

BODY & BLOOD (GRYPT REMIX)

clipping.

Cleavers up, bring 'em here
Femurs all swing on the ceiling like a chandelier
She sittin' there in a white dress, looking like she should get it
Licking the lips of the reddest, should invest in a head clinic
She got a pocket full of incisors and pliers
In a briefcase in case she get inspired, she ain't
She tryin' to suck face off the bone
You should know she is prone to swallow the marrow
She gettin' her eagle on down on the floor
See how the drinks are flowing off of the top shelf
Men are flashing their belt buckle and wallet leather clock
And they can't stop watching they're jockin' em
While she rockin' them 8 inch stilettos
Ain't into metal, just leather and lace and the taste of oxidation
Lay still and let her let like leech and suck
She might let you fuck but she want
Body and blood
She don't need you for shit but your dick and your veins
And your guts and your
(body and blood)
Every man say she thick and they wish they could bang
When she strut, she got
(body and blood)
Nails did, hair did, body right, teeth white
Knives sharp, gettin'
(body and blood)
If you a bad bitch, let 'em know you ain't out for the dough
You want
(body and blood)
Twerk somethin' girl, twerk somethin' girl, twerk somethin' girl
(body and blood)
Cut somethin' girl, cut somethin' girl, cut somethin' girl
(body and blood)
Kill somethin' girl, kill somethin' girl, kill somethin' girl
(body and blood)
Eat somethin' girl, eat somethin' girl, eat somethin' girl
She got her own home, she got her own set of power tools
Her own unmarked van, plan meticulously laid out
And splayed on the walls, all scrawled on dated Polaroids of seven heads plated

She got vials of ketamine, rohypnol, and promethazine, blunts with amphetamines
And whatever your pleasure be, medically, she readily be
Providing the flyest of times to dine with the finest of wines
Try and you'll find cut glass to get you cut fast without cuttin'
She got a diamond tattoo on her upper thigh
Another fineness walks by and cuts eyes
She let her go, she got a bad little body
Plus a mean walk, mean ass, make jaws slack
But the black make-up match the black makeup
Bag of black clippers and steel and chrome-dip slick black handled switchblades she flips, she gettin
Body and blood
She don't need you for shit but your dick and your veins
And your guts and your
(body and blood)
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When she strut, she got
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(body and blood)
Kill somethin' girl, kill somethin' girl, kill somethin' girl
(body and blood)
Eat somethin' girl, eat somethin' girl, eat somethin' girl
Candles by the mirror, perfume on the dresser, yes sir
Red sheets made of satin, flowers in the bible drying
Red wine in the goblet, golden Trojan wrappers
Chainsaw motor revving outside, bloodstains on the carpet, Annie
Elbow-length gloves, thigh high fishnets, and the garter
God's son crucified on her necklace, hang just where breasts heave
And by the cheek, got a machine
Make 'em pray that the sex, life and death she doles
And when she body rolls, see how the party go dumb
And the pills dissolve, tongue tits and room revolve
More than a few will fall, black light and new resolve
She gettin
Body and blood
She don't need you for shit but your dick and your veins
And your guts and your

(body and blood)

Every man say she thick and they wish they could bang

When she strut, she got

(body and blood)

Nails did, hair did, body right, teeth white

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(body and blood)

Kill somethin' girl, kill somethin' girl, kill somethin' girl

(body and blood)

Eat somethin' girl, eat somethin' girl, eat somethin' girl

(body and blood)

(body and blood)

(body and blood)

(body and blood)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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