Big Shot Dead

Gravediggaz

[Intro: Frukwan]
Check it out... check it out..
Yo.. yo... yo

[Chorus x2: Frukwan]
Little Johnny Walker Red, 2 to the head
Big shot, slingin' crack and rocks, found dead
Some say it was the cops
Mothers said it was our brothers on the block

[Frukwan]
Yo, makin' stacks of cash money, feel the drama drop
CREAM of the crop, I keep it hot
Feel the rhyme in it, dominant, fake ass talkin'
Muthafuckas fuck the wine, get ya mind open
So he wanna sail with the six pack?
Cork his thought, shit to muzzle, chase a trouble, pass, guzzle
It's lookin' bad, sellin' every fuckin' thing that he had
Osirus, weak ass computer virus
The vintage fighter, Johnny United
Claim to be the finest heavyweight, walkin' Empire State
Livin' lavish, but in exaggerate of lust
Funds way to the tongues, no excuse for bigger guns
Rendevous makin' moves, the physical endevour
Hypin' fright, kill and excite, my P. defender
Rended you in comp, like a hundred niggaz when they stomp
Muthafuckas get stomped, what?

[Chorus x2]

[Frukwan]
Yo, watch when brothers get ill, I knew that
Pain and repurcuss', bust, bust, no discuss
Rush in position to blaze, stard bustin'
Circumstance put you in a panic, hold ya cannon
Fox 5, got ya hangin' from the wire
Where the debris trunks, pieces of lead heat up ya body
In six to avenge what it is, when a brother gets shell shocked
Figure enemies paradox
The tense, relentless, never end this

The scandal was assault and bust the vault
Brothers that fought, at ease
Crash the 'ment, just to free up butts
Lookin' forward and to livin' it up
Five/six deep, followin' Jeeps and ordernents
Weapon supply, fugitive spies, subordinants
Smoke screen, three brothers done lost their lives
From the team, while gettin' get caught up in the government scheme

[Chorus x2]

[Frukwan]
Yo, brace the armor, face the cap slugs in your back
We escape, through the labryinth, hope
Battle is skilled decision, act of precision
The coke was depth bein' the only one left
Couldn't divide the rules skated with the jewels
Lay low with pesos, chronic and blow
Add a couple stunts, and his trail got cold
Headed straight for the block when he drove his Rolls
Seen and heard, yo, word, give me the four
Point blank at the tank, empty clip at the dour
Slow your roll, the pain was too immense to run
Knew that his time would come, top issue
Branded by a government official
The boys in blue, Paparazzi circled the block
Rounded up six cats whose phones were tapped
Still frontin', nobody knew nothin', yo!

[Chorus x2]

Lyrics submitted by Karim Kaloga.

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