

Styles

"Bleach"

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[Verse 1: Takbir]

Yo, swing the sword for the classic year
Bring the noise with your hands up, slash and tear
Who can, fathom asthma, dash for air
Spittin' on the baby bib in the plastic chair
What's up stupid?
(Shoot this)
1-5-1 in the shot glass

(Hot flash)

Bangin' on the drum, huh
We cause havoc down in Las Vegas
Paper trails racing Pelican Brief-cases
We outrageous, name the streets gave us
Yeah, we got fame, but now we heat blazers
I let 'em all fly, 10 in the clip, 1 in the chamber
Thumbs up! Another banger
Untuck the flamer, dumbfuck
It's like gettin' with a dumptruck
Brains and guts
Maim, cut, aim, duck, same, stuff
Get you cracked up like cocaine, heat 'em up
OK, I'll let a sucka's fly once
Face down, found him in his Cap'n Crunch
Uh, malpractice - a bang-all jam
I joust rappers and track in the radar scans
Flip beats for the crew like fleets and platoons
Reach for the moon like Reese Witherspoon, uh
Don't stop the sure-shot, the (???) anthem
Blast the gold box, cock back the cannon
What's up partna, I got ya (what, what)
Hope that (spoken gunshots) crack the piata
Slap, box, mouth of backwash
Teeth mashed up on the asphalt, ya dig?
Set the pace like a mustang, mashin'
Up the stakes, who wanna cut the cake, I take cash
Dropped on a blood-stained mattress
Stop, you ain't got access, watch
I'mma change my asset, Ryu and Tak
You little cunts in the game, you can suck my cum

And lay flat on the ground, don't make 'em peep
If you want the stains out now, get the bleach

Guess who's got the rubber gloves and the bleach?
Guess who's rockin every club, that's me
Get so hot, you feel the buzz in

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