

Gravediggaz

"Rest in the east"

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[Intro: Frukwan]
Ahh, Gatekeeper
Grym Reaper
Peace to the Gods
Yo (east)

[Chorus x2: Frukwan]
Look before you start to speak
You're barkin up the wrong tree dog
I Rest in the East

[Frukwan]
Yo, runnin diligently, militantly
Lyrically a million degrees, niggas deadly
Lyrical work, dabble and dirt, gotta chase skirts
Offset the balance of the Earth
Niggas get crushed, rip it in half
Paragraphs, exodus, triplin my ripplin effect
Buildin collapse, maybe perhaps, strategically
A tactic, easily to over dap
Parallel verse, obvious verse, niggas disperse
Punish to hurt, fully torched New York
Terror dome, you're scared of my zone
Gravediggaz mothafucka, we're niggas, wear blood
like cologne
Darker the tone, they're livin legit, clavicle wind
Lateral sin, step on the line, let's begin
Noteriaty but this society don't inspire me
Settin fires to mothafuckas higher than me
Critical ritual, hit you with the mythodic
Hypnotic, chronic, a gas state to a solid
You can't allow the above, reachin my broth'
Chokin your ass, without my mothafuckin gloves, nigga

[Chorus x4]

[Poetic]
Yo, we used to knock them cats that floss a lot
When you talk a lot, then it could cost your knot
After the club get snubbed in parkin lots
Or your head will get thrown like cosmonauts

Rich forced out, we forced the glock
And enforced the block, you can eat chalk or rot
My heat is deep, and dark and hot
Dedicated to my niggas who spark a lot
It be the Grym Reaper, the king speaker
Reach deep in your thoughts with equal the force of a
tornado
I go to war, lay low, write scripts like Plato
Back to the war, call NATO for the new treaty
Rap diety against the F.C.C.
Observatory tower, can't see me
The sharp shooter, who pierce darts through ya
Bring it right to ya head like shh, booya
Tony T.I. is anti-derogative
The chief operative, ready to flog a kid
Who doesn't acknowledge his, melanin background
WWF here comes the Smackdown

[Chorus x4]

[Frukwan]

I blast recklessly, terrorize the unseen
Impact, structural collapse
Hard consume, grow industrial
Coloured testicles, a festival
I kill you slow, nigga, yo
The deadliest Torture, the author enforcer
Slaughter a double crosser
East New Yorker's block (Oh yo yo yo) {*smacking
sounds*}
Welcome to The Rock

[Poetic]

If you fail the plan then plan the fail
To my mans in jail, I hand your bail
These fiends they still demand the sale
These Devils still command retail
The rebel in Grym provide the spark
To light the day and divide the dark
The ArchAngelic guides the thought
The Earth is held 'til we slide off

[Chorus x5]

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