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, manoueverin 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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