

Timbaland F/ Jay-Z

"Diary of a Madman"

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Intro:

lady [They killed my baby..oh god they killed my baby]
judge [Order in the court]
lady [I will make you pay for this you murderers]
judge [I said order in the court now! Now, before this
court passes judgement, will the four defendants
please rise and approach the bench]
gravedigga [Trust me guys, it's all under control
the judge is my uncle, he'll take the
insanity plea...oh yeah, don't forget
my retained balance.]
judge [Okay, I understand you guys are pleading
insanity
claiming demonic spirits possessed you to do
these hideous murders. Can you please explain
to the court how these so called spirits made
you into these RAVING MADMEN?!?!]

Verse One: Scientific Shabazz

Be a witness, as I exercise my exorcism
The evil that lurks within the sin, the terrorism
Possessed by evil spirits, voices from the dead
I come forth with gravediggaz in a head full of dread
I've been examined ever since I was seamen
They took a sonogram and seen the image of a demon
At birth the nurses surrounded me with needles
and drugged me all up with the diseases of evil
Grew up in hell, now I dwell, in an Islamic Temple
I'm fighting a holy war in the mental
Look deep into my eyes, you'll see visions of death
Possessed by homicide is what I'm obsessed
Giving niggaz brain dimples
Dragging their asses on my hook by their temples
The cause of death is unknown to the cops
Cause when I kill them, I'm not leavin one element to
autopsy
First I'll assassinate em
And then I'll cremate them
and take all of his fucking ashes and evaporate em

Or creep through the graveyard and hunt down your
tombstone
Dig up your skeleton and stomp all your fucking bones
You try to haunt me nigga, I aint trying to hear it
Buck Buck Buck, I'll give your ass a holy spirit.

gravedigga [stressed full, try to avoid all impure
thoughts. I am loosing my mind . . .]

judge [Can you please explain to the court when these
problems first began?]

Verse Two: Prince Rakeem/Ryzarector

The year 84, November, day 10
Overwhelmed by the wicked inspirations of an evil gen
I realize my ideas has spawned for 400 years
Of blood sweat and tears
I saw the tourture brutal murder of my father
So my brain became stained with the horror
I'm having reoccurring nightmares
Of being soaking wet, strapped down to the electric
chair
I got tackled with handcuffs
And shackled in restraint
At the bottom of a holy tabernacle
They gave me nothing to eat for two weeks
And sewed my eye lids open so I couldn't sleep
About to die from thirst, that's when the minister
quinched my jaws with a cold glass of vinegar
Upon my wounds they seasoned my with salt
And nailed my hands feet to the form of the cross
AHH!! I cry
As the blood drips inside of my eye
refusing to die
Visions of hell tormented my face
So I chewed my fucking arm off and made an escape.

guy [oh no, me mataron mi amigo, hijo de la gran puta
esos cogines me mataron mi amigo que voy a cerca
carajo, cono]

judge [Calm down people, please calm down
Let us please procede with the
defendents explanation]

Verse Three: Killer Priest

Enta the realms of understanding
And take good heed
And you could bleed

While I'm standing
Three stages of pure hell
Justifications of red cells
SHH rain drops hits the pelv
Path is dull and narrow
You're stalked by a shadow
I pierced your skull with a fucking arrow
So narrow, only one could enter at a time
Stuck in the center, read the signs
A thousand doors to choose
You better hurry
Don't stop, shit is getting hot as a pot of curry
On your right side there's fire
On you left, deep waters
Watch your step, it's deep waters!
What's that coming through the floor?
It's a claw
PSSH took his fucking ass to the fucking core
(AHHH!!)

Verse Four: Fruitkwan/Gatekeeper

Stroll through the dark conditions
I stone you till I see sparks of friction
I chop ya like a coal miner
Then combine the drug
And mix it with your blood
Some more
I give you some more
And watch you crawl
Guts hit the floor
Worms that dig your pores
I trick ya, ha, then I'm quick to syringe
Deep into my thoughts and bust out your skin
You scream, portraits of inflictible pain
You can't stand
You're up to your hands in quick sand
You're sinking and sinking deep into the earth
Thoughts was possessed since the first day of birth
My mental says it's my turn to possess the matta
Stab you with a dagga
Of Jacob's Ladder
Thoughts become shattered, confused, and tragic
Fiery thoughts of Gravediggaz . . .

judge [GUILTY, next case.]

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