

Guard Ya Shrine

Gravediggaz

Yeah, comin through the mist of the dust

Of a hundred thousand wild stallions

On a dirt road

Another episode of the Gravediggaz saga

Yo

You came to assassinate me

I got degrees that evaporate seas

I got thoughts that decapitate enemies

While your thoughts couldn't fascinate fleas

See I manipulate keys in a vocal joint

That alter your focal point, f**kin snake

I annoit by will, to kill you savage emcees

Then watch your cabbages bleed

You're weak and you're wicked

Diseased with a sickness, that turn Gods into swine

My mind detects blind ambition

A fine musician slash crooked politician

Trapped in a black hole, cuz ya lack soul

Gravity chokes ya black soul like a lasso

Your condition is a walking dead man

+Wake+ the f**k +Up+ or get your head banged

I'm the soldier with the bloody red hands

These ghetto alleys become dead valleys

Snakes too shook to show up at your rally

Some paralysed by the thought of bein analyzed and caught up in lies

In false hood, it ain't all good, in New York, if you don't walk the walk

I dare f**kin parasites to grab a mic

The Grym brings Fahrenheit, and blinding light

You are not my competition, you non-living treacherous pig

I'll have you submit....yo

You're feeble and you play black, guard ya shrine

I'm a needle in a hay-stack, hard to find

I'm evil when you slay black God for crime

I'm evil and I stay strapped far as the rhyme