

## Gravediggaz

### "Current Events"

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Gravediggaz..

[Intro: Gatekeeper]

Current events is hell, dwell in the pit of the flames  
Walkin the path to maintain  
But current events is hell, can you defend to the end  
Are you prepared? Tell me you're scared

[Fruitkwan/Gatekeeper]

Evil that lurks to fiery grave shuns the father  
Gatekeep', you're fuckin with the grave robber  
Like (?) street sweep, the dungeon storm's comin  
Every-fuckin-body starts to runnin  
My plague massive rain, a army bridge  
Niggaz swingin bats ramshack, organism human  
remains  
Though it's left in a state, of confusion  
Powerful eyes of Allah, will see your execution  
I hover admist currents, the block field surge  
Pressure build, mentally, yo I'm off the clock  
Urge to kill, terror to thrill, weaker the will  
Blood flows like, lava runnin down the hill  
Tons of ash debris, laid waste to rot  
Unknown fuse, confiscate one eyes the cyclops  
The eyes box, blade cocks, forgive me not  
Earthly trait, for niggaz that straight, fire weight  
Imagine the blank, screams, the horrible dreams  
Wakin up in a sweat, all a sudden forget  
Evident of a freeze trees to spleen  
With or whenever green multi shit contract  
And how we adapt, sword, so yet the wicked stay  
warned  
You motherfuckers is on

[Chorus: Gatekeeper]

Current events is hell, dwell in the pit of the flames  
Walkin the path to maintain  
But current events is hell, can you defend to the end  
Are you prepared? Tell me you're scared  
Current events is hell, dwell in the pit of the flames  
Walkin the path to maintain

Current events is hell, can you defend, down to the end  
Are you prepared for fear?

[Too Poetic/Grym Reaper]

Yo..

Up from the bottomless pit, of the rottenest shit  
With a hit for the streets, Grym Reap', Gatekeep'  
Grym will assault all the herbs on the asphalt  
Cash rules cats that steal shit, and blast false  
Get the paper, crooked politicians can't save ya  
as a Gravedigga, we play a major  
part in the crisis; didja know Christ is me?  
Reincarnated in a MC  
I came to the hookers, pimps and the killers  
The thievin ass niggaz, my soldiers, guerillas  
Nine to five cats and drug dealers with gats  
I'm P-R-O black but y'all already know that  
Fuck a horrorcore, I bring holy war  
Cold and raw as it bubble and ya moan through your  
pores  
My soul soars, way above Armageddeonites  
Fuel the battlefield through the hot metal and ICE!  
Bling bling niggaz better come out to fight  
when the pigs keep robbin the hood of black life  
How many of you trife cats go runnin to church  
while guns is hummin puttin, blacks in the hearse  
Everytime I talk about peace cats frown  
If it ain't about cream most teams ain't down  
As the supreme brown King and the Queen frown  
I'ma be a hater, to all race traitors!

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

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