

Bubbles Buried in this Jungle

Death Grips

Fuck weak, no respect, no chance
Wick-wick, cease and desist when I chant
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Wick-wick, cease and desist when I chant
Fuck weak, no respect, no chance
Wick-wick, cease and desist when I chant
Fuck weak, no respect, no chance
Wick-wick, cease and desist when I chant Oh, bitch try to creep like ivy
Oh, now ivy don't like me
Candle gone out, ignite my horns aglow
Let a vet rap a bullet through your buttonhole
You're making me uncomfortable
Slumber terror my cavalry
Sandman point you down to me
Hesh made make the rest stiff atrophy Fuck weak, no respect, no chance
Wick-wick, cease and desist when I chant
Fuck weak, no respect, no chance
Wick-wick, cease and desist when I chant
Fuck Act accordingly, I got a quota
High noon smoke-rings, no high-rollers
Brought your forecast and a shovel
Bubbles buried in this jungle
Bubbles buried in this jungle
Bubbles buried in this jungle
Polar jungle frozen punters
All my sculptures look so flustered
Code swallow dick, go get your boss
Security turn green 'cause I never floss
Fuck everything or I up the cost
Lack pedigree, my index push pause
Notch can't talk, I'm smearing mute
Don't have shit locked, I hear the proof
Petty formula never amuses me
Fuck if I ever let a bitch get used to me

Songwriters

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