

## **Bread And Juice**

### **"We Run Shit"**

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[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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