

# Rough Enough

## Gravediggaz

[Chorus x2: Frukwan]

Yo, enough's enough

Yo yo, yo, I'm rough enough

Yo check it, yo, ain't done enough, betta believe dat

Yo, can't help enough, yo what the fuck?

[Frukwan]

Break fool, crack you for robs

Unless your crew's, adding on to the pot, never known to stop

I flip the vendetta, scores are armageddon

And Armaretta sour, when I possess the power

Spend time with my rhyme like I do with my wiz

While you brothers locked up, I be teachin ya kids

Crippled individuals, with critical errors

Grab a hand for the evil, then vert it to right

And triple darkness, I got to bring fourth the light

Sweat the architech, and you bound to get crushed

Full contact nigga, this ain't two hand touch

Spot the ball, Frukwan ready to brawl

One for all, brother try to take what I got

Raid my spot, pull with that platinum ball

How you feel when your corn hold label your coat

I sink your boat, lyrically, I slash your throat

[Chorus x2]

[Frukwan]

For sure, bet you wake up, bang up the tunes

For you, the mic is in my twenty one gun salute

Got a Lex in my laranex, custom skins

Melon trims, honey wanna ride my 20 inch rims

It's the pole chain breaker, the dart freight raider

Detonator zero, peep the unsung hero

My torch never dim, true indeed

Still drop degrees, still a threat like a rare disease

Verbal in the black slit, Medina walk it barefoot

Leavin' steps of blood for brothers that I love

Astrogen, see the el capiten, may ask you when

Strip a couple aspirins, track record

Rough slaps thrown your writs  
Brothers swim in kiddie pools while I dive off cliffs  
The mad ill thinker, the heavy hitter  
Back splitter, Medina track ripper  
Attackin' the track quicker

[Chorus x2]

[Frukwan]

When impact react, with the chrome of steel  
I peels to smoke the fields get illz for real, blaze the track  
Labeled as a full time ready to pump rhyme sudden  
I smoke from the oven, rap skill  
Desert shield crash the wheel  
You be lucky if I'm list, cause I aim to kill [sirens] (Yo, ahh!)  
Fuck a road block, never a full stop  
You wanna cock block, this nigga, your chance is slim  
From the streets where the heat reach a hundred and ten  
There we since, rise with the blunts and stunts  
Fossils drop, are better then the graves of rock  
Elements and stock, laid do it  
In disguard, fourty five, put my big black Cuban cigar  
Shade Allah, mothafuckin' change at the shift  
For the few line hits that can fuck with this

[Chorus x4]

---

Lyrics submitted by Karim Kaloga.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>