

Waylon Jennings And The Waylors

"Help Me - Praise The Lord"

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Ahh.. Undatakerz

[Verse One: Thee Undatakerz]

Man I got my wet stick ready, machete and devil mask
Movin through yo' neighborhood I snatch up your
ghetto pass

A true to life Ghost Rider, don't try to come block my
lane

I'm Adolf Hitler in the flesh and I'm back, to kill again
Killin this game, I never show no remorse, feelin no
pain

Still in this club with manic thoughts that I still kill in my
brain

Feelin insane I'm goin crazy Manson blood in my veins
No matter what'll happen to me where I'm goin won't
change

The stranger lookin through your window, drinkin blood
in the rain

I can't explain these evil thoughts, I guess I'm goin to
flame

But still I'm searchin for redemption like it's money and
fame

We only got one life to live, a shame we live it this way

[Chorus: Undatakerz]

Praise the Lord, help me Jesus! (Jesus)

Praise the Lord, change the game (change the game)

Praise the Lord, help me Jesus! (Jesus)

Praise the Lord, change the game

[Verse Two: M-Balmer]

Father forgive me, I'm full of sin

But you said if I knocked, you'd let me in again

Since I was doomed from the womb

That's why I'm blessed I guess

Throughout the years, I done test the test

but still left 'em somethin left

After so many tears with this hard liquor, cigarettes by
the ounce

Left with a wet one, ready to bounce

So amazin, everlastin love, bust a dub

Up in the club - what? Nigga what?!
I thought I told you where I'm at with mine
Momma born into this life of crime
Money murder and mayhem go hand in hand, you
better feel me
These niggas real G (these niggas REAL G)
Contractions is yo' reaction, when I'm blastin
Laughin, shit you know these busters like plastic
Clock's about to strike 12, you better save yo'self
Midnight pass and last days, movin fast
Check yo' periphreal, y'all don't trust 'em though
Don't waste yo' breath, if y'all ain't got no flow
Don't waste yo' breath, if y'all ain't got no flow
Don't waste yo' breath, if y'all ain't got no flow

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Reverend Tom - Kool Keith]

Comin up the 101 freeway
I seen a ghost lookin through the window at me
It coulda been the smoke from the dank laced with PCP
Ambulance in the red light, stole these vanilla Coogi
sweaters
Walkin into emergency
Sweat by the pound, heat off my side, I let off 30
rounds
Two girls in the car waitin signed
In the fake name registered under Don {?}
No Medicaid card, you can't see the doctor was hatin
Three hours in {?} room
I seen the mic on the floor; kids walkin by with some
guy
that looked like a dentist with balloons
Lied on the application about the dust and mushrooms
Four cans of {?}, walkin out around supermarket lookin
meaner
Embalmin fluid, 7-Up bottled, one liter
Air condition off, goosebumps I left on the heater
Empty rollin out 400 miles with no gas on the meter
Big Moe tryin to poison the hydro
Now y'all sound like diss
Tryin to shoot the dang
And yo I'm comin around here sniffin blow with Uncle
Chris
Jacked Noel Christmas, I couldn't buy them gifts
Real twist, I was about to slice my wrists
With your tinsels and number two pencils

[Chorus]

[Verse Four: Thee Undatakerz]

Resigned, design, remade buildings on shrines
Inclined to decline, pull your ass bone out your spine
Flaunt - these aftermaths don't procrastinate
A Jacky Jasper much faster, four pound blaster
Duct tape what raster, but just come from Bronx
Child you want somethin, nickel bags of dust, hush
Weak niggaz I don't trust, plus
I left the bathroom left somethin dere for you to flush,
lush
Drink up quick, think up schemes, linger
Four carats in the crossfinger, ocean liner sinks so
what nigga?
Government deluxe pine box rigormortis in a tux
Anthrax and chicken pox, my nickname's Fox
Stolen cars and dealing with rocks
When lightning strikes, suction cups, high voltage
shocks
You look like Spock, dead, from imitating Biggie and
Tupac

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