

# Kool Keith, The Flesh - Feed Me

Feed me.. feed me..

[Verse One: Thee Undatakerz]

Got bloody bodies all around me, I'm chewin out on somebody's flesh  
I love the smell of rotten corpse like maggots diggin all through your chest  
A gravedigger, tomb raider, quick to get in yo' spot and make a mess  
Rip the head off your body, sip the blood straight out yo' neck  
Black Nosferatu walkin the streets feelin the city not as a threat  
Look at the public and that, panicked manic man straight on yo' set  
Black mask, long machete and the blade is covered with blood  
Dirty suit, guerilla boots, and the whole body's still covered in mud  
Walk the cemetery at night, 12 midnight with a shovel  
Speakin to the spirits talkin to me, thinkin is that God or is it the Devil?

[Chorus]

Feed me, I'm hungry, I'ma chew on your face  
Feed me, I'm hungry, I'ma chew on your flesh  
Feed me, I'm hungry, I'ma chew on your face  
Feed me, I'm hungry, I'ma dig in yo' chest

[Verse Two: M-Balmer]

Y'all niggaz just be killin me  
Don't like my style, just don't deal with me  
Y'all niggaz just be killin me  
Even worsor than them bitches that envy me  
Y'all niggaz done done all that there talkin, now you bleedin  
Please believe it.. believe it  
The blood streamin from your vein, two and two, the M-Balmer  
I'm true to you, you know I got you boo! (boo)  
Creep through the streets of Los Skandelous  
Business really boomin up and down the list  
Niggaz can't handle it  
Directin funerals of nothin but love  
What about it nigga? Criminals and drug dealin {?}  
Or that bitch nigga strictly bout his skrilla  
Or fucked with me and I peeled yo' cap nigga  
Always expectin the unexpected  
Undatakerz, they detect it  
Don't be trippin off me... just need to sweat it  
Gravediggers, strictly fo' they cheddar  
You said it's eerie, it's dreary, you weary  
But none of mines is leary, y'all niggaz can't feel me

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Reverand Tom - Kool Keith]

There's more red beans in the back  
Who cares who know who in the spotlight  
I'd rather listen to Beelow comin tthrough New Orleans with Project Pat  
With Skull Duggery, Hollow Tip, and Tre-8  
New York should be lovin me, word and I'm fatal  
I'm comin out of nowhere  
You see me comin out the under, the master of distribution  
out of nowhere like Kane & Abel, in magazines like Big Bear  
I move units over there, like Pistol and Mac Dre  
I cuts up and put it out anyway  
Y'all work for the company and release date  
When I send all masters to city hall in Bayside it's gon' be too late  
300,000 rappers sittin out on milk crates  
Skinny Pimp and Three 6, y'all hit them big licks  
Lil' Jon and the Eastside Boyz  
Rumble speaker down South with noise, make money mayne  
No time for F.O. and G.I. Joe  
Commercial boobs in Belvedere videos

Fake chairs and toys, incense on the corner, your rap get destroyed  
Baton Rouge, you should call me Mr. Scrooge  
And when girls y'all ridin around with transexuals and dudes  
Comin to rich men drinkin booze  
with gators on, fly and shine they shoes  
I gotta get gas, pick up the girls, change clothes  
Drop Frank off and Hank off

[Chorus]