

Gravediggaz, 1-800 Suicide

Chorus (KRS One)

Suicide it's a suicide, nrother
Suicide it's a suicide...
(x2)

Verse 1 (Fruitkwan/Gatekeeper)

So you wanna die, commit suicide ?
Dial 1-800-Cyanide line !
Far as life, yo it ain't worth it
Put a rope around your neck and jerk it.

The trick didn't work,
Your life was fucked up from the first day of birth
After watching Jackie Gleason walk into a precinct
Gun down the captain for no fucking reason.

And get some LSD or a drink from the bar
Get behind your wheel and crash the car
Like Desert Storm, got bombs for the war
Confront an alligator, let it eat you raw

Back to the function,
Riding the caboose to hell
Bziit! Touched the third rail.
You fucked up chicken,
Now you just got fried...
Cause it's a suicide

CHORUS

Verse 2 (Too Poetic/Grym Reaper)

Hey you little rich kid, what's your beef?
Come and tell the Grym Reaper all of your grief
You asked for a Benz and you only got a Jeep
Your pop's got endz, but yo he's mad cheap

Maybe you're a bastard child you think
Mom and dad are white and you're dark as ink
Maybe you're Sicilian with a tan
But you hate lasagna and the pizza man

Now you stand on the grave digga locked and
You're singing the blues about the rough life you've got
Not! You don't wanna live no more
I guess you're really ready for the grave yard tour

When you get home
Just seal up your windows and you doors
Turn your oven on high for about four hours
Light you a blunt, kiss your ass goodbye
You gassed yourself 'cause it's a suicide

Chorus

INTERLUDE (Scott (the Moleman) Harding)

Yep. I've said it before and I'll say it again
Life moves pretty fast...
If you don't stop and look around
every once in a while, you could miss it

Verse 3 (Prince Rakeem/Ryzarector)

Six fucking devils stepped up playing brave God
Had the fucking nerve to try and enta my grave yard
I'm the Ryzarector, be my sacrafice
Commit suicide and I'll bring you back to life

The first was convinced
Stuck a water hose in his mouth at full blast
So his head can explode
Second said hmmm that's good but I can top it
Put an ax up to his head and then he chopped it

Blood shot out in every direction
The rest didn't know what to do, I made suggestions
Put a slug in your mug, overdose on a drug
Wet your hair stick a knife in the plug

Or be like Richard Pryor set your balls on fire
Better yet go hang yourself with a barbed wire
Three and Four fell deep into spell and
Ran to the zoo, locked themselves in a lion's den

Number Five said it ain't worth being alive
Smoked a dust suede, mixed it with cynaide
The only one to escape was number Six
He went home, sat in the tub and slit his wrists

Yeah, more graves to dig, goodbye !
There's no need to cry... cause we all die