

Rebecca St. James**"6 Feet Unda"**

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[Reverand Tom - Kool Keith]

Carole Lewis, may you rest in peace
Here today, we are giving a wake
Reverand 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 Reverand
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 Undatakerz]

Terminatin rappers contracts, careers are done
No funds, obsolote, 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
Undatakerz 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?
Undatakerz (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 (Undatakerz)

And the last prayer
(Undatakerz)

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