

## Waylon Jennings And The Waylors

### "Dark Road"

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[Reverand Tom]

New Line Cinema, presents the Dark Road

Starring, Jean Claude Van Damme

With Wesley Snipes, Morgan Freeman, Kool Keith

Robin Williams, with special guests

No Name and Knobody, from Thee Undatakerz

Dark Road, coming February 22nd at a theater near you

[Verse One: Kool Keith - Reverand Tom]

I'm tired of rap, I don't even like makin records no  
more

I quit, y'all don't know, a long time ago

I'd rather hang in strip clubs in Detroit and Chicago

I hate lookin at rappers who freestyle

Walkin around the same block, they still gonna be there  
tomorrow

Battle back and forth, East South West and North

With 40 thousand records I don't need to record no  
more

Two million or better, three {?} on tour

Nothin to prove, live in the Bronx, y'all show me  
hardcore

Been around Europe, all over the United States

Jay-Z, Rakim, KRS, you ask Big Daddy Kane

I'm Artis Gilmore, block shots everybody comin down  
the middle lane

Promoters don't call me no more

Gun toters will call you when I'm poor

Walk up to your Bentley, get out, everybody get on the  
floor

Whether actor or singer, you could be extra

And feel the tec-9 texture

With ups on skinny legs, baldhead like Patterson  
Projects

Nate Archibald, y'all think I'm Clyde Drexler

Walk up to your radio station with sawed-offs, speak  
with the Winchester

[Chorus: Reverand Tom]

We about gainin, reignin

Puttin in pain in, tamin

Who's rappin lame and, playin  
We about gainin, reignin  
Puttin in pain in, tamin  
Who's rappin lame and, playin

[Verse Two: M-Balmer]

Now, let's let the session, keep verbally manifestin  
Ain't no question, how many niggaz we nut testin  
Burn Krush Groove, wettest loop, don't know why you  
mask too  
Nobody and ain't nobody comin with it so keep second  
guessin  
110 let the games begin  
Another rhyme leave 'em all behind  
Live on stage or any other time  
You can not affect me  
Messed you up when you found out that nobody was  
carin  
Now feel me, kill 'em though, Ms. Ghetto Phenomenal  
Bangin on those that oppose this  
vocally chose, who got the flows, can you handle  
those?  
Bringin heat from the streets of S.C., that's me  
Niggaz be tryin to see me, but they can't get with me  
Now what?  
Well it's the Mistress, blowin in like El Nino  
Throwin blows to yo' cerebral  
Ms. Kill 'Em Though, Ms. Ghetto Phenomenal  
Bangin on those that oppose this  
vocally chose, who got the flows, can you handle  
those?  
Bringin heat from the streets of S.C., that's me  
Niggaz be tryin to see me, but they can't get with me

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Thee Undatakerz]

Stop all the silly games, suck my gat if you hatin  
I don't care if you rich famous, I'll still send you down to  
Satan  
Breakin all public laws just to get my paws on a grip  
I'm a dog from L.A. streets, but I still love runnin with  
crips  
Runnin with clips, fully loaded, automatic, without no  
tips  
Them hollow point silver bullets, that'll bust yo' head if  
you trip  
I'm on a West coast mission, we throw my set up in yo'  
face  
Got a problem let me know right now and we can go  
settle it Ace

I move with Manny Green, B-Stro Brown, Thug Life  
Mopreme  
Razor Blade, Major Seven, Mean Yo and Big Chachi  
Future Free from the pen, we hit the streets like gorillas  
Knuckles scrape across the concrete, we on the hunt to  
get mo' scrilla  
With Thee Undatakerz, monster like Godzillas on the  
mic  
You wanna see us, you might die, whether day or night  
Now scatter the light, but we still come out when it's  
dark  
Vampires stalk the streets, alleys of L.A. to New York  
(Central Park, what?)

[Chorus]

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