

# Bubbles Buried in this Jungle

## Death Grips

Fuck weak, no respect, no chance  
Wick wick cease and desist when I chant  
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Oh, bitch try to creep like ivy  
Oh, now ivy don't like me  
Candle gone out, ignite my horns aglow  
Let a vet rap a bullet through your buttonhole  
You're making me uncomfortable  
Slumber terror my cavalry  
Sandman point you down to me  
Hesh made make the rest stiff atrophy

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Fuck

Act accordingly, I got a quota  
High noon smoke rings, no high rollers  
Brought your forecast and a shovel  
Bubbles buried in this jungle  
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Polar jungle frozen punters  
All my sculptures look so flustered  
Code swallow dick, go get your boss  
Security turn green 'cause I never floss  
Fuck everything or I up the cost  
Lack pedigree, my index push pause  
Notch can't talk, I'm smearing mute  
Don't have shit locked, I hear the proof  
Petty formula never amuses me  
Fuck if I ever let a bitch get used to me

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