

## Kool Keith "Help Me - Praise The Lord"

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Ahh.. Undatakerz

[Verse One: Thee Undatakerz]

Man I got my wet stick ready, machete and devil mask  
Movin through yo' neighborhood I snatch up your  
ghetto pass

A true to life Ghost Rider, don't try to come block my  
lane

I'm Adolf Hitler in the flesh and I'm back, to kill again  
Killin this game, I never show no remorse, feelin no  
pain

Still in this club with manic thoughts that I still kill in my  
brain

Feelin insane I'm goin crazy Manson blood in my veins  
No matter what'll happen to me where I'm goin won't  
change

The stranger lookin through your window, drinkin blood  
in the rain

I can't explain these evil thoughts, I guess I'm goin to  
flame

But still I'm searchin for redemption like it's money and  
fame

We only got one life to live, a shame we live it this way

[Chorus: Undatakerz]

Praise the Lord, help me Jesus! (Jesus)

Praise the Lord, change the game (change the game)

Praise the Lord, help me Jesus! (Jesus)

Praise the Lord, change the game

[Verse Two: M-Balmer]

Father forgive me, I'm full of sin

But you said if I knocked, you'd let me in again

Since I was doomed from the womb

That's why I'm blessed I guess

Throughout the years, I done test the test

but still left 'em somethin left

After so many tears with this hard liquor, cigarettes by  
the ounce

Left with a wet one, ready to bounce

So amazin, everlastin love, bust a dub

Up in the club - what? Nigga what?!

I thought I told you where I'm at with mine  
Momma born into this life of crime  
Money murder and mayhem go hand in hand, you  
better feel me  
These niggas real G (these niggas REAL G)  
Contractions is yo' reaction, when I'm blastin  
Laughin, shit you know these busters like plastic  
Clock's about to strike 12, you better save yo'self  
Midnight pass and last days, movin fast  
Check yo' periphreal, y'all don't trust 'em though  
Don't waste yo' breath, if y'all ain't got no flow  
Don't waste yo' breath, if y'all ain't got no flow  
Don't waste yo' breath, if y'all ain't got no flow

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Reverand Tom - Kool Keith]

Comin up the 101 freeway  
I seen a ghost lookin through the window at me  
It coulda been the smoke from the dank laced with PCP  
Ambulance in the red light, stole these vanilla Coogi  
sweaters  
Walkin into emergency  
Sweat by the pound, heat off my side, I let off 30  
rounds  
Two girls in the car waitin signed  
In the fake name registered under Don {?}  
No Medicaid card, you can't see the doctor was hatin  
Three hours in {?} room  
I seen the mic on the floor

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