

# Bitch Please

## Death Grips

Who wanna catch dis  
Who wanna catch dis

Bitch please, you must be smokin' rocks  
Real shit for my people  
And it just don't  
Fucker please you must be smokin' rocks  
Real shit for my people  
And it just don't

Drop it like... oh yeah  
That's so trashy  
How low can you go  
How dirty can you get... nasty fucker  
Drug through the dirt  
Razor cut that eight millimeter make it hurt  
Chain sleaze leather face  
Fucker please, you must be smokin' rocks  
Kill it, kill it  
Kill it, kill it  
Hit it, fuck it, feel it, whip it, burn it,  
Turn it out and kick it to da curb  
Shut it down  
Forged in the flames, said it before and I'll say it again...  
Quazar game maximum vacuum rotation spin s-s-s

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When shit goes down  
I'll be there  
Wit' my hand on my gun, and my eyes on the road  
Ghost ridin' to hell fuck if I care... who wanna catch my droze  
Give a fuck blood, I ain't goin' nowhere  
Templar night and day, live an die by the code,  
Code of the street, how ta stay in the zone,  
How I own it and freak it to da base of da bone

I am the darkness creeping through your system  
The lash of da whip cracking every bitch into position  
Worki'n ya over crashing and burning in a blackhole blasting out,  
Your subwoofers are melting... hear a bitch say why's he yelling

Who wanna catch dis gun clap, shrapnel off me lip  
Cause blood bath

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Cuz I run this lik  
Like dogtown ripped  
That raw shit like none other  
Low down dirty shit  
Shot off this hip  
Death grips, mothafucka

Please, you must be  
Smokin' rocks  
Real shit for my people  
And it just don't stop  
Bitch please