

# Bitch Please

## Death Grips

who wanna catch dis  
bitch please, you must be smokin rocks  
real shit for my people  
and it just dont  
fucker please you must be smokin rocks  
real shit for my people  
and it just dont drop it like ... oh yeah  
thats so trashy  
how low can you go,  
how dirty can you get. nasty fucker  
drug through the dirt  
razor cut that eight milimeter make it hurt  
chain sleaze leather face  
fucker please, you must be smokin rocks  
kill it, kill it,  
kill it, kill it  
hit it, fuck it, feel it, whip it, burn it, turn it out and kick it to da curb  
shut it down  
forged in the flames, said it before and ill say it again... quazar game maximum vacuum rotation spin s-s-s(bitch  
please)when shit goes down  
ill be there  
wit my hand on my gun, and my eyes on the road ghost ridin ta hell fuck if i care... who wanna catch my droze  
give a fuck blood  
i aint goin nowhere  
templar night and day, live an die by the code, code of the street, how ta stay in the zone, how i own it and freak  
it to da base of da bonei am the darkness creeping through your system  
the lash of da whip  
cracking every bitch  
into position  
workin ya over crashing and burning in a blackhole blasting out, your subwoofers are melting. hear a bitch say  
why's he yellingwho wanna catch dis gun clap, shrapnel off me lip  
cause blood bath(bitch please)cuz i run this lik  
like dogtown ripped  
that raw shit like none other  
low down dirty shit  
shot off this hip  
death grips, mothafuckaplease, you must be  
smokin rocks  
real shit for my people

and it just dont

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