

Hustle Bones

Death Grips

give a fuck whatchya heard,
yeah fuck whatchya heard,
fore this real shit kicked your whole click to the curb
what, what...
but you dont hear me thoughrun up bitch ta da death get gripped my steeze is ballin out
of control whatchyou know
'bout bubblin
hustle bones comin out my mouth(hustle bones comin
out my mouth)
that hot lic a shot
never not strapped
wit a glock tongue cocked
run it back
that knock a cop off unconscious molotov
cocktailin sound bomb a snitch
flat line of chalk drawn round the clock too many marks dropped ta count the stiffstuck on the
fence
how does it feel
it dont make sense
nothing isthat rip you a new one trick im the true one, and only never know me never will no
son. leave ya laid out ta fade out
show a cunt the door
hit and run
hustle bones comin out my mouth(hustle bones comin out my mouth)
that can't wait ta blast
blood stained knuckle brass gives a fuck sick wit it flav on
that ex con
hard to da bone
darkness from the zone
mastered and pushed far beyondeons beyond the line never crossed, by dem punks livin soft
while i ride that bomb
dr. strangelove
into the sun
look no hands megatons
rode like man we can't lose
no shit, no shitthat hit it till it drip wit
da blood of the raw way
it was fore dem forgot
why doin dirt, make slang sound tough gong original
fuck da wrong way
only one real way to work
that shit out da

beat street spit
über freaked heat lit
hell flame to your brain
blood thirst
what what.
run it back, run it run up bitch ta da death
get gripped
my steeze is ballin out
of control whatchyou know
bout bubblin
hustle bones comin out my mouth(hustle bones comin
out my mouth)criminal intent anti-legal ill
theif in da night peel your life back spin the wheel
run it back, run it
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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