

## Kool Keith "Grave Undataking"

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[M-Balmer]

It's like a million cars deep, in this cemetary  
I'm dressed in black, high heels, black veil, and a strap  
Homies sheddin tears about it, reminscin  
Older yesteryears, how we kicked it there

[F.D.] It's a great day for undataking

[R.T.] Jim, back the truck up

[F.D.] I'm backin it up a little further

[R.T.] Hurry up, back the truck up

[F.D.] Gotchu

[Reverand Tom - Kool Keith]

A hundred percent of you think you're popular  
I haven't watched cable and television, in 20 years  
You catch the hook  
I don't even know how the average jackass with a  
jersey look  
Check the format, Mr. and Mrs. Unknown  
I'm like the Amish people  
Candles, no phone, although jocked by many stars  
who copy me, still on my bone - been ridin limos  
Watching crossing guards move you to the Immature  
zone  
From top to middle, down to the bottom  
You face the highway, lookin at Leatherface  
Three miles away, you'll be in wrong place  
I will make the move with the truck  
The Funeral Director, will come with his own  
black suit and that spector, to step in his ride  
Will we see, when the cow walks at night midnight with  
the leather hide  
I will walk and stand in the dark zone, with the light,  
from the lamp  
This is no sleepaway camp

[Funeral Director]

That's right, I am, the Funeral Director  
And we do not, run, a sleepaway camp here  
We only, take

[Thee Undatakerz]

Manic depressive, mental patient  
In a basement smokin wet in the morgue  
With a swordfight, cat up, runnin meditatin  
Without no ouiji board  
My omnipotent potential crush skulls  
Chewin through yo' favorite rapper's nails  
Walkin with body parts in L-A-X airport  
With a briefcase kept confidential  
A natural born menace runnin loose through yo'  
neighborhood residential  
Urban suburban section a killin machine, with 187  
credentials  
My blad in through South Central, South Bronx, walkin  
through South Chicago  
Ivan Durago, Red Dragon, Hannibal Canibal, chewin  
through human jawbones  
Handle your mandible with a iron claw, black iron eagle  
with evil thoughts  
I release human form, drink blood drops  
Love to watch when a body drops, when the shotty  
pops, better drop  
When I strike yo' turf, cause if you don't run and hide,  
it's suicide  
I'ma stun yo' hide, and leave you - six feet underneath  
the earth  
Serial killer like Ted Bundy, on the mic I'm Adolf Hitler  
Far worse than Osama Bin Laden, plottin on hell  
When I get there I'ma kill the devil first, then put his  
head up for sale  
Put his head out for sale, put his head up for sale

[Funeral Director]  
{\*laughing\*}  
Yes, we will, put his head up for sale  
His heart, his liver  
His whole, internal, organs  
We don't play here  
We Undatake, here  
So remember  
It's a Grave, Undataking  
{\*laughing to end\*}

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