Bitch Please

[Death Grips](#)

who wanna catch dis
bitch please, you must be smokin rocks
real shit for my people
and it just dont
fucker please you must be smokin rocks
real shit for my people
and it just dontdrop it like ... oh yeah
thats so trashy
how low can you go,
how dirty can you get. nasty fucker
drug through the dirt
razor cut that eight milimeter make it hurt
chain sleaze leather face
fucker please, you must be smokin rocks
kill it, kill it,
kill it, kill it
hit it, fuck it, feel it, whip it, burn it, turn it out and kick it to da curb
shut it down
forged in the flames, said it before and ill say it again... quazar game maximum vacuum
rotation spin s-s-s
(bitch please)when shit goes down
ill be there
wit my hand on my gun, and my eyes on the road ghost ridin ta hell fuck if i care... who wanna
catch my droze
give a fuck blood
i aint goin nowhere
templar night and day, live an die by the code, code of the street, how ta stay in the zone, how i
own it and freak it to da base of da bonei am the darkness creeping through your system
the lash of da whip
cracking every bitch
into position
workin ya over crashing and burning in a blackhole blasting out, your subwoofers are melting.
hear a bitch say why's he yellingwho wanna catch dis gun clap, shrapnel off me lip
cause blood bath(bitch please)
cuz i run this lik
like dogtown ripped
that raw shit like none other
low down dirty shit
shot off this hip
death grips, mothafuckaplease, you must be
smokin rocks
real shit for my people

and it just dont
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.