

Waylon Jennings And The Waylors

"The Flesh - Feed Me"

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Feed me.. feed me..

[Verse One: Thee Undatakerz]

Got bloody bodies all around me, I'm chewin out on
somebody's flesh

I love the smell of rotten corpse like maggots diggin all
through your chest

A gravedigger, tomb raider, quick to get in yo' spot
and make a mess

Rip the head off your body, sip the blood straight out
yo' neck

Black Nosferatu walkin the streets feelin the city not as
a threat

Look at the public and that, panicked manic man
straight on yo' set

Black mask, long machete and the blade is covered
with blood

Dirty suit, guerilla boots, and the whole body's still
covered in mud

Walk the cemetery at night, 12 midnight with a shovel
Speakin to the spirits talkin to me, thinkin is that God or
is it the Devil?

[Chorus]

Feed me, I'm hungry, I'ma chew on your face

Feed me, I'm hungry, I'ma chew on your flesh

Feed me, I'm hungry, I'ma chew on your face

Feed me, I'm hungry, I'ma dig in yo' chest

[Verse Two: M-Balmer]

Y'all niggaz just be killin me

Don't like my style, just don't deal with me

Y'all niggaz just be killin me

Even worser than them bitches that envy me

Y'all niggaz done done all that there talkin, now you
bleedin

Please believe it.. believe it

The blood streamin from your vein, two and two, the M-
Balmer

I'm true to you, you know I got you boo! (boo)

Creep through the streets of Los Skandelous

Business really boomin up and down the list
Niggaz can't handle it
Directin funerals of nothin but love
What about it nigga? Criminals and drug dealin {?}
Or that bitch nigga strictly bout his skrilla
Or fucked with me and I peeled yo' cap nigga
Always expectin the unexpected
Undatakerz, they detect it
Don't be trippin off me... just need to sweat it
Gravediggers, strictly fo' they cheddar
You said it's eerie, it's dreary, you weary
But none of mines is leary, y'all niggaz can't feel me

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Reverand Tom - Kool Keith]
There's more red beans in the back
Who cares who know who in the spotlight
I'd rather listen to Beelow comin tthrough New Orleans
with Project Pat
With Skull Duggery, Hollow Tip, and Tre-8
New York should be lovin me, word and I'm fatal
I'm comin out of nowhere
You see me comin out the under, the master of
distribution
out of nowhere like Kane & Abel, in magazines like Big
Bear
I move units over there, like Pistol and Mac Dre
I cuts up and put it out anyway
Y'all work for the company and release date
When I send all masters to city hall in Bayside it's gon'
be too late
300,000 rappers sittin out on milk crates
Skinny Pimp and Three 6, y'all hit them big licks
Lil' Jon and the Eastside Boyz
Rumble speaker down South with noise, make money
mayne
No time for F.O. and G.I. Joe
Commercial boobs in Belvedere videos
Fake chairs and toys, incense on the corner, your rap
get destroyed
Baton Rouge, you should call me Mr. Scrooge
And when girls y'all ridin around with transexuals and
dudes
Comin to rich men drinkin booze
with gators on, fly and shine they shoes
I gotta get gas, pick up the girls, change clothes
Drop Frank off and Hank off

[Chorus]

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