

Fuck That

Death Grips

third rail
over one nine breaker
slit throat, cut creator
hung from dem nail
hang em high
savior faire
trans-siberian epic
trek through dat next switch
set it off the roglyphic
jackal headed dawn of the under
check it, check one
you can suck it
till i get disgustedfuck that, naw fuck that
at me wit that weak shit
bitch slapped
across the street and back. head crack
wanna know where i'll be at whateverget off mine i got that juice
noo style cut your brain stem as my combat boots grind your head to the cadence of this dreath
stompin mu sick as fuck contagion wagin war with all you knew . bitchmossberg ballistic flux
massive
my shure beta 58a hazmatted
pump pump slugster radioactive
ride through a mine field
laced wit black magic
straight from the mayday...
naw fuck that (ONE)
broke off its axis, polar shifted granite
knock made ta off
every last bitch on this planet
fuck that, naw, fuck that
came ta bad dem brains til dem neck bones crack
arrested cardiac
black mass murder rap
dealer push your wig
all the way back
head wear your face like a yamakulapse
never can tell
where you're at
eyes stuck on the sky
always gettin jacked
tryin ta lookin the mirror like.
fuck that, naw, fuck that

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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