

# Bleach

Fort Minor

Yo, swing the sword for the classic year  
Bring the noise with your hands up, slash and tear  
Who can, fathom asthma, dash for air  
Spittin on the baby bib in the plastic chair  
What's up stupid? Shoot this, 1-5-1  
in the shot glass, hot flash - bangin on the drum, huh  
We cause hav-oc down in Las Vegas  
Paper trails racin Pelican Brief-cases  
We outrageous, name the streets gave us  
Yeah, we got fame, but now we heat blazers

I let 'em all fly, ten in the clip, one in the chamber  
Thumbs up, another banger  
Untuck the flamer, dumbfuck  
It's like gettin hit with a dump truck, brains and guts  
Maim, cut, aim, duck, same, stuff  
Get you cracked up like cocaine, heat 'em up  
Okay, I'll let a sucka's fly once  
Face down, found him in his Cap'n Crunch

Uhh, malpractice, a bang-all jam  
I joust rappers and track in the radar scans  
Flip beats with a crew like fleets and platoons  
Reach for the moon like Reese Witherspoon, uhh  
Don't stop the sure-shot, the rooftop anthem  
Blast the gold box, cock back the cannon  
What's up partner, I got ya (what, what)  
Hope that bah-bah, crack the picata  
Slapbox, mouth of backwash  
Teeth mashed up on the asphalt - ya dig?

Set the pace like a Mustang mashin  
Up the stakes, who wanna cut the cake, I take cash  
Dropped on a blood-stained mattress, stop!  
You ain't got access, watch  
I'ma change my asset, Ryu and Tak  
You little cunts in the game, you can suck my cum  
And lay flat on the ground, don't make 'em peep  
If you want the stains out now, get the bleach!

[scratches] Get the bleach!

Guess who got the rubber gloves and the bleach?  
Guess who rockin every club? That's me  
Get so hot, you feel the buzz in the streets  
Keepin it knockin, drop-drop that beat  
Guess who got the group name on top?  
S.O.B. got the rap game locked  
Who want what, when, why, and what-not  
Who got next up? Ryu and Tak

Yeah, here it comes, all you hear is a click  
Bloody brains on the sand was a Miracle Whip  
While the blood keeps gushin relish and pink mustard, huh  
I'ma slam 'til I tear it to bits  
'Til the bell for the recess rang  
On the defense game, you feelin ill like P.F. Changs

Hopscotch on the corpse 'til I drop the torch  
And burn crews for their views that'll rock with force  
Sayin, don't stop the sure-shot, the rooftop anthem  
Blast the gold box, cock back the cannon  
What's up y'all, we don't stall  
Come, one, come all 'til we drop the ball like

[scratches] Get the bleach!  
[scratches] Get, get the bleach!  
[scratches] Get... get the bleach!  
[scratches] Get, get the bleach!  
[scratches] Get, get, get the bleach!  
[scratches] Get... get the bleach! (yeah)