

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.

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