

M-Phazes f/ Drapht

"Where's Elvis?"

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[Drapht] Kids these days, they say how do I respect my elders? My overzealous elders had respect in Elvis To walk through the door with his pelvis swinging, singing and dancing Velvet suit, diamonds blinging bringing the masses Imagine the face of the fans when the gates opened up to the Graceland mansion "Hey there's Elvis!" He's still so hansom, yep! "There's Elvis!" Back like the Phantom From dead to alive, but you're lead to believe He premeditated his death, took a second to breathe Freedom, free of the screaming Free of the cocaine feeding his demons Daydreamed leaving the mainstream market So they say, he put a wax dummy in his casket So they say, they saw beads of sweat on his neck But a body doesn't sweat when it's dead, where's Elvis? [Chorus] Where's Elvis? Where the hell is the king at? Made the made world stop whenever he'd sing that Blue Suede Shoes, Viva Las Vegas Is the king alive today? Where's Elvis? Wait! Where the king at, the king at? Made the world stop whenever he'd go and sing that Jailhouse Rock, All Shook Up One day they looked up and he was fucking gone, where's Elvis? "Elvis has left the building" [Drapht] Priscilla and Lisa Marie know where the king of libido's hiding out, living life in incognito From Rio to Tennessee, North Carolina Started in Hawaii, Michigan and West Vagina (West Virginia!) What's in the head space of the king though? Don't shoot the messenger, ring around, ask Ringo Or Paul McCartney, The Beatles' Elvis Presley They planned the whole recipe, well yeah allegedly ... I knew it was them, those fucking Beatles Or maybe Chuck D and Flavor Flav laid him in the grave cause what he played, they claimed he was racist, but face it, a no so basic Didn't write a song, sold a billion cause he played sick To some a murder of the king of rock 'n' roll Or one too many burger probably robbed him of his soul Or maybe a peanut butter, banana fried sandwich Everybody wants to know where the fuck your man is [Chorus] "And when you're out like Elvis, they want to dig you..." [Drapht] Yeah, since he was born, he was destined for greatness A still-born twin brother that didn't make it The day January eight, ninety-thirty

five Not that he needed any more power like the life of
the Amish, his disadvantage a drug take Tarnished his
life, carnage, a love-hate relationship, not just the
basic shit Fourteen drugs in his system, he loved the
fucking taste of it Wasted, had an anaphylactic shock
caused by codeine, had a heart-attack, dropped off the
toilet, maybe just a ploy to escape Maybe fingered a
heavyweight in the Las Vegas drug trade "Wait, what
he fingered him?" Ohh, not fingered him as fingered
him Changed some evidence and put a ring of 'em
away Then he left the stage, last time he played raised
his head, said we'll meet again, so [Chorus: 2X]

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