

## Death Grips "Blackjack"

Visit "[Blackjack](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

Visit [Death Grips](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.