

Fort Minor, Bleach (Jimi Remix)

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,
Spitting on the baby bib in the plastic chair,
What's up stupid? Shoot this,
1-5-1 in the shot glass, Hot flash,
Banging 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 them all fly, 10 in the clip, 1 in the chamber,
Thumbs up! Another banger,
Untuck the flamer, dumbfuck,
It's like getting hit 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 rooftop anthem,
Blast the gold box, cock back the cannon,
What's up partna, I got ya (what, what),
Hope that spoken gunshots crack the pinata,
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 cock,
Lay flat on the ground don't make a peep,
If you want the stains out now, get the bleach!

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 the streets,
Keeping it knockin', drop drop that beat.
Guess who got the group name on top?
S.o.B. got the rap thing locked,
Who want what, when, why, and what not,
Who got next up, Ryu and Tak.

Yeah, here it comes, all you hear is a click,
Bloody brains on the sand with a Miracle Whip,
While the blood keeps gushing, relish and pink mustard, huh,
I'mma slam till I tear it to bits, 'til the bell for the recess rang,
On the defense game, you feeling grilled like P.F. Changs,
Hopscotch on the corpse till I drop the torch,
And burn crews for their views that would rock with force,
Saying, don't stop the sure-shot, the rooftop anthem,
Blast the gold box, cock back the cannon,
What's up y'all, we don't stall, come one, come all,
'Til we drop the ball like.

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