

## Gravediggaz "Bloodshed"

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[Intro: Poetic]

I'ma dedicate this one to all my cats that's locked up  
Gravediggaz  
We're tryin to dig you up out that grave right there  
Yo

[Poetic]

Through the eyes of a Gravedigga, yo, everything is  
going to Hell  
My super thugs is all goin to jail, blowin their bail on  
ballin  
When business and sales keep fallin, but when the  
streets keep fallin  
My peeps keep crawlin, deep into the trench  
With God-U's for self-defence, the war is intense  
My warrior sin says manifest says send out the S.O.S.,  
Save Our Soldiers  
Represent, behold our hour with the glass of time  
Can we only get power, from a mass of crime?  
Havin a judge sayin, "Your ass is mine"  
As I pearls to get cash, the swine  
Like it ain't enough positive shit to go around  
As black bones get deposited into the ground  
When I hit you with truth it hurts  
You'll rather here about those spooks and ghosts

[Chorus X2: Poetic]

Don't let it get you down son, when the block's locked  
down  
Dirty cops come around with four-pounds, and niggaz  
get shot down dead  
Laid up in the cemetery bed, we all live amongst the  
Bloodshed

[Frukwan]

Yo, unleash the vent, build off the strength  
De-orogatory switch, niggaz bust the snitch  
A-alikes thinking foul, could see it  
Fat ground crossed ya feet, thug God, the navy seal  
For real, protect my own peeps from guns and shields  
Let him heal, send him back in a stretched Deville  
Most wanted, the most dangerous

Brain and guts bein spilled is the aim for us, plus  
P.H.D.'s, never these, black niggaz get caught in traffic  
Fittin the demographic  
The Lone Ranger, 400 years still a stranger  
Still gettin beat like a Harvey Wallbanger  
Destined for rage and uprise, inherit the meak  
Still enslaved in Romanian Greek  
Guard the tally, your finale in the street  
Mothafucka, I still rule the valley (what nigga?)

Chorus X2

[Poetic]

Sufferin little children are comin to me  
Livin in the ghetto and slums of misery  
Ebony lives, they're subject to venom and lies  
The black youth with minimum ties  
No root to the tribal glues you provide a guide  
Soul divide is self-suicide  
You and I, should bond together  
Unified, through the stormy weather  
Do or die, you was born my brother  
Nature's your mother, the most highest aura  
Father, who art in heaven, me and you, brethern,  
Slippin inside of Hell's oven  
Run by the devils that got no lovin  
No wonder we all be buggin, pushin and shovin  
We totally frustrated, aggrevated, agitated, mis-  
educated  
Unappreciated, I got affidavits that date back to  
David, that's why we're hated  
Yet still we press on, even though the stress is the  
norm  
And the address that we rest is wrong

Chorus X2

[Frukwan]

My live Vietnam strong arms, I think with the trigger  
Hold your own, sacrifice the world for a nigga  
Word bond, Twelve Jewelz, the lifeline, vicular mind  
Up under the fine, sexual architechtual structure  
It only takes so much, in the trench hereditary  
My heart pumped the cold city lights  
I'm hypin up my niggaz to fight, y'aight  
Million Man March cavalry, assault and battery  
The double-edge style is single hand malice  
Deep thick, a bomber in the world a piranha  
NARCs bustin caps through your goose-down bomber  
The Kay Creo, ridin patrol, artillery, feel me?  
Fuck it, I'm all paramilitary, buckshots reign, the

ruggeded terrain  
Unless a nigga standin for change  
The spoon fed lies are bein nothin but game

Chorus X2

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