

Mommy, What's a Gravedigga?

Gravediggaz

One two, one two
You're ready? You're ready?Yo, this one goes out to Prince Paul, my man Fruitkwan
The Gatekeeper, Prince Rakeem
And last but not least the Grym ReaperAs your soul enters the next stage
Reality becomes obsolete
You have nothin' to fear, nothin' to fearWalking in the shadows you realize
That life is nothing but a fog of animated death
(Gravediggaz)
And to my right it's the one that they call
The Grym Reaper, the Grym ReaperSparks through the dark, I'm diggin' in the dirt
Or diggin' in your brains or your skirt
Burying the past is a very hard task
I make loot and now everybody's diggin' up dirt
I spark the night like a rasta with reefer
And to my right is the Gatekeeper, the GatekeeperHere comes the one, the one wicked sun from the slums
That's how I do when the Gravedigga crew comes
For example, leaving corpses blissed
Half hypnotized with my mark on their wrist
The protecta, spector of death, the selecta
Is the RZA, the RZA, the RZA rectaThe bloody, ferocious, attack, hits the body
Explosive diagnosis, it's fatal like multiple sclerosis
Oh it's, not the hocus pocus
Gravedigga, nigga, just to keep the focusFucking up the tracks like the Fist of the White Lotus
Catch a triptychnosis if you ever try to smoke this
Gravedigga
(Gravediggaz)

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