

Gravediggaz "Running Game On Real"

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[Intro: Frukwan]

Yo, it's that Brooklyn shit!
Y'all niggas ready? NAAAAAAAH!
Y'all ready? YEEEEAH!
Yo, oh shit

[Chorus: Frukwan]

Runnin game on bail
A nigga might find it hard walkin alone in a graveyard
Runnin game on bail
And if ya can't compete I'll leave ya 6 Feet Deep, nigga!

[Frukwan]

Yo, I be the Pied Piper, enlightener, holy cipher
Watch the God strike like a viper
Potential energy pumps the mainstream
Warn a nigga, crazy enough to return the dust
My chrome crushed the image, considered it a mess
Jump the C.O., bust the captain, and hop the fence
Did manuever like a cougar, usin night vision
Interrogate intruders, rest, puff my Buddha
The grand child, father of mad style
Battle Gods on file, exiled since I lost the trial
Behold, control niggas like croaks, insert dats
Death blow, aim and hit straight to the heart
It's a strong wind, niggas is thin as tin strips
Immeasurable wealth, campaignin that wack shit
The barriers ready, engaged lock finder
Fox 1, launch the sidewinder
Gothic hip-hop break, I blast microscopic bars
Til it ends communication, only seen through Allah
God body, search Darth Khadafi, killa of Nazis
Take heads like Jake DiViassi
Clips of snake venom, toos rock, instructor, destruct
Just burnt from lyrical reflux
Tramp through decisions, battlin and collisions
High speed, still a nigga tryin to breathe, what nigga?

[Chorus x4]

[Poetic]

I come with the Killa Arm-Leg-a-Leg-a-Arm-Head

Ready with the bomb threat, fuck all of the calm shit
Waitin til the bomb hits, make a nigga vomit
Cuz he gave it all when preparin to respond wit
My correspondece, only young foes fall as soldiers in
the Cold War
Powered by solar
Always in the trench, intense until I dent
The armour of the Devil brigade, slugs are spent
And dark rebels invade your tent, with the intent
To leave your body bent, I let the shotty vent
To lay your chest, penetrate your vest
Look for your family traits, as you defecate
You're dyin in the stench, nothin can prevent
A violent takeover, the modern J. Hova
Cannot be tempted by no type payola
Colder than the Polar, your bling-bling is over
Fuck all you fake Costra Nostras
Grym is a real street soldier, put you in a deep coma
Your weak streak is over, finito
I sting like 10 million mosquitoes with hypodermic
needles

[Chorus x4]

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