

Death Grips "Fuck That"

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third rail
over one nine breaker
slit throat, cut creator
hung from dem nail
hang em high
savior faire
trans-siberian epic
trek through dat next switch
set it off the roglyphic
jackal headed dawn of the under
check it, check one
you can suck it
till i get disgusted

fuck that, naw fuck that

at me wit that weak shit
bitch slapped
across the street and back. head crack
wanna know where i'll be at whatever

get off mine i got that juice
noo style cut your brain stem as my combat boots grind
your head to the cadence of this ddeath stompin mu
sick as fuck contagion wagin war with all you knew .
bitch

mossberg ballistic flux massive
my shure beta 58a hazmatted
pump pump slugster radioactive
ride through a mine field
laced wit black magic
straight from the mayday...
naw fuck that (ONE)
broke off its axis, polar shifted granite
knock made ta off
every last bitch on this planet
fuck that, naw, fuck that

came ta bad dem brains til dem neck bones crack
arrested cardiac
black mass murder rap

dealer push your wig
all the way back
head wear your face like a yamakulapse
never can tell
where you're at
eyes stuck on the sky
always gettin jacked
tryin ta lookin the mirror like.
fuck that, naw, fuck that

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