

System Blower

Death Grips

yeah we came to blow your system
you know what im sayin
kill it or die
braggin about how you
had it all dialed
well whats up now
when your shit ishow im comin, why im slingin
where im from and what im bringin
tell your cousins best stop sleepin cuz im bustin for no reason at random murder
killing season
but no one heard me
cold blood creepin
full tilt swervin
through your bleedin
system burnin to its knees and
beggin for mercy while im leanin
hard ta da left
and clockin a gripsin da death pockets of da head knock rhythmsystem blower system over
yeah we came to blow your system
you know what im sayin
kill it or die
braggin about how you
had it all dialed
well whats up now
when your shit is
stupid dopefiend beat low hung blood spray all over
da death stomp drums
scum worshipping
speaker ripping
pun2k weight holding heretics
boundary reapin
frequency freakin
out till we're like that track sound so sicksystem blowergot heads jumpin out their skin
talkin 'bout comon
death grip me again
no need to wonder if
its gonna crack
hell no you can bet
we're fit ta burn the
house to da ground
soon as the sound gets checked
system bloweryeah we came to blow your system

you know what im sayin
kill it or die
braggin about how you
had it all dialed
well whats up now
when your shit isyeah trick go fetch my whip
gotta let a mark know
who hes fuckin wit
ruthlessly skin a chump
just for kicks
cant fuck wit dis
sodomaso-kiss my fist
suck my dick, its not cool
im too sick, what time is it
system blower, systems overdeep in da klink base
cut straight to da chase
like a triple shot of 180 proof
kill-o-watts riots audio violence
breaks your windows and
takes all da lootsystem blower, systems oversilver coin on your eyes
forever closed
raise the dead
how long i been tired of that old
cant nod my headshit is over
system blower

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

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