

# Race You to the Bottom

New Medicine

A-get out, of my way,  
Ain't no motherfucker gonna steal my thunder,  
No, no way,  
I'm all pissed off I'm gonna take you on, no.

Come-on come-on come-on, come on right now.  
takin takin takin taking you down,  
Then we out when the guns run out,  
When the drugs run out, when the guns run out?

Hell Bells, Infidels all part of my crew, all part of my crew.  
We're bad motherfuckers and we're looking for you.  
Drinking forties all night, and just so you know,  
We all wanna know how l-low can you go.

I said woah, race you to the bottom,  
Woah, race you to the motherfucking  
Bo-ttom, if you got a problem,  
Love to help you solve them, race you to the bottom.

Said hey, who's there,  
Who's next on my list, gonna get a big fist,  
And no, I don't care,  
And I don't feel sorry that it'd come to this.

(gimme that gimme that gimme that bottle)  
(gimme that gimme that gimme that bottle)

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Woah, race you to the motherfucking  
Bo-ttom, if you got a problem,  
Love to help you solve them, race you to the bottom.

Woah (hey), race you to the bottom,  
Woah (hey), race you to the motherfucking  
Bo-ttom, if you got a problem,  
Love to help you solve them, I'll race you to the bottom