

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)