

# 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