

## Pop

## Death Grips

Pop pop pop pop

Your crisis is my alarm  
Why I'm like shh stay calm  
You fight shit I ride upon  
My knife been drawn  
3-6-5 light of dawn  
Lit up rock you live under  
Ass backwards muthafucka features like hot butter  
Like your brothers your father and your sisters your mother  
Trend setter maximum third planet from the sun orbit my lungs  
Bulldozin cul de sacs ground under over every act  
Cut no slack no slack

Pop pop pop pop

No chance to throw I rush the mound  
Rage stormin off the chains remind me of rape house slave cock  
rings  
You're played out like talking  
Your cadence is sloppy  
Can't break me I got me  
You're grave stink I'm lofty  
You're lady like lolli  
Pop tramp on that jigaboo goddamn I'm so sick of you  
I despise that shit what I would never align me with  
Feel free to mime me but don't be saltine when I call you a bit  
er bitch

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