

Anne Bonny

Death Grips

I'm on that V, on that yellow pill shit
Fuck the deal is
Fuck kill steal shit
Fuck real
Yeah I called this dude a bitch
Why you have me do this shit?
I done made a fuckin mess
Lick it up you stupid bitch
Play some fuckin' music bitch
My scabs under my fingernails
Can't help myself, don't wanna feel myself
Roadkill slung over wicker wheelchair
X amount take me out
Twenty minutes
I'm almost there
Enter high tide blank stare ripples rise
Count 'em frame by frame
Edge of shore hogtied
Can't wait to fuck my brain
All I need to forget is today
Rip current pulls me down by open wounds on my lower left leg
Yeah I called this dude a bitch
Look like all he wanna do is switch
Ghost ship ritual double exposed
Delusional tendencies I'm belly up
Fuck it though I indulge in supremacy
Sixty beggars behind my casket coma
Sub under gaze of sadistic 'dom
Suck the skin off my teeth
Automaton embalmed
Under breath whisper never go too far
Bitch I'm gone, bitch I'm on

Songwriters

ANDREW MORIN, ZACHARY CHARLES HILL, STEFAN CORBIN BURNETT
Published by
Lyrics © Warp Music Limited

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>