

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 trunk, 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