

Dj Honda "We Run Shit"

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f/ Gravediggaz

[Intro: Frukwan]

DJ Honda come at you ("Untouchable")
In the blaze whirlwind of fire, at your desire
At your dispense, you, to whip out the utensils of
Gravediggaz ("We Run
Shit")
Comin' at you live, one, DJ Honda, one ("Untouchable")
Get 'em, get' me

[Poetic]

Stealth bomber, shattered ya armor, dot commer
In New York, I don't be Karen like Donna
Rap piranha, smoke that ass like marijuana
Got more drama than E.M.S. street trauma
Universal soul swingin' swords, sing in the wars
In the underground level, no wonder I'm a rebel
Carry my tape in the place, hot metal in ya face
Gravedigga, put a nigga in the crate
I be the, Judge like Judy, brown fist of fury
Flows super sue me, get hung like a jury
Analyze the poetry, who will ya household
item in the ghetto like, "fuck the popostry"
Tony, T.I., bitch, mind ya B.I.
All see why I can't be denied
My place, two thousand status, the baddest on the mic
Grab a rabist in the battle like, fight like Cassius
Clay figures are shattered, my raps that'll splatter
Spray matter, I leave, it won't scatter at the venue
Can't defeat Grym, you weak, for all the men
Who tried, die, pressure I apply
Acute sciencitis, I rhyme the tighest
A king like Midas, rock go' gold the finest
Build like a carpenter type, when I sharpen this mic
I bring light and be bombin' like Christ

[Chorus: DJ Honda scratches samples]

"We run shit!"

"Pay attention" - Prodigy

"We run shit!"

"Untouchable"

"Keepin' ya niggas in perspective" - Prodigy
"We run shit!"
"Pay attention" - Prodigy
"We run shit!"
"Untouchable"
"Keepin' ya niggas in perspective"

[Frukwan]

Paralyzin' traits are great, hit crates, collect stake
Smash across ya back wit the whip
Nigga surrounded like the false pretender
Sugar coated niggas get checked off their agenda
Air Space One, why phony niggas like to talk?
Gravediggaz, Honda, lookin' for drama
The deadliest act, deadly as pack, commence attack
The whole fuckin' airwaves gettin' jacked

[Poetic]

Contact Honda, each flounder count money to launder
Streets tight as anaconda, Grym spit a verse in the killa
hurse
Watch a nigga work underground wit the Gravedigga
dirt sound gritty
Witty, raw, ready for war, no pity, like doin' a tour in
New York City
A year ago today doctor's gave me, three months to
live
I survived for this hip hop shit!

[Chorus]

[Frukwan]

Shots of novacain, I'm enough to bring
Still I reign, obtain, critical fame
I hunt, niggas that front, cuz niggas is chumps
Blowin' this shit, left in the bottomless pit
Rarer than rare, one wit the atmosphere
Now ya evoid, strenghtly on a mission to destroy
The tedious proposition: paratroop recruits
Bat then swoops, iron palm box the booth
Walk on air, break it there, flash fear
Cuz cats better beware, ya three strikes there
Phelonious monk, I do it all month
We fourth down, give the ball to Honda to punt
Faster blunt, the junkie, niggas feelin' lucky
Another drop, why another truck, he stop
The overthug player hatin', the hype material type
That flash wit the blindin' light, that out of sight
Overdrive til the brother's survive, touch through the
unknown
What I rule on the golden throne, Gravediggaz, what?

[Chorus to end]

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