

Gravediggaz

"False Things Must Perish"

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F/ Prodigal

[Intro: Frukwan]

Hahaha! Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo

Yeah, yo, check it, check it, one-two

Gravediggaz, yo, yo, yo, yo

We on ya ass, watch the happ's of the gun blast

[Chorus: Poetic]

False Things Must Perish (x4)

[Frukwan]

Yo, yo, yo

Judas, Xavier, Sampson, Goliath

Now and nowadays, Gatekeep', livin' Messiah

Porphecize, historically, the wise category

Superiority in the game, explain my story

Dopeful lavish, they're doin' that like a savage

Concentrate, basin' my inner faith and pushin' karats

Rappin' the average, speakin' on riches

Teachin' that all of mankind is actin' dumb, deaf and blind

Beatin' with stripes, worshippin' the glitter of lights

Callin' the Twilight Zone, 'pendin' on cellular phones

Batteries low, got no dough, what's facin' you?

Sportin' ya jewels, and twenty-seven niggas chasin' you

Ultimate blast, constantly repeatin' a path

In an attempt to represent, our class be exec.

To get higher, for what you desire

Yo nigga, yo' blood shall be required

Give it here..

[Chorus]

[Poetic]

Yo, yo, yo

Fix ya face, y'all know the tricks of the trade

Trade ya six for the eight, spit the case

Face fire and escape on tracks, raise the facts

I annihi-late the wack, I'm tired of these fakes on wax

We all wanna shine but we all don't seem to have the mind

To design schemes that align teams, just a crime
scene of blind teens
In the rap kingdom, where cats keep
Bling-a-ling-a-lingin'
And it's fine, I love it when the black man shines
Bringin' hope to the habitat where fiends do dope,
snort coke
And carry battleaxes, players rock Cadillacs, hunched
in their seat
Pumpin' the beat when stompin' the street, they come
with the heat
Cuz flamboyant niggas get punched in the teeth
When they front in the beat, but who brings relief
For the average nine-to-five cat carry his grief?

[Chorus]

[Prodical]

Brook-nam, grace and charm, stay calm but chron's hit
Lebanon
Black man but ortho' green Leprechaun from Lexington
Don't disrespect Sunn, I crack ya face with the gun
Smack ya taste outta ya dunn, look at ya fam on the run
Now y'all respect Sunn, shine all type direction
Right connection with the right perfections, recite a
lesson
But my weapon reign automatic projection
Blow out ya reception, hose through ya reflection
Solid gold complexion, stay swoll to perfection
Did a fifteen, me and my team, supreme legends
Twenty-one-two, still gettin' money with the Wu
Up in the Cayman Islands, bitches sweeter than honey
dew
And I made moves, paid dues and slayed crews
Y'all niggas fakin' jacks on tracks, look out for the steel
bat
I live it real black, I'll with my format, my war tac's
Worth divine, alphabetically spilt

[Chorus]

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