

The Rodentz f/ Graveyard Shifter

"Six Feet Under"

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[sample from "The Score"] I got a minor development,
we lost a buyer Lost? What do you mean, lost? Well,
she's in a brass casket Six feet underground, never to
be heard from again [Intro: Graveyard Shifter]
Graveyard, The Rodentz, yeah Representing GNC,
check it out Yo, spit it, yo [Graveyard Shifter] When I
spit this sound, out of this world like space aliens The
way I, alter this track, some place claiming them Great
plates in tracks, like gigolos from bits Styles unique,
my pages, spin a door, would hit They try to compete,
they'll all sing along while I spit That's the difference
between a bitch and a born MC I'd never sit and watch
you dudes try to, out-do me My style's complete, ten
spirits like kung fu movies The Bruce kid, welcome to
the fucking realm of rap Where MC's is so dark, exhibit
facts of crack And count the facts, leak it, while I made
the crib And send the fags retreat, want some place to
sit Like, me did with thanks but some made snakes out
the stakes A miracle, I stomp God, and state of repent
Now all my tracks are played at the gates, before you
get picked To enter the place called Heaven, or fall in
the pit All in your girl, I've never lived, I want to guess
Grow on you, my rap's sick, yo, I'm barred from rap
Grave the Pharaoh, everybody kneels on elbows That's
no respect, enough to please my, mad flows You wack
ho, claming that you, do this for love I leave the game,
gat killed us when you fuel the bugs Out of love, you
drop the spoons, man, your shit is transparent You trick
ain't daring enough, more bardens than safe sex [Cno
Evil] Aiyo, Graveyard, pass me that microphone,
homey Brilliant but drastic, real enthusiastic The
writer/director Cno Evil, my work is classic I'm
sarcastic, with my tongue gymnastics My heat will
make you soft like, thermoplastics I'm critically
acclaimed, raw power, breathtaking Ferocity, check out
my velocity I don't know, but someone tried to slow up
my flow I'm looking to strike gold, with chateaus in
plateaus I'm real bold, cuz I have dreams that's long
Adventure novels, like Ian Fleming's James Bond I'm
beyond, I correspond songs in Hong Kong I chop up
beats, like chopped up meat, egg foo yong I'm gone,

the perfect stranger, money arranger My vision is all clear, throughout this present danger Concealed shields has been revealed, me and Mouse Rollin' together like Vincent Vega / Jules Winnfield The wind feels, real cold against my face I drop the coup de grace, with only one breathing space Eraser, inciting victims like ambulance chasers I trail in "ports" and "lands", like the Blazers Witness the first mic to be murdered on the spot My beats tied the knots, my words aimed and shot It dropped on the ground, made a feedback sound It tried to rebound, but Mouse had turned around Then, from out his mouth, came flying the last slug That forced it to get hit, fall back and unplug We feast on human blood like bed bugs My lyrics addicted to you, quicker effects than drugs [Li-Mouse] I appear from the shadows, then I hit ya Swiftly, zero percent chance, I miss ya No trace of evidence, not even a figure A Copperfield act, if you can get the picture I speak this, so it's, easily depicted I cut out resignators, so I'm less restricted Free flowing, keep going, like water rolling off the brim Sit back, relax, and just listen to the hymn [sample from "The Score"] I'mma say something to you You're smart, you're talented, and you know a few things But talent means nothing in this game if you don't make the right choices There's plenty of talented people out there who never see the light of day anymore Last thing, it takes discipline Cuz this whole game's one big longshot And if you don't have the discipline to stay away from the flyers Or from the gambles, or whatever else you wanna call this stupid move Then my friend, I'm afraid to say, one day, you will go down It's inevitable

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