

# Fuck Me Out

## Death Grips

Get that call  
Can't hold shit down  
Fuck it all  
I'm going down  
I use me up  
Ain't worth shit now  
Truth be told  
Fuck fucked me outDeath, fuck  
Let's fuck  
Just don't touch me  
Just fuck-fuck me  
Fuck me out  
Why don't you just fuck-fuck me outFuck-fuck me  
I ain't shit  
I know it  
That ain't shit  
Either  
Fuck-fuck me  
Deceiver  
I believe you  
Every time  
No one believes me  
But that's alright  
I'll prove them right  
Like these fucks  
Like these fucksCome at me like  
Can't hold shit down  
Fuck it all  
I'm going down  
I use me up  
Ain't worth shit now  
Truth be sold  
Fuck fucked me outDeath, fuck  
Let's fuck  
Just don't touch me  
Just fuck-fuck me  
Fuck me out  
Why don't you just fuck-fuck me outWell I'll be  
Fuck, fuck, fuck

I'll take you there  
I'll meet you there  
Fuck, fuck, fuck  
Don't need it there  
Don't matter where  
We're there first  
So what you worth  
Not what you bought  
Just like I thought  
You ain't got shit  
Yeah, I got this  
Fuck, fuck riff  
I got a complex  
Just for you to  
Have and hold  
Like deuce deuce  
Catch no no  
Yes, yes, yes you should just  
Fuck-fuck me  
Yes, yes, yes you should just  
Fuck-fuck me  
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuckGet that call  
Can't hold shit down  
Fuck it all  
I'm going down  
I use me up  
Ain't worth shit now  
Truth be told  
Fuck fucked me outDeath, fuck  
Let's fuck  
Just don't touch me  
Just fuck-fuck me  
Fuck me out  
Why don't you just fuck-fuck me outFuck bloom bam, fuck bam blew, fuck boom blam  
Fuck new glam, fuck glam new, fuck goon gland  
Fuck fluke flam, fuck flam fluke, fuck half shoe  
Fuck glim sham, fuck gam through, we statue  
Fuck well-well, fuck our well, we're idiot  
Fuck well-well, fuck our well, we're idiot  
Fucks buy us, fuck bind spell, we cakewalk  
Fuck suspect, we foretell we sÃ©ance  
Fuck he, she, they, we, make me feel  
Ugh, ugh, ugh  
Woe is why us he she they fuss  
Blah, blah, blah, fuck

Wah, wah, wah, fuck  
Woe is why them, why can't reach us?  
Blah, blah, blah, fuck  
Wah, wah, wah, fuck  
We have never been our business  
Why don't you just  
Fuck me out

Songwriters

ANDREW MORIN, STEFAN CORBIN BURNETT, ZACHARY CHARLES HILL Published by  
Lyrics Â© Warp Music Limited

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>