

Rebecca St. James**"The Hearse"**

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[Chorus: Reverend Tom singing]

Oooooooooooooohhhh

I see the night, the moment, for the reason of the
crying

For the dying I feel belief in what we all be trying

I see the night, the moment for the reason of the cryin

Of dyin, I feel that we be all tryin (tryin, tryin, tryin)

[Verse One: Al Bury-U]

My 454 engine, war suspension, immaculate

Black hearse Undatakerz dead corpse in the back of it

Attackin rappers with cake, flossy niggaz in clubs

Moet bottles and Cristal but they ain't showin no love

Reverend Tom'll buy me a eulogy, I spit in your face

Drive you to the cemetary, make you sit in the grave

I'll bury you, not just my alias name, but the truth

Smashin all your favorite rappers, whether woman or
dude

Shiny suits and pretty makeup, homo rappers in trucks

Leave you six feet under, all covered up in the dump

From the jump it's on and poppin one-eight-seven on
sight

The homicidal Undatakerz takin over the mic

Drivin a black hearse

[Chorus: Reverend Tom singing]

Oooooooooooooohhhh

I see the night, the moment, for the reason of the
crying

For the dying I feel belief in what I'm feel-in (feelin)

I see the night, the moment for the reason of the cryin

For the dyin, I feel belief in what I feel (what I feel)

[Verse Two: M-Balmer]

I'm rollin pimpin through these grey clouds

Pickin up bodies cause I'm a wild child, I love my
lifestyle

Check the repertoire, if you read between the fine lines
of life and death, niggaz dyin, strugglin for they last
breath

You hear the sound of the trumpet blow!

Your body's cold cause caps be gettin peeled
And blood be gettin spilled
Pimpin out headlights and creepin through the night,
will they blast
Do they wanna smoke me? Or provoke me? I'm workin
with a fifth
And five freshly dipped sticks, embalmed it's the M-
Balmer
Fuck all y'all niggaz and y'all baby mommas
Spit shit by the bound, M-Balmer finish every round
Watchin dollars multiply into six figures
Got no time for skanless-ass hoes and bitch niggaz
Wonder where I get my lye, no-ass hoes abbreviated
They contemplated the playerhatian caught me up in
situations
Best believe, now they assassination
So let it bang, and I'ma swing this thang
Itty bitty knockin busters off my titty
So saditty with the Thee Undatakerz with me
Now really..

[Chorus: Reverand Tom singing]

I see the night, the moment, for the reason of the
crying (the crying)
For the dying I feel belief in what I feel (what I feel)
I see the night, the moment for the reason of the crying
(crying)
For the dying, I feel belief in what I feel (what I feel)

[Verse Three: Reverand Tom - Kool Keith]

Energetic, kinetic, fuck a {?} free
Catastrophe, passive leaded with embroidery
Rotary, dope from me, loadin me, tortin me
Close aphobia, with the knee jack, with the knee pack
Comin to attack with LoJack
Nigga whether you white or you black, I rack, you lack
Count attack the track, and carry load my back
Action sacks, power jets, burn to the max
Socialism with cannibal vocalism
Hopin ism, diplo manalism, smokin ism
Jerkin with the jism and wisdom, hip-a-pot-a-mo-pism
Material on grism lyricalism
The tiger and bear-a-lism, monkey and animalism
Oh, ohhhhhh

[Chorus 1.5X: Reverand Tom singing]

I see the night, the moment, for the reason of the
crying (the crying)
For the dying I feel belief in what I feel (what I feel)
I see the night, the moment for the reason of the crying
(crying)

For the dying, I feel belief in what I feel (what I feel)

[Outro]

For what I feel, for what I feel

Belief in what you're dying, the crying

Ooh ooooh oohh, oh oh oohh

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