

# 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 stiff  
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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