

Waylon Jennings And The Wyalors

"For Whom the Bells Toll"

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[Reverand Tom - Kool Keith]

I stay in Office Depot and Staples
Pack up my pens and paper, keep rollin more yellow
pad
I get mega sonic on you niggaz, beta sonic on your
niggaz
You keep power supply, I'm Teknotronix
Better than Mantronix
Arrangements get ridiculous, ask anybody out there
I'll shock ya - you're like a backup
to Goldstar TV set, too advance for the U.S.
Leave New York, pee on Europeans
Your hot producers, your coffee and all that stuff
That's right, look around, you're like H.R. Puffinstuff
Nothing's about you rough
You done it, you did that, and you get back
You sit back, look around, you get licked back
Yo...

[The Funeral Director]

We have, coffins, by the millions
We can, put you, in the ground

[Al Bury-U]

Your body is stiff, the coffin closed, your family close
by
Cemetery plots, a black rose, I heard a crow cry
As bells ring, for your spirit angels in Hell sing
Your tunnel starts to darken, you're slippin into a long
dream
Eternity, eternally until {?}
Soul banished, back to where the heathen {?} laid to
rest
It ain't no peace to be havin
Let it happen, ain't no fightin your fate, it's
Armageddeon
Permanently {?} no way in Hell to see heaven
Let your spirit float way {?}
You see a new beginning, fire flesh for all your sinning
Black tinted limousines, black hearse and crying
women

Sing of death blade, and sing a song called die
While The Funeral Director spill your blood like wine
Reverend Tom at the altar, M-Balmer light that fire
Time to cremate the whole world, wicked souls must die

[The Funeral Director]

That's right.. we are, Thee Undatakerz
And we will, bury you
Bury you so deep... so deep you would think you were
in Hell

[M-Balmer]

From whom the bells toll, or whom will be doomed
Darker liquor I consume, gettin {?} in the embalming
room
No pulse are detected, send him over to The Funeral
Director
And Al Bury-U and Reverend Tom did what he came to
do
M-Balmer, holdin down the morgue
Pull yo' body out the drawer
Got these fools from the Eastside, the fluid's what they
came here for
Put the rest in my lab coat and serve them fools a part
Now I'ma keep rock to chop, stirrin up to the pulpit
And deliver it, I spit sparks like gunfire straight to they
head
What's the purpose of the strap if he's already dead?
Stretched out, because of somethin that nobody said
Warning, gee williker cause that Tec-9 be killin ya
Hit the main artery, he's lookin real saucy
Chrome to yo' dome and lookin like Top Ramen

[The Funeral Director]

Yeah, that's right
You thought you motherfuckers was gonna get away
You thought she wouldn't be able to embalm you
She's actually gonna, put, your head, up, your ass
To see if it fits!
That's right, we are Thee Undatakerz
And we're not here to fuckin play with you
We're gonna show you, where things go
How far deep they will be
And how far in you will go
Ha, hahahahaha! Ohahahahahaha {*fades*}

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