The Overseer of the Underworld underneath the dirt my soldiers hurt, with a little encouragement.

They could turn into a power force, huddle with me at the helm like a reguarded force,

Ima take you on the bridge, let em breathe in the wind besides anythings better than bein in the box down there,

Get up, the cemetary gates cracked the prophecys fullfilled, the King came back,

Ready the court n' assemble a castle of caskets fitted for the heroine that I'm attracted,

Everybody else get to making weapons, be ready for the war, mak e sure the Kingdom is protected!

Zombie, Zombie, Zombie, Zombie Ima King! [x2]

Zombie King with a crown of bones and an army of the dead ready to invade homes,

As I sit up on my throne in my cemetary court, holders coming o ut my sides, like I'm open like support.

Vaccines pumping in, by-products pumping out, the process is so intense it makes me bleed from the mouth,

Fetch me the royal napkin so I can dab it clean, appearance alw ays on mind, even if zombie royal tea.

Got the skin jerky baggies with the fresh demon faces, rubber s oles with intestines for shoe laces

With the three human spines make a staff like Skeletor, I sit in in front of a desk drawer watching blood pour.

And the rusty metal drums to make up a lazerous pit where zombi es can regenerate arms and legs and shit.

Zombie, Zombie, Zombie, Zombie Ima King! [x2]

rain waves,

All bow your heads in missing the great, who walks amongst the living with bullet holes and a maggot face

And given many reasons to have hate, but my resolve is a bullet inside of a twelve gauge,

Keeps a foreign clutch when I'm neighboring my wounds or a grov e are to open up the tomb for the roots of the mist of war, Casualties are great when your army is dead and don't conduct b

So I'm looking for a few good soldiers that hold a shotgun real steady to their shoulders,

That they hear the talking from a mile away, in their dome, and drag their body all the way home to the..

Zombie, Zombie, Zombie, Zombie Ima King! [x2]