

Bass

Craw

[VERSE 1: CRAW]

She grew up in that rat race a slave to that phat bass,

She liked to feel it move her cheek bones,

She don't feel alive 'less she driving illegal,

One eye on the mascara, one on the people,

These days everybody seem evil,

She drive slow down that road with the detour,

Rubber to the road and the road to the frame,

Frame to the chain, chain as it hang in the balance,

Balance is the rough part,

She got enough scars to skip part two, head past that bar stool,

Man she would argue for days,

But never said a word when they turned up that bass[CHORUS: CRAW]

Can you turn up that bass,

Can you burn up that place,

I've been going for days,

Are you sure that I'm safe,

I've been nervous I may catch a case but,

I'ma let that bass bump,

I'ma let that bass bump[VERSE 2: CRAW]

Been in a bit of a bind, hands tied,

Consider a bit of the rhythm, can't I,

Fit it up into the spot where she need it,

Driving like a mad man, ninety on the freeway,

Swerving out of each lane,

Red lights glaring of the glass like it's D Day,

Like another smoke and,

Think of them free days, sink in that deep change,

Hands grip the wheel tight, this is what it feel like,

Like wait, this shit is real life?

Sinking up into the plot, foot up onto the box,

Pedal to the medal, Gepetto developed a level of devil,

in that meadow that she swam thru,

Ran thru that roadblock, turned the bass up as she killed that cop[CHORUS: CRAW]

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