

# Whammy

## Death Grips

I get off and rid of em  
I nail the coffin lid on em  
Whatchyou want some don't want none your  
Number one is my two dollar whore  
So whatchyou bought that for  
Why you wanna rock that for  
Come here drop much more  
Slow down turbo look down vertigo  
Turn around where'd she go  
Wah tried ta slip alpha bone game  
Knew you had it comin grabbed your plum and your gomez  
Even though I said don't go there thats ho flair  
Don't be a bitch and you know thats not even on the low can't see check the kodak  
Who me yeah you feel me climbin out your stomach  
Gettin queazy easy does it can't help yourself suck it  
I get off and rid of em  
I nail the coffin lid on em  
Collar popper hollar but all I hears nada  
All this talk about dollars need ta stop real quick  
Real shit ain't prada you lost it you slipped  
You're reaction I-man the cause  
I'm buyin land and gun while you're at the mall  
Big man is small man wit a tall can of flaws  
You're head in my hand my hand in my  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>