Blackjack

Death Grips

how i ride, why i ride, never really had ta try
i, i, i ... eeuuhh
nevermind that, black jack
needle to da mainline junk prepared in a head that
never came up for air
fallin apart cant get a grip
dont give a fuck if i did
way shit goes
it'll be just fine
oh, oh, oh
how to rob men blind
(cant do a thing but fold)
yeah watch that
cant do a thing ... black jack
comin from that hit me until
twenty one makes
your chips mine
black jack dont trip
you got the bill
twenty one shots to your grill
bow down or die everytime
i slap them thangs
flat black chains rattlin
shawshank the box
cant be contained
man came ta pick the lock
empty the vault
and leave no trace
sleep dont wake
hit em low and keep rollin to da beat no breaks
slow it down then accelerate
to hell its cake
like sellin weight
no middle man

made bitch mistakes
blackjack
high king, ace, to knees the place put down by g's raisin the stakes
you know whats up

straight
how the fuck is that?
blackjack
but dont forget to watch this
tounge push bankroll off my lips
who the hell are you legit
what the fuck you think man shit
blackjack
(always keep my)
no need ta count the deck
i own it
drop that
lead chin check
to your dome its on black
respect me zone or get caught back handed leather strap hit ya so hard knocked flat broke by a bloke wit dat
golden contact glove hold da smoke
of most high fire bon tap tap
(cant do a thing but fold)
yeah watch that
cant do a thing ... blackjack
dont forget to watch this
tongue push bankroll
off my lips
who the hell are you legit
what the fuck you think man shit
you know whats up
straight
how the fuck is that. blackjack
blackjack dont trip you got the bill, twenty one shots to your grill

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