

# Kool Keith, Morgue

Party at the morgue  
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Party over there!

[Verse One: Reverend Tom - Kool Keith]

Women know the flame, I can't shame your fame  
We bought the bottles, club bring in the reign  
Don Don of Pino, bottle up first  
Call Vegas casino, the top cat with the dark blue Cadillac  
Up to Reno from there  
Hit the Filipino, let her roll, get bold, reload  
First name Gino, Valentino  
Take her to the patio, park the spot, buck you're hot  
You're nothin you're not, breezin the spot, you get the lot  
Parking lot, parking hot  
You hit the door, the door barkin a lot (yo)  
With Johnny Donny in a Mazeratti  
Slick Rick playin "La-Di-Da-Di"  
Yeah..  
I bowled 'em and bake 'em and shake 'em and make 'em and take 'em  
and fake 'em we make 'em, bread yo mixed with Steak-Um  
Dressed like sheep, asalaam alaikum

[Verse Two: Thee Undatakerz]

Yeahhh! There's a party in the morgue, Bronx Brooklyn style!  
Hookers in fishnets, ladies do the wild  
Rrrrah! Who got the PCP?  
Forty ounce Olde English, fresh D.M.C.  
Dominate beat breaks, hopped on the queen  
Eastside Long Beach niggaz look at me

[Verse Three: Thee Undatakerz]

New Jersey in the house, Philly cats on me  
The {?} high rock, smokin blunts of green  
Miami hoes in the house, G-strings and thongs  
Chicago pimps get paid when the record's on  
Rough - see me do my thing  
We're Detroit boss players with them pinky ringers  
Rinky-dink cheap whores without chips ain't jack  
See the roof is on fire and the party is packed  
Shake and bake and take the time to make a rhyme  
that penetrate straight through your mind  
The whack, the flake, don't test the great, debate  
The broke I break you fake, like Greek plates  
Rrah!

Party in the morgue {\*repeat 4X\*}

[Verse Four: M-Balmer]

Bum-bum-bum-bummm, mistress  
Up in the morgue, jump in the hottub and get a backrub  
Surrounded by some bad niggaz and a pound of bombudd  
They like my love, that's all I'm thinkin of  
Give it to me now, here we go, now here to plunder  
We can flow with it now  
And I take it downwwwwwwwwntown  
I put 'em under somehow I make it thunder  
I shake my back and then they wonder  
Sippin on Cristal, slidin through the morgue  
They hear me cumin... I'll be makin all the noise  
Now follow me boys!  
Who be the richest, the gist is  
M-Balmer the {?} mistress  
Y'all know y'all wanna hit this!

Party in the morgue {\*repeat 12X\*} (with ad libs)

[Outro]

Yeah yeah y'all, put your hands up  
I wanna see everybody, put one finger in the air  
If you got more than two dollars in yo' pocket  
Let me see ya say hooooooooo, hooooooooo  
Yeah y'all, you partyin right now in the morgue  
With Thee Undertakerz, and we about to take you under  
So if you think you fly, and you think you the best  
We better than you, we hot knahmsayin?  
It's a platinum album and this how we doin it  
We doin this for the year 2005, up in here  
We outta here, like that y'all, c'mon!