

## Waylon Jennings And The Waylors

### "The Hearse"

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[Chorus: Reverend Tom singing]

Oooooooooooooohhhh

I see the night, the moment, for the reason of the  
crying

For the dying I feel belief in what we all be trying  
I see the night, the moment for the reason of the cryin  
Of dyin, I feel that we be all tryin (tryin, tryin, tryin)

[Verse One: Al Bury-U]

My 454 engine, war suspension, immaculate  
Black hearse Undatakerz dead corpse in the back of it  
Attackin rappers with cake, flossy niggaz in clubs  
Moet bottles and Cristal but they ain't showin no love  
Reverend Tom'll buy me a eulogy, I spit in your face  
Drive you to the cemetary, make you sit in the grave  
I'll bury you, not just my alias name, but the truth  
Smashin all your favorite rappers, whether woman or  
dude

Shiny suits and pretty makeup, homo rappers in trucks  
Leave you six feet under, all covered up in the dump  
From the jump it's on and poppin one-eight-seven on  
sight

The homicidal Undatakerz takin over the mic  
Drivin a black hearse

[Chorus: Reverend Tom singing]

Oooooooooooooohhhh

I see the night, the moment, for the reason of the  
crying

For the dying I feel belief in what I'm feel-in (feelin)  
I see the night, the moment for the reason of the cryin  
For the dyin, I feel belief in what I feel (what I feel)

[Verse Two: M-Balmer]

I'm rollin pimpin through these grey clouds  
Pickin up bodies cause I'm a wild child, I love my  
lifestyle

Check the repertoire, if you read between the fine lines  
of life and death, niggaz dyin, strugglin for they last  
breath

You hear the sound of the trumpet blow!

Your body's cold cause caps be gettin peeled  
And blood be gettin spilled  
Pimpin out headlights and creepin through the night,  
will they blast  
Do they wanna smoke me? Or provoke me? I'm workin  
with a fifth  
And five freshly dipped sticks, embalmed it's the M-  
Balmer  
Fuck all y'all niggaz and y'all baby mommas  
Spit shit by the bound, M-Balmer finish every round  
Watchin dollars multiply into six figures  
Got no time for skanless-ass hoes and bitch niggaz  
Wonder where I get my lye, no-ass hoes abbreviated  
They contemplated the playerhatian caught me up in  
situations  
Best believe, now they assassination  
So let it bang, and I'ma swing this thang  
Itty bitty knockin busters off my titty  
So saditty with the Thee Undatakerz with me  
Now really..

[Chorus: Reverand Tom singing]

I see the night, the moment, for the reason of the  
crying (the crying)  
For the dying I feel belief in what I feel (what I feel)  
I see the night, the moment for the reason of the crying  
(crying)  
For the dying, I feel belief in what I feel (what I feel)

[Verse Three: Reverand Tom - Kool Keith]

Energetic, kinetic, fuck a {?} free  
Catastrophe, passive leaded with embroidery  
Rotary, dope from me, loadin me, tortin me  
Close aphobia, with the knee jack, with the knee pack  
Comin to attack with LoJack  
Nigga whether you white or you black, I rack, you lack  
Count attack the track, and carry load my back  
Action sacks, power jets, burn to the max  
Socialism with cannibal vocalism  
Hopin ism, diplo manalism, smokin ism  
Jerkin with the jism and wisdom, hip-a-pot-a-mo-pism  
Material on grism lyricalism  
The tiger and bear-a-lism, monkey and animalism  
Oh, ohhhhhhh

[Chorus 1.5X: Reverand Tom singing]

I see the night, the moment, for the reason of the  
crying (the crying)  
For the dying I feel belief in what I feel (what I feel)  
I see the night, the moment for the reason of the crying  
(crying)

For the dying, I feel belief in what I feel (what I feel)

[Outro]

For what I feel, for what I feel

Belief in what you're dying, the crying

Oooh ooooh oohh, oh oh oohh

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