

Death Grips "Blood Creepin"

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Pass that shit

Hold on man park the car
I have no idea where we are
Think we may have drove too far
Yeah I can see they're right behind us
But there's nothing we can do
We can't get caught slipping get off that shit and just
be cool ... ooooh

They're on to us but don't look now
They think they're bout to take us down
Fuck that I'm not going out
At the next corner turn left
Its time to handle this

I know where to go don't trip
Have no time for that pussy shit
In a minute it'll all be finished
What you don't think I speak the truth
You think I could just be sitting here
Listening to Sonic Youth?

Anyway when they try to ride
On you thinking I'm gone
I'll creep up on them from behind
And break them off one by one
And in the time it takes you to blink your eyes
Shit'll already be done
But just in case anything goes wrong
Keep your right hand on your ... oohh

So when they step up out the car
Yeah I know this sounds bizarre
But now I remember where we are
Do what I say and you'll be fine .. oohh

To the left of the off ramp, in the shade
Under the highway, digging graves
Blood creepin while you're sleepin
Steady creepin, blood creepin

Shake the bottle, what's it hold
How many have I already sold
Hope not too much, cuz I feel insane
Need more than one to numb the pain

Slithering through my brain
Thoughts stuck on that train
Off the track and up in flames

Fuck it I'll swallow these blue ones
Yeah and maybe this big one
And I may as well take a few more with me
Just in case I get some ... oohh
Never know if they're gonna want some
Oh you want one? Yeah no problem
Got that covered tramp, I brought 'em ... oohh

How it creeps up on me so slowly
I don't notice my eyes rolling
To the back of my head and falling
Shit, somebody's calling
Can't answer the phone
Call them back when I'm 'bout to leave
Can't think straight man I'm so fucking blown... oohh

So when they step up out the car
Yeah I know this sounds bizarre
But now I remember where we are
Do what I say and you'll be fine .. oohh

To the left of the off ramp, in the shade
Under the highway, digging graves
Blood creepin while you're sleepin
Steady creepin, blood creepin

Down the alleys in the middle of the night
I'm trashed, so high it's hard to ride my bike
Might crash, whenever I'm this fucked up
Drunken monkey through the cuts
Who gives a fuck

So when they step up out the car
Yeah I know this sounds bizarre
But now I remember where we are
Do what I say and you'll be fine .. oohh

To the left of the off ramp, in the shade
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