

Gravediggaz, Pit Of Snakes

(Rza)

The pit, the pit (Ohhhh my!)

Yo, 1, 2

Dun dunna dunna dun.

All ya'll mentally dead muthafuckas.

We come to break ya'll some information and ressurect you
from the mentality of fool in this.

Yo, yo.

(Rza)

We come away and chop the heads of these snakes

It's better off they dyin in a pit fulla snakes

Mistake inside your self, that be the first head you take

It's better off you dyin in a pit fulla snakes

(Rza)

The marijuana got my karma glowin

Gold armor, surround my body

I'm reachin a high state of nirvana

But wanna chop and imitate

To bite, the livin spirits

Golden livin tablets

Transmitted by the Abbot

Blood related king to King David's mighty men

I appear in the atmosphere like nitrogen, oxygen, hydrogen, carbon
dioxide,

helium, xenon, argon, neon, freon, be gone

I travel beyond

The range where sick sounds grave

You can't respond

Dynamic semantics makes your mind go frantic

Hand picked Gods

Razor sharp be my standard

Breakin from bondage and white garments

Eye ball as black as onyx

Hair gonna grow as long as a comet's tail

Escape from Hell

Watch the Gods be real

What makes rain and hail, snow and earthquakes?

Goin through crisis, or mad devices

I thought girls was made of sugar and spices

Always wanted to fuck 'em like Isis

While others bow down, Percival, Cyrus

I'm inside my lab stabbin rhymes on black papyrus

Your weight couldn't measure a snow flake

How you gonna shine on a God while you rotate

I dislocate your head, your neck, your back, your legs, your kneecap

Back smack your ass bitch

And splatter your gall bladder

My mathematical data

Terror far beyond the stars of William Shatner

The rattler can't deport on my speed of thought

Then escape New York in East London or import

(Gatekeeper)

Stronger currents than my brains runnin rapid

Hereditary practice pierce hoes through metal jackets

War commander Niggas get caught up in the exhaust pipe

Get the frost right or suffer frost bite

Isle of the King Maniac barbarian, sort of Romanian

Underground, subterranean

Five stepper grandson of Nefar The rest of ya'll heffers,

thimble Ya'll resembled Uncle Fester

God biding escape Through telepathic gates

Integrate, causin one mind to elevate
Stagnate competition, like an earthquake
Causin the earth to shake On release day, diggin more graves
Master 4 tay or black cherries block
Freshly picked out the cemetary, bear the plot

Chorus

(Grym Reaper)

Yo, projectiles lace the project ailes
Organic, saw panic when I wreck shit and smile
With more props than New York City got blocks
I cripple your whole knot till your air drip of snot
First encounter of Hell, is facin Grym
Lacin human shells with radiation untill cell mutation begins
to permeate flesh
Like skins bein pressed And barb wire, steel mesh
As 200 nerve endings record the pain
I cut like the Wu-Tang sword hittin the brain
The main issue for invasion of your brain tissue
Is your dismissal, nigga I reign official
I lack fear like a black bear Slash your chest area open
And have the whole world soakin within your hemoglobin
Then blast, your lyrics be on face and astrophysics
You couldn't be your ... if you were Noriega's chemist
Bustin' the mic like Brooklyn fire hydrants in the summer
Bangin like a Forerunner
Lyrically my formula is C-4 to the third power
Of ice, fire, and water
This equation causes manslaughter Torture upon the microphone
With the type of poem
The strikes like a poem with a baseball bat
Why waste the track, I'm better than all of that!