

Coppola Imani

"Nightmare in A-Minor"

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[Chorus: Frukwan {*singing*}]

The battle, the war, lay your whites, slick

And I won't blast clips

That'll end your ass quick

[Beretta 9]

Yo, yo

What y'all know about the war? About the corps?

Active duty, bit missile buoy

Sink your battleship, +Fuck You, Sue Me+

This be from the heart, sincerely yours, truly

B9, behind, your blinds

Behind your door, you want war?

Don't think so, you know my M-O

Beretta 9, black Rambo

Big guns, extra ammo

Plus, heavy artillery, D-stream me and military

Killarmy A-rabs, out for your commissary

So nigga Run it and catch a hot one in your stomach

Bitch! Bitch!

[4th Disciple]

What y'all know about the war? (about the war)

Yo, when I was young I strongly seeked for the
knowledge

I never went to college but acknowledged

The fact that knowledge is first, through the academy
of the universe

Taking everything for what it's worth

Remember that +Night the Earth Cried+ for the Gods
to come through

To make unknown things that seem impossible
possible

Mastering all obstacles, and all courses

Striving to absorb the Earth's forces

[Poetic]

Yo we never wack, clever rap, stay forever black

I'm a lyrical Pteradac', severin' backs

Bad luck for sorry MC's to get a match

Bad luck, I strike you like you just broke a mirror

Black, here's the fact, I manufacture the jams that
fracture your program
Shatter grain matter with the soul of a slow jam
It's the GrandMaster, Eloheim, flaming guillotine
Still scheme, with the, skill of a marine
To the extreme, flow like a jet stream
Also collect CREAM at shows, the veteran P-R-O
Better than most you know, sharp as an arrow
Sing like a sparrow, Grym Reap's the motto
+Killing You Softly+ with Islam right knowledge
For hollow-head pieces that worship dead Jesus
And still don't keep His commandments
I Leave souls abandoned with pieces of a dream
I'm so unique when I peak on the scene
Chk-chk-chk-chk, Gravedigga at it again
2000, running through your project housing
What!?!

[Break: Frukwan]

Yo, check it, check it
Gotta peep at this shit
It's called key rap

[Chorus]

[Frukwan {*singing*}]

If you doubt the strength
Competition, every blow high tense steel
That you can't touch, taste, feel
The lord of the world, capable at will
Take control of all your mils
When I blast my solar winds
Nomads in the land
Mercenaries that are tactically prepared
Gravediggaz show no fear
Ghetto warriors in a jungle, where if one don't find the
hedge
and to no one there's the trend
Back-breaker of men
Mighty morphins, no begining, no end
Can you place my origin?
But now in our days, finding new ways to destroy ya in
one day
Not afraid to dig graves
In the mind of my own, graveyard is my home
And Hell is where I dwell
Gravediggaz will prevail

