

# Inanimate Sensation

## Death Grips

Inanimate sensation  
Vantage perspective from objective it came from  
Inanimate situation  
No relation close liaison  
No conversation, no social contagion  
Bother me, wanna be comrade intrusive  
I remain  
Inanimate aloof skip  
Counterfeit  
Like no can do bitch My vinyl vibrate higher than you, bitch  
I represent, ain't meant to pursue which  
One of you, oh you all wanna ride, well I ain't got room stress  
While we continue to make shit tight the loosest Blown out  
Base  
You got a minute  
You're in my way  
What's wrong  
Wrong with who  
So what's going on  
Okay  
Where you at right now  
I'm not with you  
Inanimate persuasion  
Strictly still life with all of my occasion  
Inanimate surge of inspiration  
Glow like thermonuclear invasion  
Compared to swapping thoughts regurgitation  
I revel in lack of slightest acquaintance  
No rancid level after taste inanimate negate opinion  
As it unravel like enigmatic onion  
Layers of interdimensional dominion  
Blown out  
Base Yeah, bitch  
My smoke, my butane  
My boots, my headphones, my medicated noose  
My deadroom, my schwartzwald hat, my Mac  
My macaque skull, my lysergic stash  
Empty streets at night, my bike  
Apartment sink filled with dry ice  
Condemned tenement, brandished rail spike  
Disturb in flat noir and stale white  
Grey cloud curled around my bearded compound like boa

One of two thunderbolt we ain't broke on tour  
Concrète antique trapdoor twenty-four  
Spots to get that get right  
When I gotta get right some more  
Type of get right I can't afford  
I covet these things more than any living  
I've never beenBlown out  
BaseI'm so Northern California, I call scratch "bammer"  
Pure overhander  
Live show on a banner  
Axl Rose in a blender  
Slash on Satan's fender  
Rick James on the cover  
Running through your lover  
Like mean Mr. Mustard  
Stadium style  
For those who came to jock  
Watch that man salute you  
Endless nameless Lady Godivas we snoop to  
Like eighty-three mermaids in Brooklyn Zoo  
Inanimate ghetto box we used to pimp throughBlown out  
BaseInanimate fixation  
Obsessed with my demo tape collection  
Inanimate riffs I'm glazin  
Brag you're making music, naw, you're makin bacon  
Skinhead, skinhead inna dublin  
I like my iPod more than fuckinBlown out  
Base

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>