

Man Only Fears

Gravediggaz

Gravediggaz, Gatekeep'

Grym Reap', Gravediggaz

Gatekeep', Grym Reap'

Yo

A fresh alley, is like Death Valley

Strangers are met foully like heads with a bounty

I Invade your county, state, town, or borough

Rap steelo, thorough, home on the furlo

Dolo, solo, singular, similar to none, with the black Polo

Outfit, house bitch you dumb

Deaf, blind, can't rip a rhyme

MC's lines is empty, I'm unfriendly

The Art of War horror-core slaughter more cats than a Chinese restaraunt

My rhyme peaks is the art on all you triflin' me, like the Eiffel

MC's, I'm rightful in these lyrical bullets in the form of a bullet

In your back, you're wack, f**k your click, they just over-react

I ain't feelin' your track when I come fully stacked for combat

I break mates, human bein's, shapes, and Shakespeare's of Europeans

f**kin' sewer semen, Apache renegades with hand grenades

Drop bombs, invade men through their hearin' aids

And fully extend the Gravedigga welcome

To Hell, son, the Devil got you in a full nelson

Stride for stride, I carry my Gravedigga shield with pride

If left to the doctors I'd have already died

But I'm back, darker than a pitch-black night

With a track and a mic

Man Only Fears what he knows he should not

Man Only Fears what he knows he should not

(Yo niggas that know not can't get, don't got)

Let me dictate what I wrote, PaperMate

ShoGun, I use my words to Assason-ate

Murder is all I see here, so I say what I see

When you step in front of me, my thoughts is explosive energy

Call the bomb squad, I'm a threat to the cassette deck

Might spit a cartridge, to rip through your cartalidge

Danny Godsmith, who the f**k you think masterminded this?

Brain-storm, Red Dawn, war pawn, let the gun show 'em

We could happily leave the convo', I got an arsenal

I'd Dress to Kill, Swingin' Swords Where I Rest At

It's Blood for Blood in this Shoot Out

Clash of the Titans, Universal Soldiers, Wake the f**k Up!

Black ambiance, I levitate in a motherf**kin' seance

Upon a black young child with the crayon

I prayed on intellectuals in exceptional venacular

Vintage cosmetic venacular callisthetics

Genetic contraband, study of the graphed tin man

Wisdom concurrent, run determind through event sentence of death

Last chance, close the curtain, go inhale the vision of detail

Realistic accuracy backed by the faculty

The Gods, I use the guns and glocks to lock the monopoly

Armed, the bomb, the harness, released under my own recognizance

Gatekeep', what? You know how it motherf**kin' be

G-O-D, the path consists of numerous tricks

But niggas thoughts are restricted

Rather be crammed in little districts

Chop the element, a household name in every residence

I be the King sparkin', runnin' niggas like drill sergeants

Of course no remorse, deterrent fear radiates coherent
Rather bust your own than eliminate the appearance
Cover us but On the Strength my niggas double up
Here to engage, left in disarray
Torn, devastated, from the fierce brigade

Man Only Fears, Many Only Fears

Niggas that know not can't get, don't got (4x)