

Pop

Death Grips

Pop pop pop pop Your crisis is my alarm
Why I'm like shh stay calm
You fight shit I ride upon
My knife been drawn
3-6-5 light of dawn
Lit up rock you live under
Ass backwards muthafucka features like hot butter
Like your brothers your father and your sisters your mother
Trend setter maximum third planet from the sun orbit my lungs
Bulldozin cul de sacs ground under over every act
Cut no slack no slack
Pop pop pop pop No chance to throw I rush the mound
Rage stormin off the chains remind me of rape house slave cock rings
You're played out like talking
Your cadence is sloppy
Can't break me I got me
You're grave stink I'm lofty
You're lady like lolli
Pop tramp on that jigaboo goddamn I'm so sick of you
I despise that shit what I would never align me with
Feel free to mime me but don't be saltine when I call you a biter bitch

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