

Waylon Jennings And The Waylors

"Morgue"

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Party at the morgue
Party at the morgue
Party over there!

[Verse One: Reverend Tom - Kool Keith]
Women know the flame, I can't shame your fame
We bought the bottles, club bring in the reign
Don Don of Pino, bottle up first
Call Vegas casino, the top cat with the dark blue
Cadillac
Up to Reno from there
Hit the Filipino, let her roll, get bold, reload
First name Gino, Valentino
Take her to the patio, park the spot, buck you're hot
You're nothin you're not, breezin the spot, you get the
lot
Parking lot, parking hot
You hit the door, the door barkin a lot (yo)
With Johnny Donny in a Mazeratti
Slick Rick playin "La-Di-Da-Di"
Yeah..
I bowled 'em and bake 'em and shake 'em and make
'em and take 'em
and fake 'em we make 'em, bread yo mixed with Steak-
Um
Dressed like sheep, asalaam alaikum

[Verse Two: Thee Undatakerz]
Yeahhh! There's a party in the morgue, Bronx Brooklyn
style!
Hookers in fishnets, ladies do the wild
Rrrrah! Who got the PCP?
Forty ounce Olde English, fresh D.M.C.
Dominate beat breaks, hopped on the queen
Eastside Long Beach niggaz look at me

[Verse Three: Thee Undatakerz]
New Jersey in the house, Philly cats on me
The {?} high rock, smokin blunts of green
Miami hoes in the house, G-strings and thongs
Chicago pimps get paid when the record's on

Rough - see me do my thing
We're Detroit boss players with them pinky ringers
Rinky-dink cheap whores without chips ain't jack
See the roof is on fire and the party is packed
Shake and bake and take the time to make a rhyme
that penetrate straight through your mind
The whack, the flake, don't test the great, debate
The broke I break you fake, like Greek plates
Rrrah!

Party in the morgue {*repeat 4X*}

[Verse Four: M-Balmer]

Bum-bum-bum-bummm, mistress
Up in the morgue, jump in the hottub and get a backrub
Surrounded by some bad niggaz and a pound of
bombudd
They like my love, that's all I'm thinkin of
Give it to me now, here we go, now here to plunder
We can flow with it now
And I take it downwwwwwwntown
I put 'em under somehow I make it thunder
I shake my back and then they wonder
Sippin on Cristal, slidin through the morgue
They hear me cumin... I'll be makin all the noise
Now follow me boys!
Who be the richest, the gist is
M-Balmer the {?} mistress
Y'all know y'all wanna hit this!

Party in the morgue {*repeat 12X*} (with ad libs)

[Outro]

Yeah yeah y'all, put your hands up
I wanna see everybody, put one finger in the air
If you got more than two dollars in yo' pocket
Let me see ya say hooooooooo, hooooooooo
Yeah y'all, you partyin right now in the morgue
With Thee Undertakerz, and we about to take you
under
So if you think you fly, and you think you the best
We better than you, we hot knahmsayin?
It's a platinum album and this how we doin it
We doin this for the year 2005, up in here
We outta here, like that y'all, c'mon!

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