

## Lost Boys

## Death Grips

Other side of da tracks  
Scuzz outsiders  
Nothin ta loose  
Strike of midnighters  
Lost boys  
True black and blues  
No shoes, flat tires  
Broke out da pen  
Blood on barbed wire  
Safe in your home  
Gated zone terrorizers  
Nowhere ta go  
Far as I can get hitchhikers  
(Lost boys)

Fuck a job might have ta rob  
A don't know just ta get by word  
On the road for lifers  
Bullets in the fire  
Check the chain link  
Swayze I'm slummin  
Let em know who da fuck we are  
Low and dirty lost boys  
Comin out the cuts  
Like your favorite scar

Crawlin on tile, can't stand up  
Been a while, kommodo gut  
How ta take it  
How ta give a fuck  
How ta live wit pain  
How ta get yo cut  
How longs this been goin on  
Man shit no way ta tell too far gone go get those flames from hell bring em  
Here  
Don't trip no

I'll handle this  
On some scandalous  
Inland empire los angeles  
Anti ego propaganda shit  
Yeah, yeah, yeah...

Whos comin up  
Whos loosin ground  
2012 I'm shady now, running game on every thang in town  
It's such a long way down

Brown paper baggin asphalt scrapin all talk no action, what I'm waitin  
Weak tongue waggin  
Stray dog beggin  
Like don't hurt me  
Yeah right, I'm sayin

Beware you have been warned, the barrels still warm, ease up off that lip  
Or step  
How quick a bitch fit ta get checked mate

One false move'll get ya  
Set straight  
Yeah, yeah, yeah...

It's such a long way down

Oh yeah yeah  
(Ride through the sky of black mist)