

Mommy, What's a Gravedigga?

Gravediggaz

Intro: One two

One two

You're ready? Yo, this one goes out to Prince Paul, my man Fruitkwanthe Gatekeeper, Prince Rakeem and last but not least the Grymreaper [Some motherfucker's out robbin your home

(Cypress Hill)] As your soul enters the next stage

Reality becomes obsolete

You have nothing to fear, nothin to fear

Walking in the shadows you realize

That live is nothing but a fog of animated death

[Grave-diggers!]

And to my right it's the one that they call, the Grym Reaper

Verse One: Too Poetic

Grym Reaper

Sparks through the dark, I'm diggin in the dirt

Or diggin in your brains or your skirt

Burying the past is a very hard task

I make loot and now everybody's diggin up dirt

I spark the night like a rasta with reefer

And to my right is the Gatekeeper

Verse Two: Fruitkwan

Gatekeeper

Here comes the one, the one wicked sun from the slums

That's how i do when the Gravedigga crew comes forexample, leaving corpses blissedhalf

hypnotized with my mark on their wrist

The protecta, spector of death, the selecta

Is the RZA, the RZA, the RZArecta

Verse Three: RZArector

The RZAThe bloody, ferocious, attack, hits the body

Explosive diagnosis, it's fatal like multiple sclerosis

Oh it's, not the hocus-pocus, Gravedigga nigga

Just to keep the focus

Fucking up the tracks like the Fist of the White Lotus

Catch a triptychnosis

If you ever try to smoke this

Grave-digga! [Grave-diggers!]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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