Hustle Bones

Death Grips

give a fuck whatchya heard,
yeah fuck whatchya heard,
fore this real shit kicked your whole click to the curb
what, what...
but you dont hear me though
run up bitch ta da death get gripped my steeze is ballin out
of control whatchyou know
'bout bubblin
hustle bones comin out my mouth
(hustle bones comin
out my mouth)
that hot lic a shot
never not strapped
wit a glock tongue cocked
run it back
that knock a cop off unconscious molotov
cocktailin sound bomb a snitch
flat line of chalk drawn round the clock too many marks dropped ta count the stiffs
stuck on the fence
how does it feel
it dont make sense
nothing is
that rip you a new one trick im the true one, and only never know me never will no son. leave ya laid out ta fade out
show a cunt the door
hit and run
hustle bones comin out my mouth
(hustle bones comin out my mouth)
that can't wait ta blast
blood stained knuckle brass gives a fuck sick wit it flav on
that ex con

hard to da bone
darkness from the zone
mastered and pushed far beyond
eons beyond the line never crossed, by dem punks livin soft while i ride that bomb
dr. strangelove
into the sun
look no hands megatons

rode like man we can't lose
no shit, no shit
that hit it till it drip wit
da blood of the raw way
it was fore dem forgot
why doin dirt, make slang sound tough gong original
fuck da wrong way
only one real way to work
that shit out da
beat street spit

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