

# Grave Digger

Scorey

Huh? What? C'mon (Ayy what's good Trou?)

Yeah, slatt, slatt, it's Box

Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

C'mon (Boom, boom, boom)

Yeah, slatt (It's Box)

Uh, I be with some steppas, grave diggers, made niggas, uh (Bro dig his grave)

Right now I'm with shh- can't say his name, he slayed niggas (Can't say his name)

Asked the opps , "Why we call big bro perfect?" Aim, nigga

Bro asked they block like why they be feeling all his pain in 'em, uh (All his pain)

Pull up and dump in the rain, and I post up wit' the same niggas, uh (Ah, grah, grah)

Since we got money and fame, don't give a fuck, it ain't change niggas, uh (Niggas all the same)

We got the low, we stayed, think with his dick, now his brain missin' (His dick, now his brain)

He went and bought him a chain, but we still see the lame in him (Uh, uh, it's Box)

I know COVID passed, but we still in the trenches, wearin' COVID masks (Mask)

They opps be calling my phone (Damn), talkin' 'bout they slamming off on the show they act (Slatt, slatt)

Headshot, face shot (What?), damn, his block over man (Gone)

He on IG lackin', talkin' 'bout bodies (Uh-

huh), he own' post his ass (Real, real)

Cold as shit, he got paperwork (Uh-

huh), you better show that shit (Better throw that)

She wanna be wifey, if you like me, let my homie hit (No, no, no)

I bought bro'nem drugs (Uh-

huh), guns, clothes, they don't owe me shit (What? What? It's Box)

If we in the club and you got a pole, you better blow that bitch (Bow, bow, bow)

I'on like to talk at all 'cause it ain't nothing to talk about

We not from \*\*\*\*, if you from there, then fuck it, chalk 'em down

You ever caught an opp and let off shots, but you ain't walk 'em down?

Lil' bro caught a body, packed his bag, we goin' out of town

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Gave 'em steppas, a green light, then he seein' pipes  
 Man that lil' nigga sleep tight (Bah)  
 .23 wit' a beam right, and it feel nice even though that my jeans tight (Though my jeans tight)  
 Hit his block wit' them [?], not no school nigga, I'm a stay in the field type (Stay in the field type)  
 Pull up, hit him, and that's steel type  
 It's a feel niggas that's gon' know what that feel like (Bitch)  
 Uh, he gon' hit the floor when that flrr go up (Flrr-flrr)  
 Score be all red so just watch where you walk (Uh)  
 Mentionin' Scorey, they gon' put him truck (Gon' put him in truck)  
 You goin' to war and that shit gon' cuff (That shit gon' cuff)  
 I don't got time to be cuffin' no whores, that shit be so borin' when they want to talk (Just want to talk)  
 He just be telling you all of them stories of us, he a corn, that lil' nigga soft (What?)  
 He got his shit opened up like a door, they hit 'em wit' force, they ain't even knock (They ain't even knock)  
 I know when nigga got hit from up close, they crazy part is they ain't even walk (They ain't even-)  
 Got me a lil' bitch, she gon' give us the low and she don't even care about doin' no cops (Doin' no cops)  
 Take down gang we just got us a Glock (Brrah)  
 Chase down, aim, we got hit on his top (Brirt, brirt)

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