Break What?

Gravediggaz

[Intro: Frukwan]
Fuck ya niggas, real muthafuckas what?

[Chorus 4X: Frukwan]
Wanna break? Wanna break, break
Yo, what ya wanna break, nigga break
Break what, nigga, what

[Frukwan]
First rule, ya mistake
The phenomenal stomp the Earth are bombin you
It's all my chronicle, particle and rich
Over original scripts, begger be choose
Let off three shots, be confronted wit the bad news
Long as muthafuckas corrupt, infiltrate the state
Hit him wit graze, throw an earthquake
Yo fraction, I'm settin off a chain reaction
That increase, long as muthafuckas bust police
Bloodsheed, mutts and gruts
The wonder bread buds, a million black muthafucka
Head to junk, Devil schemin up plans to plot
It's gettin hot, usin our own, to start the clock
Yo, I'm only fightin for what a brother deserve
Bein God spreadin the gold, roll up on the reserve
Blood, sweat and tears for years yo
I'm fed up blown when muthafuckas take it outta they own

[Chorus 4X]

[Poetic]
I watch thru my infrared green vision binocs'
Storm in the desert, clever as a fox
Bolt, wit measures in the clock, huh
Seven stealth bomber nine, helicopt' drop
The Gravedigga parachute wit the black roots
Fall outta the sky like rain, as the soldier train
To take back the Earth, the terrain
We overcame fear, now prepare for pain
First the soul from the rap world, all of ya villains
That taught ya black children, wit rats in they buildin

Singin on hydro, squatterin millions
Or live up in gold, and fulfillions of killin
And of ya plans strick, my hand grips a mic
And transmits co-ordinates that float like it on a script
Break down ya character flaws, to the masses
Burn ya to ashes, and suck you wit acid

[Chorus 4X]

[Frukwan]
Yo, I can't be denied, gots to try
Many will die, in the blink of an eye
Nigga like me will survive
Cannons and guns, gotta overcome the run
Gots to chill, set packs of bill
Shine my gift, or the uplifted brother that stiff and lost
Trynna stear a brother back to cost
Ready to try, ready to die
Lyrical guns, lyrics fire
What, ya outta line, forced wit pen
Self defense, whackin the Timbs
Strive to survive, but build my strength
Finito, stampedro, don't wanna will a negro
Ready to break (Break!)

[Poetic]
I favor the plot of savin the box
Capable cops'll be the neighborhood watch
The stable that spots, estrogen is hot
Infested wit vipers and three hots
And the cops, yo, my man is snipers
Trynna eat right, teach my peeps how to reach light
The beast strikes each night, deep under the street light
Gotta carry ya heat light, then peep the fight
It's called Armaggedon, cuz of the armor ya gettin
Weapon on ya side reppin, carry and hate in ya eyes
Steppin in spots, ya hatin these spots
Gettin the papers, surprised, so ya snake in the rise
Lettin state conive, you end in takin a life

[Chorus 4X]

[Outro: Frukwan]
Gravediggaz!
Eh-oh, ooh-eh

Ooh-eh

Lyrics submitted by Karim Kaloga.

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