

Stockton

Death Grips

I'm bouncin whoop whoop
Loud and lit Allan Poe poe shit
I'm bout ta loose that blue
I can't feel hype I man kill hype
Slapped to still life
Actors posin plastic like token
Can't fit my low end splits your ocean
the latent quotient
raised to drogen
Heavy is the head you're blowin
I'm fuckin flippin
Minute ago wasn't schiz but now I'm itchin
Thought I told you not to listen
This road don't stop shiftin
I'm floatin I'm driftin
I'm bouncin whoop whoop
Loud and lit Allan Poe poe shit
I'm bout ta loose that blue
You ain't heard not my problem
Past ain't poppin calli curbed beyond forgotten
Pervin while them clutch the bottom
Feeders suck like stuck in Stockton
Cuttem off like drunks been clockin
Least three a month prestalkin
Noted symptoms hid like like Laden
Bin through shit like sodom
Instinct man no question looped me into no direction
No footprints in this bleach I tread them don't know yet but thats expected
I'm bouncin whoop whoop
Loud and lit Allan Poe poe shit
I'm bout ta loose that blue
Caved in my ribs drug out fucked out Samhain skid off bay bridge
Come with me and I'll unhurt you
Keep all I do locked kept your move
Keep all I do locked kept your move
Should we be worried what I'm not
Heard bleeders knock all types a shit
I'm out there I'm out there
I'm pushin mojo yo yo crack back and blow yo whole set lack
The k honas ta make it clap
Bouncin get up wit it
I'm bouncin whoop whoop

Loud and lit Allan Poe poe shit
I'm bout ta loose that blue
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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