

# Gravediggaz, Da Bomb

(Gatekeeper)

In '97 don't be alarmed, Gravediggaz drop  
(Da Bomb! Da Bomb! Da Bomb!)  
G, R, A, V, E, D (Da Bomb!)  
I, double G, A to the zig zag Z  
Droppin' (Da Bomb!)

(Grym Reaper)

Ay yo I really hate snakes  
I feel like bustin' off rounds in they face  
But that would be exhibitin' the same weak traits  
Shit is deep like bass, enemies get beat, lock breaks  
From dusk to dawn I thrust upon the scene  
Always conscious I was born supreme  
No wonder I run with a hundred twenty three nine hundred and ninety nine  
thousand convicts  
Wanted by the beast in the hellified streets  
With nullified beef and combat swamp rats  
And ghetto playgrounds where scenes is tragic  
Everyday seein' decayin' brown fabrics (Da Bomb!)  
A thirty pound addict with a hundred dollar day habit  
True Master! Broadcast the havocism I'm babblin'  
Mic's turnin' to javelins  
Stabbin' MCs in the abdomen and laughin' at 'em (Hahahahaha!)

(Gatekeeper)

Gravediggaz a cannibal for swoops and bats  
Sweat rocks as the jock and they counter react  
Occupation i'm a blizzard, Gate Keep freak the reason  
For the break, I been around as long as the Rza  
The ripper, graveyards known for plenty more  
Rugged raw, puttin' hardcore kicks on double doors  
Your future's at stake, big mistake  
You moved! (Da Bomb!) Mmm-mm you can't escape, checkmate  
The flashy nigga, underground digga  
Nigga think his head big enough, I make it bigga  
The trank, I bust all blank, when I intake  
There forsake, my lyrics are fatter then Phil Brakes  
The bed rocker, snatch doctor  
This little Bagandian vodka  
I'm Phantom of the Opera  
Check it, the mic is my crystal ball  
And when I'm on it I'm open like a pore

You say you got gats, bust 'em where it's at  
While you bustin' caps I drop the (Da Bomb!)  
Mmmm now what you gonna do, kid  
Where ya gonna run son when I drop the (Da Bomb!)  
Mmmm to my bigga niggas  
Representing Gravediggaz worldwide stars drop the (Da Bomb!)  
Mmmm don't be alarmed  
Your persona ain't on from the three alarm from the (Da Bomb!)  
G, R, A, V, E, D (Da Bomb!)  
I, double G, A to the zig zag Z  
Droppin' (Da Bomb!)

(Grym Reaper)

I possess intellect to reflect  
One of the best flows  
Within the metro-politan  
Got more styles than a Chinaman  
Anywhere ya find the Grym  
My mind I bring  
Disaster to areas

Faster than spots in Iraq that got blown from aircraft carriers  
Carry your whack ass outta my war zone  
Or get slapped in the jaw bone  
From the megawatts of the raw pone  
Missed the tour rooms through  
Cities and stadiums, halls and Paladiums  
All over the Mediteranean Seas  
I'm terrorizin' MCs like an Iranian  
Seizin' a Boeing 747  
24/7 we're flowin' professionally  
You see spots keep glowin' at the Gravediggaz showin'  
We master the art exceptionally

(Gatekeeper)

No doubt when I precipitate the walls vibration  
Thought skies cover your fake ass lacerations  
Check it, forever your rest, black hood the event  
Brothers in the New York streets that represent  
Squeeze ya coal, 32 below  
Send a chill through your bow  
Catch your fuckin' nerve like a snow cone  
You get stuffed like an envelope, yo  
Won't even think twice, I'll slice the fuckin' rope  
Save your salvation  
Ruin your reputation  
Get ready for a brief devastation  
Forty clicks up the creek  
If I hear a squeek  
The nigga Gate Keep never ever retreats  
Brooklyn street perpendicular  
The order for manslaughter is vehicular  
Terrified flashbacks  
Gaspin' for your airsac  
The mere factor of unleashin' my second chapter

You say you got gats, bust 'em where it's at  
While your bustin' caps I drop the (Da Bomb!)  
Now what ya gonna do kid  
Where ya gonna run son when I drop the (Da Bomb!)  
(Da Bomb!)  
Yo, Gravediggaz, The Undertaker, Gate Keep, Rzarector, Grym Reap  
Collectively droppin' (Da Bomb!)  
G, R, A, V, E, D (Da Bomb!)  
I, double G, A to the zig zag Z