

# Kool Keith, For Whom The Bells Toll

[Reverand Tom - Kool Keith]

I stay in Office Depot and Staples  
Pack up my pens and paper, keep rollin more yellow pad  
I get mega sonic on you niggaz, beta sonic on your niggaz  
You keep power supply, I'm Teknotronix  
Better than Mantronix  
Arrangements get ridiculous, ask anybody out there  
I'll shock ya - you're like a backup  
to Goldstar TV set, too advance for the U.S.  
Leave New York, pee on Europeans  
Your hot producers, your coffee and all that stuff  
That's right, look around, you're like H.R. Puffinstuff  
Nothing's about you rough  
You done it, you did that, and you get back  
You sit back, look around, you get licked back  
Yo...

[The Funeral Director]

We have, coffins, by the millions  
We can, put you, in the ground

[Al Bury-U]

Your body is stiff, the coffin closed, your family close by  
Cemetery plots, a black rose, I heard a crow cry  
As bells ring, for your spirit angels in Hell sing  
Your tunnel starts to darken, you're slippin into a long dream  
Eternity, eternally until {?}  
Soul banished, back to where the heathen {?} laid to rest  
It ain't no peace to be havin  
Let it happen, ain't no fightin your fate, it's Armageddeon  
Permanently {?} no way in Hell to see heaven  
Let your spirit float way {?}  
You see a new beginning, fire flesh for all your sinning  
Black tinted limousines, black hearse and crying women  
Sing of death blade, and sing a song called die  
While The Funeral Director spill your blood like wine  
Reverand Tom at the altar, M-Balmer light that fire  
Time to cremate the whole world, wicked souls must die

[The Funeral Director]

That's right.. we are, Thee Undatakerz  
And we will, bury you  
Bury you so deep... so deep you would think you were in Hell

[M-Balmer]

From whom the bells toll, or whom will be doomed  
Darker liquor I consume, gettin {?} in the embalming room  
No pulse are detected, send him over to The Funeral Director  
And Al Bury-U and Reverand Tom did what he came to do  
M-Balmer, holdin down the morgue  
Pull yo' body out the drawer  
Got these fools from the Eastside, the fluid's what they came here for  
Put the rest in my lab coat and serve them fools a part  
Now I'ma keep rock to chop, stirrin up to the pulpit  
And deliver it, I spit sparks like gunfire straight to they head  
What's the purpose of the strap if he's already dead?  
Stretched out, because of somethin that nobody said  
Warning, gee williker cause that Tec-9 be killin ya  
Hit the main artery, he's lookin real saucy  
Chrome to yo' dome and lookin like Top Ramen

[The Funeral Director]

Yeah, that's right  
You thought you motherfuckers was gonna get away

You thought she wouldn't be able to embalm you  
She's actually gonna, put, your head, up, your ass  
To see if it fits!  
That's right, we are Thee Undatakerz  
And we're not here to fuckin play with you  
We're gonna show you, where things go  
How far deep they will be  
And how far in you will go  
Ha, hahahahaha! Ohahahahaha {\*fades\*}