

## **Kool Keith** **"6 Feet Unda"**

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[Reverend Tom - Kool Keith]

Carole Lewis, may you rest in peace  
Here today, we are giving a wake  
Reverend Tom, and a lot of you other people out there  
in the so-called industry, executives  
Major promotional people that have died  
and lost their lives  
I will throw a little sand as the Reverend  
and let's pray everybody, gather around  
Let's close our eyes for one second with a moment of  
silence

I'm tired of you watered down figures  
Y'all major record company watered down minions  
Take what I create  
Massive audience bite my innovative stuff and  
duplicate  
Casium trinity..  
Cats are bitin me, all the hype and, big companies  
spend 8 million, videos recouped  
Your street team, retail hype and MTV and BET  
Rotation radio, you know you barely sold 100,000  
Don't open your mouth, turn in your masters  
Your marketing plans, commercials and billboards  
Big ads the cover of Vibe  
Actin like you get paid, you haven't seen a check in  
YEARS  
Don't front, you face disaster deduction from your  
royalties  
Zero ratings, you lease Bentleys with no insurance  
Your contract is up it's time to check Mase  
You got the lawyer lookin at you on the next deal  
You're unsuccessful, Ampex reels  
I know how you fake niggaz feel

We will pray in church  
We will drop sand, we will burn you  
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust

[Thee Undatakerz]

Yeah, that's right  
We're gonna bury you six feet deep

Six feet deep  
Ha ha, hahahahaha!

[Thee Undakerz]

Terminatin rappers contracts, careers are done  
No funds, obsolete, your bank statement read none  
Triple zero you dare, when freestyles get done  
Smokin sherm in cemeteries with Makaveli's son  
Deep conversations, got me watchin for hate  
This industry is full of jealous fake envious snakes

I squash pretty flowers, take cash, take candy from  
children  
Run inside a bank broke and come out with a million  
Fuck hangin out with niggaz runnin with problems come  
up  
Born in killer California where niggaz ride to come up  
And stay with real hustlers, livin phonies die to come up  
Look at these fake thug niggaz tryin to imitate 'Pac  
You ain't a gangster cause you bounce in the trey with  
hood flags on  
Disrespect the city I'm from and get blast on  
I drag niggaz names through the mud and the dirt  
Undakerz love to cut a nigga in front of his mother  
We smother motherfuckers, no matter white or a  
brother  
Famous rappers found dead, nobody gotta discover  
ANYTHANG, we did it, don't gotta wonder  
You don't gotta discover no evidence, we did it!  
It's in your face (he's gone bury you) ha ha,  
y'knamsayin?  
Undakerz (he's gonna dig your grave)

[M-Balmer]

I, I-I-I  
I heard it's like a jungle so I decided to send you under  
Two + three and one more that be me  
Make yo' head split - now that equals six!  
Got yo' number picked  
Got a few more stops to make before your final restin  
place  
Stretched out on a board, body cold in the morgue  
Coroner pullin off the duct tape  
Mortician tryin to fix the expression on your face  
But wait, Funeral Director, burial packets in his case  
Embalm the room, filled with tombs  
Fluid this I'm bout to lay down fools  
Make a call to the rear, Tommy get their walkin pass  
Holdin his nose, put some chronic in the air  
Quotin scriptures (Undakerz)  
And the last prayer

(Undatakerz)

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