

Inanimate Sensation

Death Grips

Inanimate sensation
Vantage perspective from objective it came from
Inanimate situation
No relation close liaison
No conversation, no social contagion
Bother me, wanna be comrade intrusive
I remain
Inanimate aloof skip
Counterfeit
Like "no can do, bitch" My vinyl vibrate higher than you, bitch
I represent, ain't meant to pursue which
One of you, oh you all wanna ride, well I ain't got room stress
While we continue to make shit tight the loosest Blown out
Base You got a minute
You're in my way
What's wrong?
Wrong with who?
So what's going on?
Okay
Where you at right now?
I'm not with you
Inanimate persuasion
Strictly still life with all of my occasion
Inanimate surge of inspiration
Glow like thermonuclear invasion
Compared to swapping thoughts regurgitation
I revel in lack of slightest acquaintance
No rancid level after taste inanimate negate opinion
As it unravel like enigmatic onion
Layers of interdimensional dominion Blown out
Base Yeah, bitch
My smoke, my butane
My boots, my headphones, my medicated noose
My deadroom, my Schwartzwald hat, my Mac
My macaque skull, my lysergic stash
Empty streets at night, my bike
Apartment sink filled with dry ice
Condemned tenement, brandished rail spike
Disturb in flat noir and stale white

Grey cloud curled around my bearded compound like boa
One of two thunderbolt we ain't broke on tour
ConcrÃte antique trapdoor twenty-four
Spots to get that get right
When I gotta get right some more
Type of get right I can't afford
I covet these things more than any living
I've never beenBlown out
BaseI'm so Northern California, I call scratch "bammer"
Pure overhander
Live show on a banner
Axl Rose in a blender
Slash on Satan's fender
Rick James on the cover
Running through your lover
Like Mean Mr. Mustard
Stadium style
For those who came to jock
Watch that man salute you
Endless nameless Lady Godivas we snoop to
Like eighty-three mermaids in Brooklyn Zoo
Inanimate ghetto box we used to pimp throughBlown out
BaseInanimate fixation
Obsessed with my demo tape collection
Inanimate riffs I'm glazin'
Brag you're making music, naw, you're makin' bacon
Skinhead, skinhead inna Dublin
I like my iPod more than fuckinBlown out
Base

Songwriters

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