

Six Feet Underground

Gravediggaz

[Poetic]

Look Chief

There's only one way to catch these Gravediggaz

We gotta go deep into the underground

(You're nuts!

You know what I gotta do to catch a permission to dig up a grave?)[Poetic]

Yo, I'm comin in black and runnin the track, I dare you to overreact

I'm placin the mic stand into my right hand diggin a hole in your back

Just for the record I'm making it perfectly clear that my method'll sever the ear

Of the biggest and baddest regardless of status, it's hazardous when I appear

Uh, fake cats'll tremble in fear unless you repent or beware

I mentally damage and fracture your cabbage, you're way beyond repair

Carryin tools while others be braggin about they carats and jewels

It's a marriage of fools, stick up! - now you're left in a blood pool

Illiterate, limited, primitive, inconsiderate piece of shit

I stick you for yo ice with the graveyard pick

I'm sicker than sickle cell, puttin you through triple hell

Rippin your whole shell, then I cripple you as well[Frukwan]

(*sniff*)

Torn between the weed and indo, occasion occupation

Bitches are starstruck on location

Keepin the fat gear and a loot knot include bangin and bounce nigga to doom

Pickin him up, rippin his gut, blood spread across the room

Peelin your skin dry, hopin your ass die, fuck a prayer

Dragon slayer, organ donor, a nigga that's quick to bone ya

Black pitched walkin and talkin and spittin and breathe with a moaner

Lightin a fuse, strikin your ass on fire - I burn ya

Beggin and plead, where to begin, niggas is lost, covered with sin

Nigga that wanna step, same nigga get disrespect

Holdin it down, mixed in the mud, corner to cave

Niggas are slaved with affadavids

Roamin the globe unknown and nameless[Chorus: Poetic (2X)]

The G-r-a-v-e-d-i-g-g-a

Zig Zag Chamber

Got cats in danger

The hot flow's major

The show's got flavor

You all know the caper

God control your paper[Poetic]

Severely poor, yes, I was here before, now it's a daily war
If the hustle fail me or derail me I'ma be jailed for sure
Pressure be escalatin, stakes be testin my patience
Satan be puttin the thought in my head to lay awake and waste men
But they be black like me and they react like me
Carry a gat like me, producin the drama like Spike Lee
Hoodies and Timbs nightly, manoeuerin packed tightly
Keepin the block spicy and like they wrist icy
For a limited time the criminal mind'll shine before they find
They dumb and deaf and blind, either be god or be a swine
You know the graveyard anthem, dig in your brain sanctum
Grym Reap, Poetic, Tony Titanium, I'm out like a phantom[Frukwan]
Yo.. leave em collegient, vision impaired, leavin a trapped sector
Catchin a snare, breathin the air, pickin up fans like bone collector
Slip in the deuce, turn on the juice, niggas are lost in thought
Afraid in their appearance, runnin past interference
Pick up a trend, tearin a raid, causin the earth so shake
Made up a cost next to nothin, my molecules runnin constant
Microphone leave em destruct, rap employment, guns I bust
Never to sink or drop, I'm ready to bust shots
The hideous, deep in the dark, mysterious, dark delirious
Blow the head off distortion, display it in proportions
Maintainin a Grym tale, remainin to raise hell
Fuck a clonin, a nigga receive death to my opponents[Chorus (6X)]

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