

Death Grips "No Love"

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how the trip never stops
on and on its beyond insane
why I set myself up
in a ragin sea of flames

you're fit ta learn the proper meaning of a beat down
madness chaos in the brain
let my blood flow make my blood flow through you
mane
you got no business questioning a thang

never not on it leanin so hard you're ashamed
you can't dismiss this sickness huffs your brain
exhale your will and forget I ever knew you
fuck do you do
fuck a man wit hips for hulu
rack a snitch chalk and cue you
corner pocket consume you
too many hoes in my
too many hoes in my muthafuckin meal
askin if I know how a muthafucka feels
how a muthafucka feels
slit them choke flip them boat
dead bitch float swollen corpse
no remorse navigated off course
of course I can make you scream but if you ask for
more
bullshit matador grab the floor whip it cracked to all
fours
you whimper while I check my phone
who's next assassin roam
music drifts I have no home
choose this life you're on your own

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you got no business questioning a thang
swallowed way too much
couldn't handle it I fell
down a spiral stair case winding ta hell

fuck it now I can't quit will never be the same
I got that attitude you got no thang
I'm fit ta hurt you gives a fuck about the way I move
weight
dark matter flu state of consciousness
straight through your won't do shit
but beg me to do this
again and again and again and again
strangler clutch sine wave deconstruct
my way or no way bangin hey makin lust
lucid nut shake shake it up
booyakah
you're a bitch made to be crushed
came like what now you crave my touch
flat busted on front street cake cuppin
say you wasn't lion mane
I done been done with tame
head hunter fuck the fame
switch lanin ripper slangin
hit me nuclear wind at my back
smokin goldfish at the photo mat
load my clap clap can't trustem never did
what it is

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