Death Grips
"Spread Eagle Cross The Block"

I fuck the music
I make it cum
I fuck the music with my serpent tongue

Wanna beer, have no fear, comes and goes, man its here
No one knows, feels so weird, when it blows through my bones
I got a jones for it
I wanna know more, cuz its bout what I got to show for it

I want some more of it
I want too much
I got so bored with it
I shot it up
Wanna light my torch with it and get all fucked up

What is it, where is it
How will it affect me
Fuck that shit, I need that shits bound to be the death of me
Fuck buying it I'm taking it, and sharing it with nobody

Cuz all I really need is some cool shit to mob
Like driving down the street to the beat of a blow job

I own that shit
On some throw back shit
You already know that shit
You even know 'bout how I know the man
Who grows that, bitch Ã¢â‚¬Â¦

You can't buy it with your money
You can't find it overseas
Its one of those things that seems outlandish
Til you have it's not a dream
As for me, I'm cool with it
And that's alright cuz it's my thing.

Work that angle til its beveled
Curve of the blade doubled

Edge made to bleed the struggle
Best believe the game's a hustle.
Observer of the strange occurrences
Conjurer of the subtle
Unseen but felt disturbances
That burst a bitches bubble

That's right it's all mine
It's all mine never was yours
Like how you wait in line
While I walk straight through the door
(straight through the...)
Hear you say something
But ain't nothing Ã¢â‚¬" spectators ignored
Pay no mind to that chump's
Just a player hatin whore

I fuck the music
I make it cum
I fuck the music with my serpent tongue

Ain't no fun if the aliens can't have none

How I fuck it dirty
How I make it twitch and scream
How it screams oh baby hurt me
Work me to the bone oh please
How I bend the rhythm over
And hit, hit, hit it on my knees
Give, give, give it up
I need it all the time
Bleed it on the drop of a dime Ã¢â‚¬" down to pound it
til it shines
Moonlit lake of blood red wine
Make no mistake, I makes it mine

Break shit down and make it grind
To the groove used to align
The cascading shades of jaded blues with these
rhymes
Nuclear steeze creeps and winds
Through secrets behind and between
Every time I scream

Shit is mine
Its all mine
All the time
Shit is mine

What is it, where is it, how will it affect me
Fuck that shit I need that shit

Thought you knew, thought you thought
Thought you did but did not
Come on through what you got
Is it cool is it hot?

Check one two, man don't stop
I'm not through black blood clot
In my view like that twat
Spread eagle cross the block

Need no ego to rock
What we know just gets dropped
How we keep shit on lock

Cuz all I really need is some cool shit to mod
Like driving down the street to the beat of a blow job

Shit is mine
Its all mine
All the time
Shit is mine

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