

# Punk Weight

## Death Grips

hot shit, cold shit  
ok muthafucka lets do this  
came ta make it band sawed off razor edge maintained looseness  
comin through, again and again conduit  
why dem hands wave to  
high to it  
wild fire through your city  
wild fire through your whip me  
into lightning two  
k'nt hit three  
strikes dug out dated  
fools no dig me  
end beat limbo, baba spitting  
blood in slow mo, la la chimneywarholian nightmare  
storm the gates  
25 8, twelve gauge pun2k weight(25 8 pun2k weight out yo flesh)stick and move, leave no proof  
discard directly after use  
forensics on that wild goose  
follow my footprints into loopscuz im too high, too high  
feel like im never ever  
gonna come down  
scale richtor pun2k weight  
of dis sounddown break dead space  
and make it drop  
ta da street beneath  
your ghetto box  
slap da beat till the  
floor boards crack  
neath da weight of dis lic, step backoff in the rhythm like  
beta in the bong  
got ta givem makem  
sway like palms  
in da wind my lip blow  
mic spray kylron  
25 8 til da break of dawn(war war)guerilla bass, straight from the trenches, posers impaled on picket fences...  
how ta rest your head in roach infested basements and smoke pun2k weight for breakfast...  
chop shop lifted bump til da tape deck break, ask samo how he flipped that material girls pancakes. as zydeco  
copper kettlesliquor sto, sellin singles  
mug shots out, to my people

rollin i double l spread eagle  
hear flow dan spit EVIL(25 8 pun2k weight out yo flesh)

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