

Lost Boys

Death Grips

Other side of da tracks
Scuzz outsiders
Nothin ta loose
Strike of midnighters
Lost boys
True black and blues
No shoes, flat tires
Broke out da pen
Blood on barbed wire
Safe in your home
Gated zone terrorizers
Nowhere ta go
Far as I can get hitchhikers
(Lost boys)

Fuck a job might have ta rob
A don't know just ta get by word
On the road for lifers
Bullets in the fire
Check the chain link
Swayze I'm slummin
Let em know who da fuck we are
Low and dirty lost boys
Comin out the cuts
Like your favorite scar

Crawlin on tile, can't stand up
Been a while, kommodo gut
How ta take it
How ta give a fuck
How ta live wit pain
How ta get yo cut
How longs this been goin on
Man shit no way ta tell too far gone go get those flames from hell bring em
Here
Don't trip no

I'll handle this
On some scandalous
Inland empire los angeles
Anti ego propaganda shit
Yeah, yeah, yeah...

Whos comin up
Whos loosin ground
2012 I'm shady now, running game on every thang in town
It's such a long way down

Brown paper baggin asphalt scrapin all talk no action, what I'm waitin
Weak tongue waggin
Stray dog beggin
Like don't hurt me
Yeah right, I'm sayin

Beware you have been warned, the barrels still warm, ease up off that lip
Or step
How quick a bitch fit ta get checked mate

One false move'll get ya
Set straight
Yeah, yeah, yeah...

It's such a long way down

Oh yeah yeah
(Ride through the sky of black mist)