

Death Grips "Thru The Walls"

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I'm coming through, thought you knew, fuck if you
didn't, fuck you
Plutonium lore
What this is, what this for
Feel my fists push black holes
Through your bitch ass decor
Split it back like a whore
And make you shit your fucking drawers

Scared to ride, cowards fall
Before my eyes, sound of my balls
Dragging like cannon loaded wagons
Drug by demons down your halls

Can't imagine whats fit to happen
When I get to flashing, see the small
Shrink to a fraction of what their lacking
And less than that in no time at all.
Can't believe they have the gaul
To try and act like they're not trapped
Between these walls ...

Bring it, bring it, bring it, kill it

Bring it, bring that shit heated
Sling it, bring back that shit - kill it

Sometimes feel like I'm close but never get there
NEVER GET THERE
Does it mean I'm a ghost if I'm still here?
WANNA LEAVE HERE
And if I am why can't I just float through the walls?
THROUGH THE WALLS
And if I can, were they even ever there at all?
NOT AT ALL

Too much time spent in the maze will drive you mad, I
feel so bad
Been there so long I can't remember who I am, or
where I stand
But in the end I guess I just don't give a damn

Twist a gram and keep on sticking with the original plan
Fuck it man

Judge you no more than I wish to be judged
Even on the low
But I do know what you do not speak of
Don't know but it shows
Try to hide but I see who you are because
I just know
Keep talking but you already said too much
There you go

How it is now's how it it always was
That's on my blood
How it is now's how it it always was
That's on my blood

Bring it, bring that shit heated
Sling it, bring back that shit - kill it

See my blood spill drip, by chances
Try to chill, quit, cuz I can't just slip into a zagthoth
trance
Tongue hissing, serpent chants
Come again work it in, yeah just like that

We paint our insides black
As the shadows 'hind our flesh
And make all that we lack
The part of life that we forget
All praise due to the fact
That we've forgotten how to sweat it
Check it
Bring it
KILL IT

On everything I own
Swear would rather slit my throat and die on the run
Than be the one who ends up hangin from that rope
Tied to the thumb of the man who comes to empty your
pockets when you choke
Got to get that shit myself and get the fuck out of this
game
Before I end up getting stuck with no one but myself to
blame
All the way insane

Staring at the ceiling
In the dark
Trying not to let the feeling
Tear you apart

But the silence is buzzing
And it won't stop
Tell yourself its almost over
But its not

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