

# Punk Weight

## Death Grips

Hot shit, cold shit  
OK muthafucka let's do this  
Came ta make it band sawed off razor edge maintained looseness  
Comin' through, again and again conduit  
Why dem hands wave to  
High to it  
Wild fire through your city  
Wild fire through your whip me  
Into lightning two  
Can't hit three  
Strikes dug out dated  
Fools no dig me  
End beat limbo, baba spitting  
Blood in slow mo, la la chimney

Warholian nightmare  
Storm the gates  
25 8, twelve gauge pun2k weight

(25 8 pun2k weight out yo flesh)

Stick and move, leave no proof  
Discard directly after use  
Forensics on that wild goose  
Follow my footprints into loops

Cuz I'm too high, too high  
Cuz I'm too high, too high  
Feel like I'm never ever  
Gonna come down  
Scale Richter pun2k weight  
Of dis sound  
Scale Richter pun2k weight  
Of dis sound

Down break dead space  
And make it drop  
Ta da street beneath  
Your ghetto box  
Slap da beat till the  
Floor boards crack  
Neath da weight of dis lic, step back

Off in the rhythm like  
Beta in the bong  
Got ta give em make em  
Sway like palms  
In da wind my lip blow  
Mic spray kyrlon  
25 8 til da break of dawn

(War war)

Guerrilla bass, straight from the trenches,  
Posers impaled on picket fences...  
How ta rest your head in roach infested  
Basements and smoke pun2k weight for breakfast...

Chop shop lifted bump til da tape deck break,  
Ask Samo how he flipped that material girls pancakes..  
As zydeco copper kettles

Liquor sto, sellin' singles  
Mug shots out, to my people  
Rollin I double l spread eagle  
Hear flow dan spit evil

(25 8 pun2k weight out yo flesh)