

# Lock Your Doors

## Death Grips

I got some shit ta say just for the fuck of it  
Them thangs them thangs don't even ask me

Corner of my eye the coroners here why under pressure I

My back bone slip left to the death  
Massive procession of cold sweat  
Stalactite step slide through you're next  
Get me inside I'll do the rest

Master of self contained combust  
Sustained disgust command him claim  
Figure eight strut can't be touched  
Subversive infiltration reign supreme in none me trust  
Why must them fuck them

Mine vomit stain dem feel not but hate dem  
Line up back facin suspense rapes dem  
One by one hot cum shot clip spray dem  
Life drop and waste dem in pine box laid dem ta  
Grime dismantled churn the fat  
Light the candle burn the wax  
Before me dies in scorch uprise  
Can't deny it no way back

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Invoke ancient locc to the brain in a blaze ignition weightless  
world  
Warped rotation path is blurred memento mori dead mans curve

Oblivion transcender becomes him shroud  
I can't remember I'm no one now  
Comin for yours lock your doors  
Identifier destroyer

Comon stick me cut me drain me suck me drink me take me down  
Feel me one three make your chamber pound and drown

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Them thangs them thangs  
Don't even ask me

Bear the mark take one to know lifted chin face don't show