Grave Digga

Stevie Stone

I am not a rapper, I'm a grave digga Monsta
My verbals be control
I'll tease you then taunt ya (Ya)
Putting them right down in the ganja (Ya)
It's bloody murder, I'm a grave digga (grave digga)
I got my shovel time to grave niggas (grave niggas)
Sitting in a bar, hunger tickin' I'm takin' the ball
Standing in the dark (standing in the dark, dark) aim for the heart
Messing bodies apart
Ligaments and ya tendons my verbals be tearing them apart
I'll leave them underneath the [?]
I'm taking them to the cemetery, got some bodies need to be buried, set my mark
I got my shovel digging the gravel, I don't rap
Somebody tell these niggas
Whoa, y'all hear that?
You got to pull over, yo
I'm a grave digga
Look, I'm not a rapper
Most of you niggas actors
Just miseries of this world, and you're absolutly not a factor
You better? You's a motherfucking lie
I'm seasoned and groomed, better not (not)
We killing them, got caskets and Pall-bearers just [?]
This diss got a nigga straight pissed
Push pulling, pulling out the hit list
We humming I'm a get him while we gunning
I'm gunning when I'm through that mist (you silly really)
I'm a show you how to get (illy really)
Talk a whole lotta shit (plot to kill me)
Propane when I rip (in the building)
I'm a leave em dead in the hip hop
Time to blow these candles out
You need to bring that camera out
Walked in, last bout
Found my victim, point him out
Strung 'em in, drugged him outI am not a rapper, I'm a grave digga
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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