

Gravediggaz, Twelve Jewelz

(Prince Rakeem/Ryzarector)

As long as you got mentally dead people
Who are living in a mental death
Meaning living in a mental grave
you need somebody to dig that grave up and bring them back to life
There's no chance for a physical dead
but there's chance for the mentally dead
(Yo, one two one two two)
So we gonna come and resurrect them
That's why they call me the Ryzarector
I'm out to resurrect the mental dead, by diggin up they graves
Bringin em back to the surface

Niggaz is caught up in the midst of six
You better grab ahold of your crucifix
And this is it, the black God exists
Can you understand this? Let me teach you a lesson, yo
The pre-existence of the mathematical biochemical equations
The manifestations of God, Earth Air Fire and Water
which are in it's basic formation, solid liquid and gases
that caused the land masses, and the space catalyst
and all matter that exists and is dense
Third dimension, that must be observed through physical comprehension
It takes a nerve to be struck, wisdom is the wise
poet spoken to wake up, the dumb who've been sleeping
The fourth dimension is time, it goes inside the mind
Run the channels energized up through the back of your spine
So observe as my G energy strikes a vital nerve
One swerve of the tongue it pierces like a sword through the lung
Have you not heard, that words kill as fast as bullets
when you load negative thoughts, to the chamber of your brain
And your mouth pulls the trigger that propels
wickedness straight from Hell
From the pits of your stomach where negativity dwell
I searched the East coast and West coast down and most found
the small towns is like ghost towns, everybody moves slowed down
From Uptown to Bucktown give a fuck now Shaolin got the crown
And cops'll still serve you from Jamaica Ave. to Myrtle
And cats carry more shells than turtles
Brooklyn Down Park Hill pussies unfertile
Buy wholesale never retail get females in deep spells
If you eat well, you sleep well
Send enemies to Hell
What makes hair skin epidermis fingernail
Regenerate, when everything else disintegrate
A teflon vest so bullets can't penetrate
On the corner of my block there stood this old man
A black immigrant from the land of Sudan
Who used to tell stories to the children in the building
But never had a dollar to keep his pocket filled in
He bombed he knew Deuteronomy the science of Astronomy
But didn't know the basic principles of economy
I say the wise man don't play the role of a fool
The first thing a man must obtain is Twelve Jewelz
Knowledge Wisdom Understanding to help you achieve
Freedom, Justice Equality Food Clothing and Shelter
After this, Love Peace and Happiness
He had the nappiest head, I told him total satisfaction
is to achieve one goal in the scheme of things
He who works like a slave, eats like a king