

Bitch Please

Death Grips

Who wanna catch dis
Who wanna catch dis

Bitch please, you must be smokin' rocks
Real shit for my people
And it just don't
Fucker please you must be smokin' rocks
Real shit for my people
And it just don't

Drop it like... oh yeah
That's so trashy
How low can you go
How dirty can you get... nasty fucker
Drug through the dirt
Razor cut that eight millimeter make it hurt
Chain sleaze leather face
Fucker please, you must be smokin' rocks
Kill it, kill it
Kill it, kill it
Hit it, fuck it, feel it, whip it, burn it,
Turn it out and kick it to da curb
Shut it down
Forged in the flames, said it before and I'll say it again...
Quazar game maximum vacuum rotation spin s-s-s

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When shit goes down
I'll be there
Wit' my hand on my gun, and my eyes on the road
Ghost ridin' to hell fuck if I care... who wanna catch my droze
Give a fuck blood, I ain't goin' nowhere
Templar night and day, live an die by the code,
Code of the street, how ta stay in the zone,
How I own it and freak it to da base of da bone

I am the darkness creeping through your system
The lash of da whip cracking every bitch into position
Worki'n ya over crashing and burning in a blackhole blasting out,
Your subwoofers are melting... hear a bitch say why's he yelling

Who wanna catch dis gun clap, shrapnel off me lip
Cause blood bath

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Cuz I run this lik
Like dogtown ripped
That raw shit like none other
Low down dirty shit
Shot off this hip
Death grips, mothafucka

Please, you must be
Smokin' rocks
Real shit for my people
And it just don't stop
Bitch please