

Rebecca St. James**"Midnite Madness"**

Visit "[Midnite Madness](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse One: Thee Undatakerz]

Step to the altar as a sacrificial lamb
When you enter 12 o'clock, on the dot, bet he drops in
the center
of a star sided circle pentagram, it's official
Worse than Heaven's Gate baby, massive family come
to get you
Stab your body 'til you with it, drink your blood mixed
with liquor
Bloody meat, chew on {?}, smokin weed and a Swisher
While you bleed I'll read the scripture, snatch a snake
while it slither
Ceremonies of a black moon risin on you tit
It's the {?} gettin sicker, now the world is into war
Everybody led a beast who fell asleep with a whore
Revelation on the rise, tribulation at the door
Don't nobody know the time, so throw your Rolex to the
floor!

[Chorus One: Reverand Tom - Kool Keith]

Midnight madness! Ahh, we the undertakers
Midnight madness!
Midnight madness!

[Verse Two: Reverand Tom - Kool Keith]

With Anacin and Dexetrim, medical pharmaceuticals
And tetracycline
With the Michelin Man on stage
Soaked thongs wrapped around Been Grim
Space Ghost!
Popeye and Brutus was supposed to smuggle Barney's
work
but the Teletubbies waitin by the Greyhound bus station
Big Bird wanted to kill Oscar
But Minute Mouse was runnin the East coast with Bat
Mike and Gazoo
On Harley Davidson bikes, Kermit the Frog was the
project guard
Mr. Slate and Barney Rubble drivin a Cadillac Escalade
Donald Duck walkin across the street with Link from
Mod Squad

Davey and Goliath in the purple 6-4 with mink rugs on
the floor
Sippity Sam and Talcon Sam
Frank'n'Berry on the corner worried about Perry (Perry)

[Chorus Two: Reverend Tom - Kool Keith]
Midnight madness! {*repeat 4X*}

[Verse Three: M-Balmer]
I buck one I buck two, could even buck you
Kick back nasty-minded ways to fuck witchu
Cause this is what I do, kill yo' whole crew
Told you I'm incredible game, so fuckin spit and
no compassion is shown to my victims
Each battle I'm winnin cause I'ma get wit it
I'm this Don that strike, get yo' cap peeled tonight
Unbelievable, nobody unpredictable
Hood life queen puttin it down for the S.C.
Before I leave, who they really wanna see
Nobody baby
Fuck with the queen of the tribe of the knives
Nobody who surprised, come take a walk with me, and
you gon' ride
You died, a body bag, cause you made a bitch mad
Madder than a hatter, not really that that matter
My noggin so fucked up, I'm convinced I'm a psycho
Let my vocalistic rhymin take you to another level
Feel the fire, look at how we burn but the sherm
keep the flick of the flame jumpin, now lemme hear ya
say somethin
I keep it comin
Let my vocalistics carry ya, represent yo' area
Six 4-5 automatics in my rifle
Ready to set it off, BOO-YAA, when it's a quick draw
Get yo' ass kicked tonight
... cause it's the midnight madness

[Chorus One] + [M-Balmer ad libbing]

Visit [Rebecca St. James](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.