

Gravediggaz, Nightmare In A-Minor

(Chorus: Frukwan {*singing*})

The battle, the war, lay your whites, slick
And I won't blast clips
That'll end your ass quick

(Beretta 9)

Yo, yo
What y'all know about the war? About the corps?
Active duty, bit missile buoy
Sink your battleship, +Fuck You, Sue Me+
This be from the heart, sincerely yours, truly
B9, behind, your blinds
Behind your door, you want war?
Don't think so, you know my M-O
Beretta 9, black Rambo
Big guns, extra ammo
Plus, heavy artillery, D-stream me and military
Killarmy A-rabs, out for your commissary
So nigga Run it and catch a hot one in your stomach
Bitch! Bitch!

(4th Disciple)

What y'all know about the war? (about the war)
Yo, when I was young I strongly seeked for the knowledge
I never went to college but acknowledged
The fact that knowledge is first, through the academy of the universe
Taking everything for what it's worth
Remember that +Night the Earth Cried+ for the Gods to come through
To make unknown things that seem impossible possible
Mastering all obstacles, and all courses
Striving to absorb the Earth's forces

(Poetic)

Yo we never wack, clever rap, stay forever black
I'm a lyrical Pteradac', severin' backs
Bad luck for sorry MC's to get a match
Bad luck, I strike you like you just broke a mirror
Black, here's the fact, I manufacture the jams that fracture your program
Shatter grain matter with the soul of a slow jam
It's the GrandMaster, Eloheim, flaming guillotine
Still scheme, with the, skill of a marine
To the extreme, flow like a jet stream
Also collect CREAM at shows, the veteran P-R-O
Better than most you know, sharp as an arrow
Sing like a sparrow, Grym Reap's the motto
+Killing You Softly+ with Islam right knowledge
For hollow-head pieces that worship dead Jesus
And still don't keep His commandments
I Leave souls abandoned with pieces of a dream
I'm so unique when I peak on the scene
Chk-chk-chk-chk, Gravedigga at it again
2000, running through your project housing
What!?!

(Break: Frukwan)

Yo, check it, check it
Gotta peep at this shit
It's called key rap

(Chorus)

(Frukwan {*singing*})

If you doubt the strength
Competition, every blow high tense steel

That you can't touch, taste, feel
The lord of the world, capable at will
Take control of all your mils
When I blast my solar winds
Nomads in the land
Mercenaries that are tactically prepared
Gravediggaz show no fear
Ghetto warriors in a jungle, where if one don't find the hedge
and to no one there's the trend
Back-breaker of men
Mighty morphins, no begining, no end
Can you place my origin?
But now in our days, finding new ways to destroy ya in one day
Not afraid to dig graves
In the mind of my own, graveyard is my home
And Hell is where I dwell
Gravediggaz will prevail