

# Hot Head

## Death Grips

Blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo  
Oh no  
Blo, blo, blo, blo  
Hot head  
Oh no, that pedagogue grab the microphone, ease back up [?]  
Blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo  
Oh noBlo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo  
Oh no  
Blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo  
Hot head, oh no  
Pedagogue grab the microphone, ease up [?]  
Blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo  
Oh no  
Blo, blo, blo  
Hot head, oh no  
Pedagogue grab the microphone, ease up [?]  
Blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo  
Blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo  
Oh no  
Blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo  
Hot head, oh no  
Pedagogue grab the microphone, ease up [?]  
Blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo, blo  
Oh no  
Blo, blo, blo  
Hot head, oh no  
Pedagogue grab the microphone, ease up [?]  
Oh no, hot headRaw, no fuckin' filter, crooked needle, hot head  
Raw, no fuckin' filter, crooked needle, hot headSelf-inflicted  
What'd you tell them?  
I just told 'em hell's existence  
But you know me, don't nobody  
Know my business  
My presence flog your confidence  
Who want a brand-new complex?  
Now on, I'll call you, go fetch  
Self-inflicted  
What'd you tell them?  
I just told 'em hell's existence

But you know me, don't nobody  
Know my business  
Get used to fetch, I'll shoot, you catch  
I snap, you come, I don't call you back  
Act natural, my style attack Give it out, give it out, give it out, give it out, give it out, give it out  
Dive-bomber, dive-bomber  
Clip a hundred doves like a bald-headed rasta  
Clot of the dot, got a head a piranha  
Give it up, give it up, give it up  
My  
My cobra head draped in mota  
Hooded regime like ebola  
My cobra head draped in mota  
My cobra head draped in mota My cobra head draped in mota  
Hooded regime like ebola  
Blink and you're over  
Wouldn't shut the fuck up, answered for their behavior  
Cleft-palate creator  
Morgue head forsaker  
Phallus cloud, call me vapor  
My cobra head draped in ebola  
My cobra head draped in mota  
My cobra head draped in mota  
Hooded regime like ebola  
Blink and you're over  
Wouldn't shut the fuck up, answered for their behavior  
Cleft-palate creator  
Morgue head forsaker  
Phallus cloud, crown me vapor  
My cobra head draped in mota  
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Now on, I'll call you, go fetch  
Self-inflicted

What'd you tell them?  
I just told 'em hell's existence  
But you know me, don't nobody  
Know my business  
Best get used to fetch, I'll shoot you, catch  
I'll snap, you come, I don't call you back  
Act natural, my style attack

Songwriters

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