

Players' Theme

Gravediggaz

Yo, check it, yo, Frukwan, Sun Star
A new category, a new chamber in hip-hop
Yo, it's called the wise category
You know what I'm sayin'?
Cause all I do is drop science, fuck the bullshit
So for you wack ass motherfuckers

Don't come in my house
Thinkin' you runnin' this shit
Players can't even get with
Hangin' with the lyrics I spit
Hit harder then I hit

I be the I'll wild keeper, creep with such
Pack a punch, yum yum, bag chumps for lunch
Till the last forgade, the crime that pays
Canarse, New York be the home of the brave
Got slang and game, brother what's your rank
Wanna slip me a bitch, and I say no thanks
I don't fuck with skeez, don't waste my cheese
Catch me in the street, get in clubs for free
Frukwan be forever, my notes is thick
Sick just like a lunatic fuckin' with this
Got a million plus fans, bars and hooks
Claws that leave a gash, cash in the stash
Twin berettas, armoretta's laced in the sweater
Sculptin' my craft like Egyptian math
King of the king kings with the crips and right
Swing a double edged sword, disrupt your life, what

Yo, time or tell, thoughts is gold
Elevate certain heads if you gots to know
Born leader, brand the architect by fate
Since day one, represented the real duns nigga
Don't compare with the truth for there
Try to keep an MC from his destiny
What I do, how I live, do affect my kids
Knew that before hand, when I crossed the bridge
Alias, a.k.a. all I see in the cruise
Diligents with the bumps and bruise
Give 'em daps, sippin' wine doesn't make me less
But I'm the villain in the eyes of depress, yo, fuck it, yo
You got mines and I got your back
Together we can bond and cominse attack
Think it's all about you, then your bound to fall
Remember, take a deep breath, cause you a guest in this house

Yo, double my line, quick to take
Brothers know they get jumped when they fake the funk
Brothers got scar remains, limited range
Perimeter preach feet scripts, and red cheese
Constant, never in one spot for long
Got connects, more then a federal depth
The scope is global reign, hover with the cane
Terror with the fright, lot of sleepless nights
Heard it before, sex more beach than whores
Blaze the trail, rip it like Jordan and Scott

One of the few brothers that got flow off top
I run you in brother, make you forced to stop
Thinkin' the trench pot, cause I'm scorchin' hot
Rugged then the rag times, scrapin' cans
The pressure rise water, made it hot as blast
Countin' sheeps yo, that was far from norm
Everybody wanna duck while I face the storm
Fuck it, I take it head up, my souls direct
Ain't a motherfuckin' body, I'll cook the chef
Lock a motherfucker out, cause I don't need the stress, yo