

The Powers That B

Death Grips

I can't know what I'm bout to do
I'm what the fuck happens I've got the powers that B
Running through me
My favorite color is "oh my god, bitch"
I'm wearing black gloves through your mall, I'm rich
You wanna check my pockets but I'm what the fuck happens when shit happens
When a fuck gives under no circumstances
Off your clock shit memory persist a clock shit
Lick lick a shot shit's cracking
I'm when shit happens 'cause I'm not acting
Like it like it or not I'm on that shit you're not
I'm this ceremony I gouge you till you're free
As my testimony to the powers that B
I can't know what I'm bout to do
When I can't know what I'm bout to do
I'm what the fuck happened
And I can't know what I'm bout to do
Until it's too late for you
To steal my name, bow down on cue I've got the powers that B
Running through me
My favorite color is "oh my god, bitch"
I'm wearing black gloves through your mall, I'm rich
You wanna check my pockets but
I've got the powers that B
Running through me
My favorite color is "oh my god, bitch"
I'm wearing black gloves through your mall, I'm rich
You wanna check my pockets but I got on my shit-kickers
Smoke coming out my fingers again
Can't fuck with the physical world
'Cause I comply with the powers that b
I'm never over right now
My stretcher's rollin', I'm in the White House
The black light house I'm above this life now
I'm beneath me
Raised on short notice by the powers that B
Hook me catch me squeal me in
Gut me, hack me, crop your grin
Pack me, sell me, claim we're friends

See me on the street, drop your grin
Squint your beady eyes and flinch
Like a sniveling shiesty snitch
Don't fret, I know you're just a bitch
I get paid by the universe
Morbidly blasÃ© when I'm not on display
Turn up my mic your hair turn white
I get paid by the universe
I'm on salary
You get no fucks from me
I run the company
On the powers that B
I get paid by the universe I've got the powers that B
Running through me
My favorite color is "oh my god, bitch"
I'm wearing black gloves through your mall, I'm rich
You wanna check my pockets but
I've got the powers that B
Running through me
My favorite color is "oh my god, bitch"
I'm wearing black gloves through your mall, I'm rich
You wanna check my pockets but No, I ain't shit and I like that
You want a statement, I'm like "why's that?"
You're parasites showing, that's not my bad
You're bad's pathetic your bad's your price tag
Your bad's embedded in your lives a white flag
A sterilized white flag, born, bred and buried in it
Wears you like a cherry finish keeps you valuable and shiny
You're a shiny clown to me and the powers that B

Songwriters

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