

## Waylon Jennings And The Waylors

### "Party in Tha Morgue"

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C'mon, like that y'all  
C'mon, like that y'all

(Party in the morgue) like that y'all  
(Party in the morgue) like that y'all  
C'mon (Party in the morgue) like that y'all  
C'mon (Party in the morgue) like that y'all

[Chorus]  
C'mon, party in the morgue, party in the morgue  
C'mon, party in the morgue (like that y'all) party in the  
morgue yeah  
C'mon, party in the morgue, party in the morgue  
C'mon, party in the morgue y'all - YEAH! Party in the  
morgue

[Verse One: Reverand 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, slut you're hot  
You're nothin you're not, leavin the spot  
That's right yo, what is not when we come to come  
through  
When you want to, that's when he touched you  
Touched two, touched three touched for and  
See the score and we pourin  
With Johnny Donny in a Mazeratti  
Slick Rick playin "La-Di-Da-Di"  
Yeah, that's right yo, that's right yo.. {\*echoes and  
fades\*}

Let me see you say ho!  
It's a party in the morgue, Bronx Brooklyn style!

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: 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

[Verse Three: M-Balmer]

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, put 'em under  
Somehow I make it thunder  
Shake my back and then they wonder  
Sippin on Cristal, slidin through the morgue  
They hear me cumin...  
Who be the richest, the gist is  
M-Balmer the {?} mistress  
Y'all know y'all wanna hit this!  
I'll be makin all the noise  
Now follow me boys!

[Chorus] - repeat to fade at least 4X

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