

# Spread Eagle Cross The Block

## Death Grips

I fuck the music  
I make it cum  
I fuck the music with my serpent tongue

Wanna beer, have no fear, comes and goes, man its here  
No one knows, feels so weird, when it blows through my bones  
I got a jones for it  
I wanna know more, cuz its bout what I got to show for it

I want some more of it  
I want too much  
I got so bored with it  
I shot it up  
Wanna light my torch with it and get all fucked up

What is it, where is it  
How will it affect me  
Fuck that shit, I need that shits bound to be the death of me  
Fuck buying it I'm taking it, and sharing it with nobody

Cuz all I really need is some cool shit to mob  
Like driving down the street to the beat of a blow job

I own that shit  
On some throw back shit  
You already know that shit  
You even know 'bout how I know the man  
Who grows that, bitch ...

You can't buy it with your money  
You can't find it overseas  
Its one of those things that seems outlandish  
Til you have it's not a dream  
As for me, I'm cool with it  
And that's alright cuz it's my thing.

Work that angle til its beveled  
Curve of the blade doubled  
Edge made to bleed the struggle  
Best believe the game's a hustle.  
Observer of the strange occurrences  
Conjurer of the subtle  
Unseen but felt disturbances  
That burst a bitches bubble

That's right it's all mine  
It's all mine never was yours  
Like how you wait in line  
While I walk straight through the door  
(straight through the...)  
Hear you say something  
But ain't nothing - spectators ignored  
Pay no mind to that chump's

Just a player hatin whore

I fuck the music  
I make it cum  
I fuck the music with my serpent tongue

Ain't no fun if the aliens can't have none

How I fuck it dirty  
How I make it twitch and scream  
How it screams oh baby hurt me  
Work me to the bone oh please  
How I bend the rhythm over  
And hit, hit, hit it on my knees  
Give, give, give it up  
I need it all the time  
Bleed it on the drop of a dime - down to pound it til  
it shines  
Moonlit lake of blood red wine  
Make no mistake, I makes it mine

Break shit down and make it grind  
To the groove used to align  
The cascading shades of jaded blues with these rhymes  
Nuclear steeze creeps and winds  
Through secrets behind and between  
Every time I scream

Shit is mine  
Its all mine  
All the time  
Shit is mine

What is it, where is it, how will it affect me  
Fuck that shit I need that shit

Thought you knew, thought you thought  
Thought you did but did not  
Come on through what you got  
Is it cool is it hot?

Check one two, man don't stop  
I'm not through black blood clot  
In my view like that twat  
Spread eagle cross the block

Need no ego to rock  
What we know just gets dropped  
How we keep shit on lock

Cuz all I really need is some cool shit to mod  
Like driving down the street to the beat of a blow job

Shit is mine  
Its all mine  
All the time  
Shit is mine