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 posess the power
Spend time with my rhyme like I do with my wiz
While you brothers locked up, I be teachin ya kids
Cripled 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 architecht, 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 ills 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.

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