

# Why A Bitch Gotta Lie

Death Grips

Why a bitch gotta lie? [x4]  
(Why a bitch gotta lie?) [x8]

Try and tame, I'll ruin you, fucker, try your luck  
Luck's on your side, you're feeling yourself huh fucker that about enough  
Well, guess what fucker  
Fucker try and game me, then  
I'm end of your line I need an offering, you'll do just fine  
I'm type A hell

Why a bitch gotta lie? [x4]  
(Why a bitch gotta lie?) [x8]

Try and tame it's not about you, fucker  
Don't make me make this about you, fucker  
Try and tame me I dare you  
Try and tame me how you dare you  
I stand through you  
Obviously  
I laugh when you ask if you're under my spell  
Obviously  
I guide your demise like funeral sails  
Obviously  
My touch tied to strings that steer my figures inside out their wax  
You pour I swill you're false like tears, priceless to feel my subjects crack

Why a bitch gotta lie? [x8]

Try and tame me I'll redirect  
Ain't fucker tame me yet  
Fit to try and tame me, be my guest  
Just try and game me, bitch  
Try and tame me I'm like so anyway  
Try and game me I'm like no, not today  
This bitch  
Try and tame me I'll make you mine

Why a bitch gotta lie? [x4]  
(Why a bitch gotta lie?) [x8]

Try and tame if you're so sure  
Ain't dead or alive, ain't wore this floor  
My floor tremble your voice  
Silencer  
I make your choice  
I make no excuses, just fucking noise  
Try and tame me maybe not up to you because  
Can't tame me I'm proof of  
Fuck you gonna do, scream?