

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 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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