

No Chances

Twenty One Pilots

We come for you, no chances
We come for you, no chances

In my house shoes in a foot race
In this house we got feng shui
Get the door to blow you away
Flamethrower, you a switchblade
Feet planted on grip tape
With my shoulders squared and my back straight
Got a good base and a loose tongue
Notorious in the octagon now

We got people on the way
We want you home in one piece now
(Run away, run away)
We get bodies every day
We want you home in one piece now

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How'd you get the location? Put together pieces?
The say they sell the information in those terms of agreement
We spent some weekends on the grind, surveillances outside
We see when you arrive, ride or die my son
Spent some weekends on the grind, surveillances outside
We see when you arrive, ride or die my son

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