

Three Bedrooms in a Good Neighborhood

Death Grips

I'm all up in my glory hole S-O, no, no, no, no
I'm all up in my glory hole S-O, no, no, no, no
Nylons on
Side bitches don't
Your table through my
My body through your
Three bedrooms in a good neighborhood
On fire like a margarita made out of wood
She got solar panels for thirty cents a watt
In the future, there's a party from the past, she's a cop I'll jailbreak ADX with a blank tarot card
Same card pull your hoe card like Zoltar
Two crystal balls dangle from my boneyard
I'm Niagara Falls flowing crowbar
La, la, la, la, I got Folsom bars
Tour flows urinal take a dive bars
La, la, la, la
Go down in the fifth you service town car
Swiftly service me, bitch it's called outlaw Nylons on veal
Side bitches don't heal
Your table through my head
My body through your bed
I'm all up in my glory hole S-O no, no, no, no
I'm all up in my glory hole S-O no, no, no, no
I'm all up in my glory hole S-O no, no, no, no
I'm all up in my glory hole S-O no, no, no, no
Three bedrooms in a good neighborhood
On fire like a margarita made out of wood
She got solar panels for thirty cents a watt
In the future, there's a party from the past, she's a cop This private ocean I carve
I'll carve this bitch into high art
No say bitch made state-of-mind art
My murder spree murk out this conk
Albert Fish gaunt sunk out this conk
Strictly ugly fuck for your cunt
Cunts over-easy and more blunts
Thermal strong-arm gravity sink bong
Head games with an only child
I foghorn devils devils jelly
Felt me, unbelt me, bombard your belly

Force-feed me through your telly
Cyborg swelling pregnant can't abort

Songwriters

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