

System Blower

Death Grips

Yeah we came to blow your system
You know what I'm sayin'
Kill it or die
Braggin' about how you
Had it all dialed
Well what's up now
When your shit is

How I'm comin', why I'm slingin'
Where I'm from and what I'm bringin'
Tell your cousins best stop sleepin'
Cuz I'm bustin' for no reason at random murder
Killing season

But no one heard me
Cold blood creepin'
Full tilt swervin'
Through your bleedin'
System burnin' to its knees and
Beggin' for mercy while I'm leanin'
Hard ta da left
And clockin' a grips in da death pockets of da head knock rhythm

System blower system over

Yeah we came to blow your system
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Kill it or die
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Had it all dialed
Well what's up now
When your shit is

Stupid dopefiend beat low hung blood spray all over
Da death stomp drums
Scum worshipping
Speaker ripping
Punk weight holding heretics
Boundary reapin'
Frequency freakin'
Out till we're like that track sound so sick

System blower system over

Got heads jumpin' out their skin
Talkin 'bout common
Death grip me again
No need to wonder if
It's gonna crack
Hell no you can bet
We're fit ta burn the
House to da ground
Soon as the sound gets checked

System blower system over

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When your shit is

System blower system over

Yeah trick go fetch my whip
Gotta let a mark know
Who he's fuckin' wit
Ruthlessly skin a chump
Just for kicks
Cant fuck wit dis
Sadomaso-kiss my fist
Suck my dick, it's not cool
I'm too sick, what time is it

System blower, system over

Deep in da klink base
Cut straight to da chase
Like a triple shot of 180 proof
Kill-o-watts riots audio violence
Breaks your windows and
Takes all da loot

System blower, system over

Silver coin on your eyes
Forever closed
Raise the dead
How long I been tired of that old
Can't nod my head

shit is over
System blower