

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)