress, yo, fuck it, yo  
You got mines and I got your back  
Together we can bond and cominse attack  
Think it's all about you, then your bound to fall  
Remember, take a deep breath, cause you a guest in this house

[Chorus x2]

[Frukwan]

Yo, double my line, quick to take  
Brothers know they get jumped when they fake the funk  
Brothers got scar remains, limited range  
Perimeter preach feet scripts, and red cheese  
Constant, never in one spot for long  
Got connects, more then a federal depth  
The scope is global reign, hover with the cane  
Terror with the fright, lot of sleepless nights  
Heard it before, sex more beach than whores  
Blaze the trail, rip it like Jordan and Scott  
One of the few brothers that got flow off top  
I run you in brother, make you forced to stop  
Thinkin' the trench pot, cause I'm scorchin' hot  
Rugged then the rag times, scrapin' cans  
The pressure rise water, made it hot as blast  
Countin' sheeps yo, that was far from norm  
Everybody wanna duck while I face the storm  
Fuck it, I take it head up, my souls direct  
Ain't a motherfuckin' body, I'll cook the chef  
Lock a motherfucker out, cause I don't need the stress, yo

[Chorus x4]

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Lyrics submitted by Karim Kaloga.

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