

## Fort Minor

### "Bleach"

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(Clip from Sopranos Season 4, Episode 48 - Whoever Did This:

\*Cell phone rings\*

TONY: Yeah?

CHRIS: It's me.

TONY: Called you half-a-fuckin' hour ago!

CHRIS: Yea, Adriana put my keys where I couldn't find 'em.

TONY: Go to the drug store, get two pairs of surgical gloves,  
some bleach, come to our friend's house - the contractor.)

Yo, swing the sword for the classic year? Bring the  
noise with your hands up,  
slash and tear? Who can, fathom asthma, dash for air?  
Spitting on the baby bib in the plastic chair? What's up  
stupid?  
Shoot this? One five one in the shot glass, hot flash?  
Banging on the drum, huh? We cause havoc down in  
Las Vegas?  
Paper trails racing Pelican Brief-cases?  
We outrageous, name the streets gave us?  
Yeah, we got fame, but now we heat blazers

I let them all fly, ten in the clip, one in the chamber?  
Thumbs up! another banger? Untuck the flamer,  
dumbfuck?  
It's like getting hit with a dumptruck? Brains and guts?  
Maim, cut, aim, duck, same, stuff?  
Get you cracked up like cocaine, heat 'em up? OK,  
I'll let a sucka's fly once? Face down, found him in his  
Cap'n Crunch

Uh, malpractice, a bang-all jam? I joust rappers and  
track in the radar scans  
Flip beats for the crew like fleets and platoons  
Reach for the moon like Reese Witherspoon, uh  
Don't stop the sure-shot, the rooftop anthem  
Blast the gold box, cock back the cannon  
What's up partna, I got ya (what, what)

Hope that spoken gunshots crack the pinata  
Slap, box, mouth of backwash?  
Teeth mashed up on the asphalt, ya dig?

Set the pace like a mustang, mashin'  
Up the stakes, who wanna cut the cake, I take cash  
Dropped on a blood-stained mattress  
Stop, you ain't got access, watch  
I'm'a change my asset, Ryu and Tak  
You little cunts in the game, you can suck my cock  
Lay flat on the ground don't make a peep  
If you want the stains out now, get the bleach

Get the bleach

Guess who's got the rubber gloves and the bleach?  
Guess who's rockin' every club, that's me  
Get so hot, you feel the buzz in the streets  
Keeping it knockin', drop drop that beat  
Guess who got the group name on top??  
S.O.B. got the rap thing locked  
Who want what, when, why, and what not  
Who got next up? Ryu and Tak

Yeah, here it comes, all you hear is a click  
Bloody brains on the sand with a Miracle Whip  
While the blood keeps gushing, relish and pink  
mustard, huh  
I'mma slam 'till I tear it to bits 'til the bell for the recess  
rang  
On the defense game, you feeling grilled like P.F.  
Changs  
Hopscotch on the corpse 'till I drop the torch  
And burn crews for their views that would rock with  
force  
Saying, don't stop the sure-shot, the rooftop anthem  
Blast the gold box, cock back the cannon  
What's up y'all, we don't stall, come one, come all  
'Til we drop the ball like

Get the bleach, get the bleach  
Get the bleach, get the bleach  
Get the bleach

...

Get the bleach (Yea)

(\*Phone beeping\*

Yo, yo, Shinoda, Shinoda from the South Dakota  
It's Big Ghost right here, you know what I mean?  
With the baking soda and the ...  
This, this ... yo, that ...

We finished off that joint for, um, you and Lupe  
You know what I mean? So yo, um, hit me back, G  
I was tryin' to understand your rap  
You know what I mean?  
You got me, like, kinda twisted over this  
I want you to try to explain it  
Alright?)

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