

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 likeso 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?