

Rebecca St. James

"Grave Undataking"

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[M-Balmer]

It's like a million cars deep, in this cemetery
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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