

Gravediggaz, Dangerous Mindz

Verse One: Too Poetic/Grym reaper

Yo, hah yo, rahh, yo, yo

Yo, yo, yo...

Yo, I got stress on my brain that causes chest pains
inside the best frames ghetto blood clots is scored by slug shots
and drug spots, well if you're too poor to move out
or get a new house, it's like livin in a war walkin through shootouts
And you doubt God exists, when hard fists
be poundin on your head like jackhammers
You're trapped in the black drama, you hear the laughter
seconds after that you fade out, you're played out, you're laid out
Your heart nearly gave out, you're lucky that you made out
with just a few scars when the beating ends
The streets (sniff) let ya breathe again
But evil men, will soon be on the receiving end
of Universal Law, I'm callin on the meek and the poor
To fight back and never forfeit the day you have to go to war
With forces that are armed upon the seven continental borders
A mental fortress is essentials to absorb this
My sword hits the human orb until it orbits
In the art of war kids see Grym Reap be morbid
Since pieces of the lost civilization in the past
Had my photographs etched inside of pyramids
To laugh at this revelation, without 365 days of concentration
and twenty-four hour meditation, would be foolishly pagan
I'm ancient as 'amen', see I stay Grym
Throwin fools in in a pit full of pit bulls to be shaken
Or strapped to the crossroads of Hell and inner sin
Which trap the sinners in, to sell such in Sing-Sing
I bring Grym tidings, tidal-ed/titled your wave all not exciting
Stop riding the dick, start writin your own shit
Cause I stick figures that think they fat and can't rap wind blast
I make em Slim Fast, lookin like stick figures
I'm all that, I bag chips at concerts and shows
Get more panties than hoes that boost Victoria Secret clothes
Foes is tagged like ex-foes toes at the coroner's
Kids with cold feet rise and fall like the barometer
Grym will mentally chop your career
See shit is locked down here, like penitentiary blocks in tears
Escape outta your ducts every time you hear my name
you better duck fate, or catch a fuckin face full of duct tape
You get smacked like a trick that sniffed off her money
Then smoked like Rzarector with the blunts dipped in honey

Verse Two: Prince Rakeem/Rzarector

Rotate your head like a gyro, my hair grows in knotty spirals
Feet resembles Christ's description from the Bible
Water-walker, immune to all physical torture
Pull out fast in a Porsche, upon a double-crosser
My penis rise up in the morning like a Phoenix
And blast iron cells into a low blooded 'nemic
The imperial - material's venerial
MC's get murdered in serial, you can't fuck with the material
Unorthodox paradox, my shit is seen wide-screen Magnavox
Grabs thought like Doctor Octopus
Cause war like the grandson of Kush
I'm hangin devil's heads on a evergreen bush
Sugar-frosted sorceresses bitches get exhausted
Pussy lips be drippin, like leaky faucets
Undercover C-Cyphers sprayed up like windshield wipers
While I'm guzzlin Piper's, changin my son's shitty-ass diapers
Dime piece trapped in sync like many time piece

You get stamped by the wildabeast
A rap dast' plus tracks black like Chow Yun Fat
Oppositional forces get their eardrums flat
Common denominator, I swing the mic saber like Vader
He was fooled by the inter-pre-ation made from a traitor
MC's get their wigs blown, trounced off my fistbone
Choked from my death, every time they break a wishbone
Eventually, I knew the whole world would mention me
Potentially, I have the key to make G's
MC's breeze on my tracks, I rock the fruit with the trees
Killa bees spread rapid like diseases
See it's, like the second comin of Jesus, of Nazareth
be fabulous, raise the dead crowd up like Lazarus
Hazardous vocabulary attacks be beautiful
Acoustical notes we provoke, it comes out musically dope
Niggaz realize they just can't cope
The hair, bustin out the head resembles fire and smoke Loc

Verse Three: Frukwan/Gatekeeper

I blast watts in circuits like General Monk-Monk was Turkish
My science is divided deep into your central nervous
Pervert area codes peep this murder
I'm boxed-in, suckin hologram tits, inhalin oxygen
Parallel world of crab niggas and sea shells mix
I pierce my dick and sword right through you pelvics
I'm hell stricken bomb, wrapped in trees of palm
Physical existence is descendants of Allah
I travel at high rates, Weaker men are primates
That either migrate or get burnt to the stake
I feed off lyrical light beams of amphetimene
My terminology is panatomic like lobotomy
Crazy el loco, gas niggaz like Sunoco
Flush em like Presto, Blast in your chest bone
I raise from the shore, like Sodom and Gomorrah
with traction, flashin a 4-wheel drive Ford Explorer
While mucus lies within the center of the Rubik's
The roots of the wine induced the enzymes inside your nucleus
Turmoil boilin appointed, niggaz rubbin off my style like a ointment
Lost in the Sahara, From trial and error
Confused with 3 meals for Sister Sara
Rahh! Bearer, Digestin minerals in abundance
Because the dead is not known to return from the dungeons