

MF GRIMM

"Crumb Snatchers"

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[Gonzo talking over various Grimm samples]

Yo, check this out

All you fake ass, party ass niggaz out there

That keep biting my man's shit

We gonna keep it real for the 94

Monsta Island aight

All you bitch ass niggaz, get the fuck out of Monsta

Island aight

Yo Grimm, set that shit off like this

[Grimm, Verse 1]

I can either help or kill like radiation

Imitate Kuwait, in the motherfucking train station

Mutilate like Charles Manson

I'm cuttin bitches and I'm givin 'em stitches like Marla

Hanson

Come and test me from Brooklyn to Bahamas

Battle the best and digest like Jeffrey Dahmer

Mad motherfuckers murder military methods

Priest of death, pass my blessings with the Smith &

Wesson

Punk ass rappers, I'm stickin up

Straight wicked(?) rush, terror stricken cause you're
butt(?)

I hang with CM, Kurious George, and ??

In the streets I have a rep for pullin spirits out of bodies

I show no fear, I'm not giving in

So change your address, cause you're living in oblivion

Emperor of evil, impress my competition

'Till my last breath, the best destroy recognition

Death's the definition, rappers' fame is reduced

They're scared I'm loose, and now they wanna call a
truce

They hate it, I made it, they waited

And hesitated, but now their brains invaded

Anger been in this(?), you're hearing this

You're fearing this, ass I'm tearin' this(?)

You get dissed, so you're pissed

Cause ass I kick, always get last licks

The money devil of ??, all I roll is 666

Musical mace, eyes puffy like a ??

Disgrace crews of two, and make 'em break up like dirt
base(?)
I cause disasters, I am the master
Turning little bastards into fucking Casper
So put your name on a tombstone
Cause when you try to kill me, I refuse to die alone

[Chorus]

A lot of niggaz wanna be me, but they can't be (but
why?)
Because there's only one ??
Frontin like they all that, but they just bums
What they tryna snatch kid? (Crumbs)
Frontin like they all that, but they just bums
What they tryna snatch kid? (Crumbs)

[Verse 2]

Violence, plus intellectual analysis equal military
thoughts
Fights with other thoughts is my favorite sport(?)
Quantities of entities enter me evilly
He who's dumb enough to battle me, not drastically,
and has to be
In the world of fabrication, demonstrations of
confrontations commence annihilation
Let's pretend we're both guns, and make this shit
erratic
I'll be the revolver, you can play the automatic
Automatic flip scripts, revolver show loyalty
Each gun is die able, but only one's reliable
You shoot fast, but in the end you jam
Then I click back, and turn your brains into spam
Grimm is the man and I demand my recognition
Even if I have to blow your ass to spiritual submission
I heard somewhere niggaz is scared of revolution
Revolute against the Reaper, and get pulled from
evolution
I was shot a few times, and I died, and ??
Now I got beyond life, and attack the supernatural
Seven shots fired, seven shots went in me
Grimm was Jesus Christ, and to the concrete cause the
pinned me
A lot of hardcore niggaz, I just figure they're imposters
Rapper's war games, and Grimm's brain name is
Joshua (?)
So if you want to battle then I gotta say
The only winning move against Grimm Reap is not to
play

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

As I follow Apollo, gotta prophecy in music
So up the raising sun, and transform it into poetry
Stalking the shadows of the human mind
And leaving weary niggaz better fear me when they
hear my eerie theories
On the rap scene, me you can't compare
Punks like to stare, but they wouldn't dare
I'm givin niggaz nightmares on the streets of Elm
Step into oblivion as you enter my realm
I turn "boom bap" into "boom bip"
My mind's on reverse shit, so you can call me Mxyzptlk
Quantum lethal universe is different time and places
Surrounded by an oasis of dead faces
Will I die in a peaceful way, or go all out like Carlito's
Way?
Fuck it, gotta live Day By Day
Peace to my nigga by the name of J
Styles automatic, with skills of Eddie Futch
Stick shift rhymes, I burn 'em out like a clutch
Primitive rappers ass kick or they either(?) spark
Cause you're a dinosaur, sent to a Jurassic park
The Reaper's rude, drop your ass to your knees
If death was food, I'll be handing out free cheese
Sit back, relax, smoke some scama
Niggaz screamin battle, but they brain have no armor
En garde, grab the mic and take your fighting stances
Like they take chances, we can battle for advances
(Fuck this wheelchair) I'm in a wheelchair, but still
makin money
Cause I got my murder buddies wearin hoodies, who
get bloody
The rap Boba Fett, if you rhyme then I want ya
Mental bounty hunter, of hardcore fronters
Some sleep on the Reap, like I'm not nice
But I don't freestyle, cause my style cost a price
Tiny temptations of termination, no hesitation
Retaliation to all imitation, creations was making
duplications of my innovations
So whatcha want niggaz? Bring it on (Bring it on)
I'll blow you out the sky like Captain Kirk do the
motherfuckin Klingons
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
Graze ya with a razor, watch ya jugular bust
Grimm is the one that flew the cuckoo's nest
"Fuck the world" is written on my chest

[Chorus]

[Grimm talking]

I represent Monsta Island (Ya don't stop)

I represent Monsta Island (Ya don't stop)
Big Vito's in the motherfuckin house
Punks in the motherfuckin house
Ya don't stop
Bring it on niggaz
East coast to West
Grimm Reaper is the best

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