

Freddie Gibbs

"The Death Valley Vipers"

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Death Valley Vipers! (Hoo, Hah)
Death Valley Vipers! (Oh)
Death Valley Vipers! (Hoo, Hah)
Death Valley Vipers!

Drove out to the furnace, but we pulled off out at the
pass.
Felt the valley start to burn us, we had half a tank of
gas.
Without cellular phone service, when the battery just
died.
Half drunk, and now we're nervous, busting down there
by the sign.
Target practice on the cactus.
Low on ammo, no supplies.
Where anything could just attack us.
6 or 7 other guys.
A 30 mile estimation, that would be as the crow fly.
To the nearest filling station.
Dangerous, but worth a try.

Death Valley Vipers, proud daughters and sons.
Direct descendants of survivors, marching orders from
no one.
Death Valley Vipers, proud daughters and sons.
Direct descendants of survivors, marching orders from
no one.

Death Valley Vipers! (Oh)

Death Valley Vipers!

A dusty path out into the desert.
And I've been city from day 1.
I mustered up more than I could measure.
Busted up under the sun.
Vintage Kawasaki dirtbikes.
7 6 or 75.
If not for the snake then my bones were gonna bake.
The rising sun, and I'm still alive!

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Death Valley Vipers! (Oh)
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