

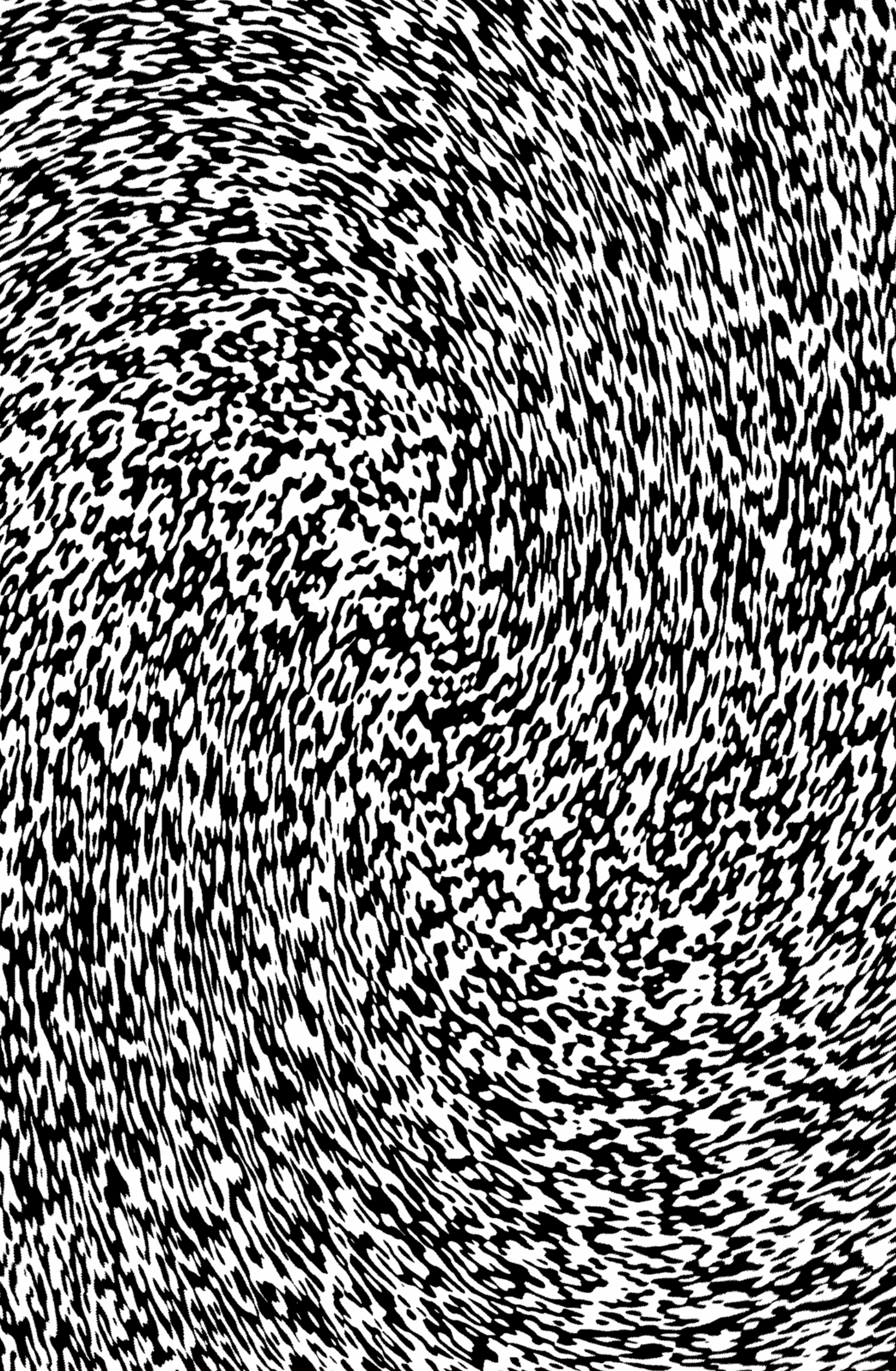
29170 HTA30
29170 HTA30
29170 HTA30

He who makes a beast of himself



gets rid of the pain of being human

MD 2YA23
JAF3M30
2JA913M179



9.5in TFT D-luxe fuckscreen



Death Grips is easier to describe as an undead creature rather than a band. Every time you try to put them into the human frame they slide out quickly like a guilty bad feeling and then they immediately solidify on the ground below. Their work feels like someone dug into the proverbial janitor's closet of the internet and found a rotting organ pulsing between abandoned forum threads. Maybe even less like that but more like they entered the room and the ceiling gave out as they were covered in sinew. A mess of black blood and tissue that should not be conscious but absolutely is. You can poke it and it reacts. You can feed it and it grows. And it did grow. And then it got ugly because it was the reflection of all that was human and all of the hate it knew. It grew spikes.



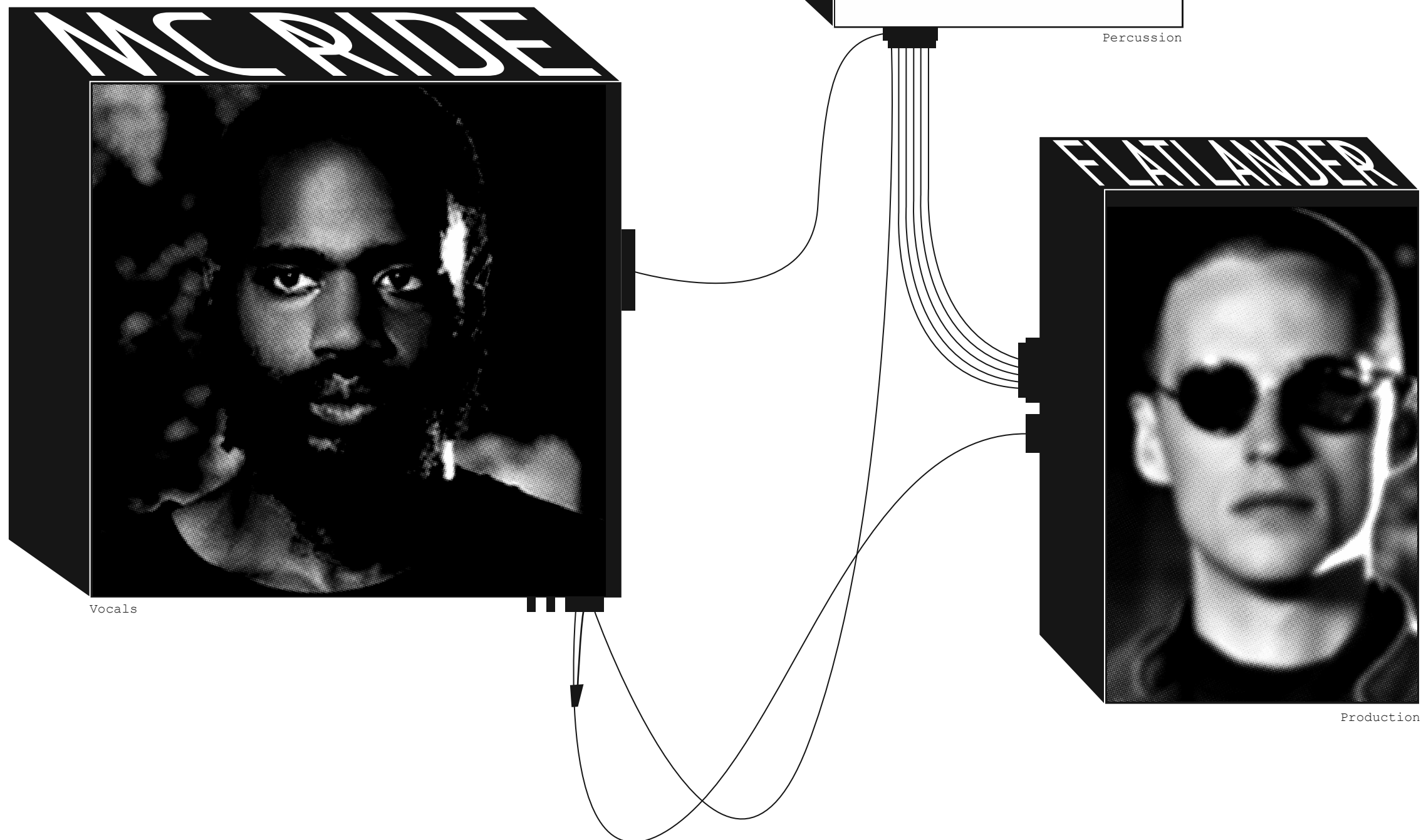
Today people still try to treat the band as a film major's idea of "transgressive industrial hip hop" but that kind of awful faith classification collapses instantly on itself, crushing all patrons inside. Death Grips was never built to be boxed in a subgenre. They truly are a giant carcass animated by ten thousand volts, a shot of everclear, and benzos from the bad luck crowd. A monstrous, massive zombie that learned to scream with the three of them working together and against each other to prop the giant up. They were born in Sacramento but they matured inside DSL routers, the damp cybercafes and the three-second grainy GIFs of violence and shocksites for gore that circulate like urban myths.

You see, Death Grips is a band that could only exist on the internet.

They are violent but never ever without reason. They came to power in the early 2010s, the first swipe of modern hipsters. Record store going, Starbucks drinking, gingerbeard growing, black frame glasses, thousand dollar macbook, scarf, fixed gear bike, porn on the iPhone, micro brewery hateful suck and fuck. Destroyer! Death Grips brought the sound right to the doorstep of the modern era, releasing their first mixtape for free as only a digital file, free enterprise for the masses!

Bust in their skull for just looking, god damn it! But what is meant by "the music can only exist in the age of the internet"? It's a shocking monstrosity, a soundtrack to old websites like Rotten, Ogrish and LiveLeak that internet safety pamphlets just don't warn you about anymore. A cycle of anger, mania, violence, transcendence, and eventual collapse- Death Grips does not just express emotion, they weaponize it, compress it down into a single atom, and then slice it in half, vaporizing all cities in a 200 kilometer radius.

The group is a triad of incompatible energies. Zach Hill has the manic precision of someone who has been awake for days divining an unholy puzzle. Andy Morin, a.k.a Flatlander, produces like he is wiring homemade explosives to every frequency. Stefan Burnett, known onstage as MC Ride, opens his mouth and some kind of ancestral storm moves through the air and rains a rain that melts the entire crowd into a vaseline sludge. When they meet in the studio something very old and very digital starts grinding its teeth.



WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY ARE?

BECAUSE THEY DON'T CARE

WHAT YOU THINK AT ALL!

Every mythology people built around them eventually got swallowed only by the band's own behavior. They don't encourage mystery. They just don't bother to correct it. It is easier that way but the short path is never what they look for either. Their silence forms a climate around the work. A weather, not a personality and not a subgenre. Brutality incarnate! Man, we are in bat country!

Death Grips' catalog can be read like a medical textbook of the human body being peeled apart in three sections. Understand that and read that very carefully. The band is a walking carcass in three parts. Their whole discography can line up to one of these three parts each but their most fitting albums, The Money Store, Exmilitary and the Powers that B are the most fitting. These layers do not line up neatly but they inform each other. There is skin, then the muscle, then bone, the aching core of it all. A reverse archaeology. The fucking band is excavating its own rotting anatomy in real time! Somebody stop them they're bleeding everywhere!

THE MONEY STORE

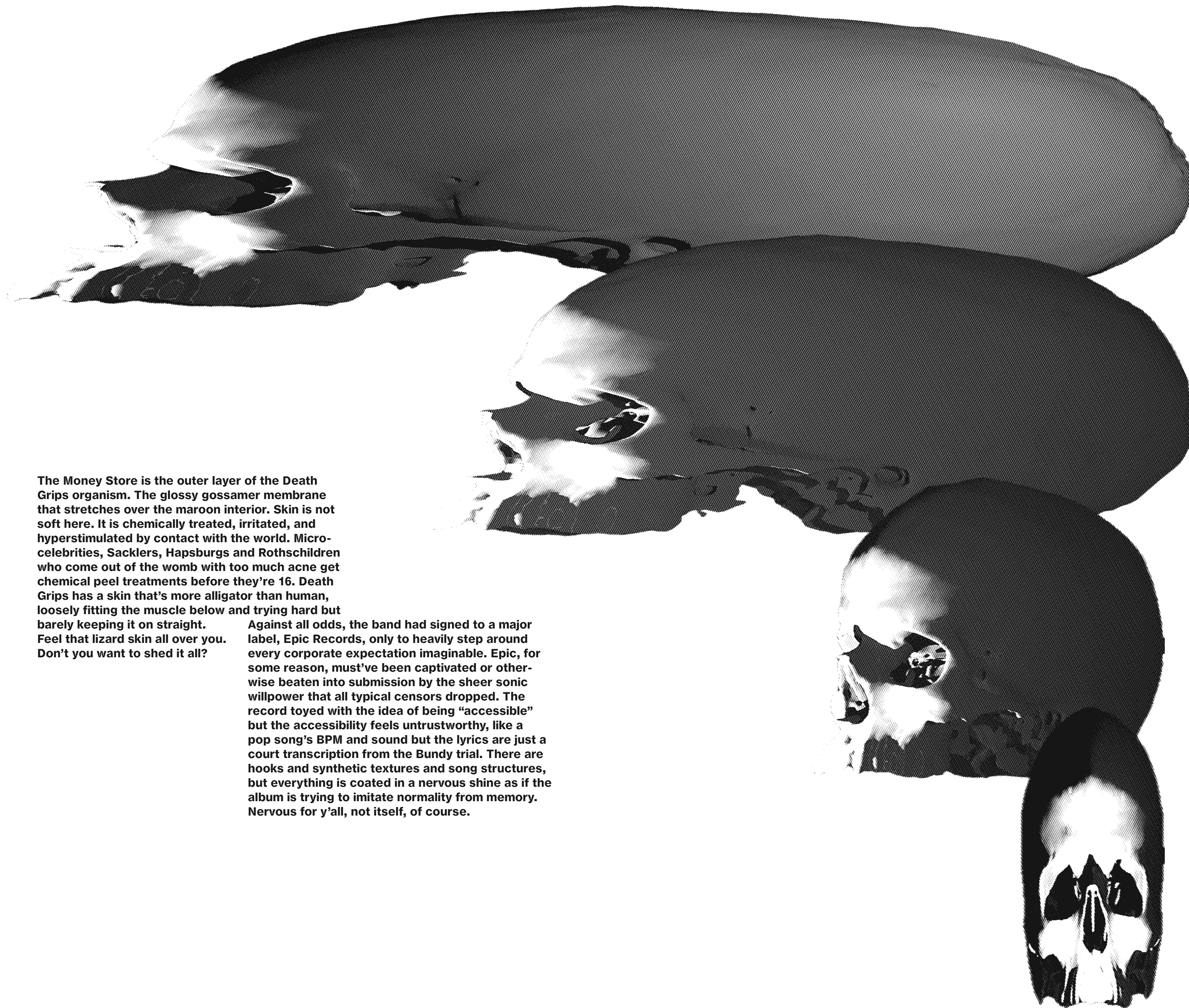
Audiosex.pro download 2012 — 41:23

Title	Length
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01getgot.flac	00:02:51
02TheFever_AYE.flac	00:03:06
03lostboys.flac	00:03:06
04BlackJack.flac	00:02:21
05Hustlebones.flac	00:03:12
06seenfootage.flac	00:03:22
07DoubleHelix.flac	00:02:39
08syst3mBlower.flac	00:03:47
09thecage.flac	00:03:31
10punkweight.flac	00:03:24
11fuckthat.flac	00:02:24
12BITCHPLEASE.flac	00:02:55
13hacker.flac	00:04:35

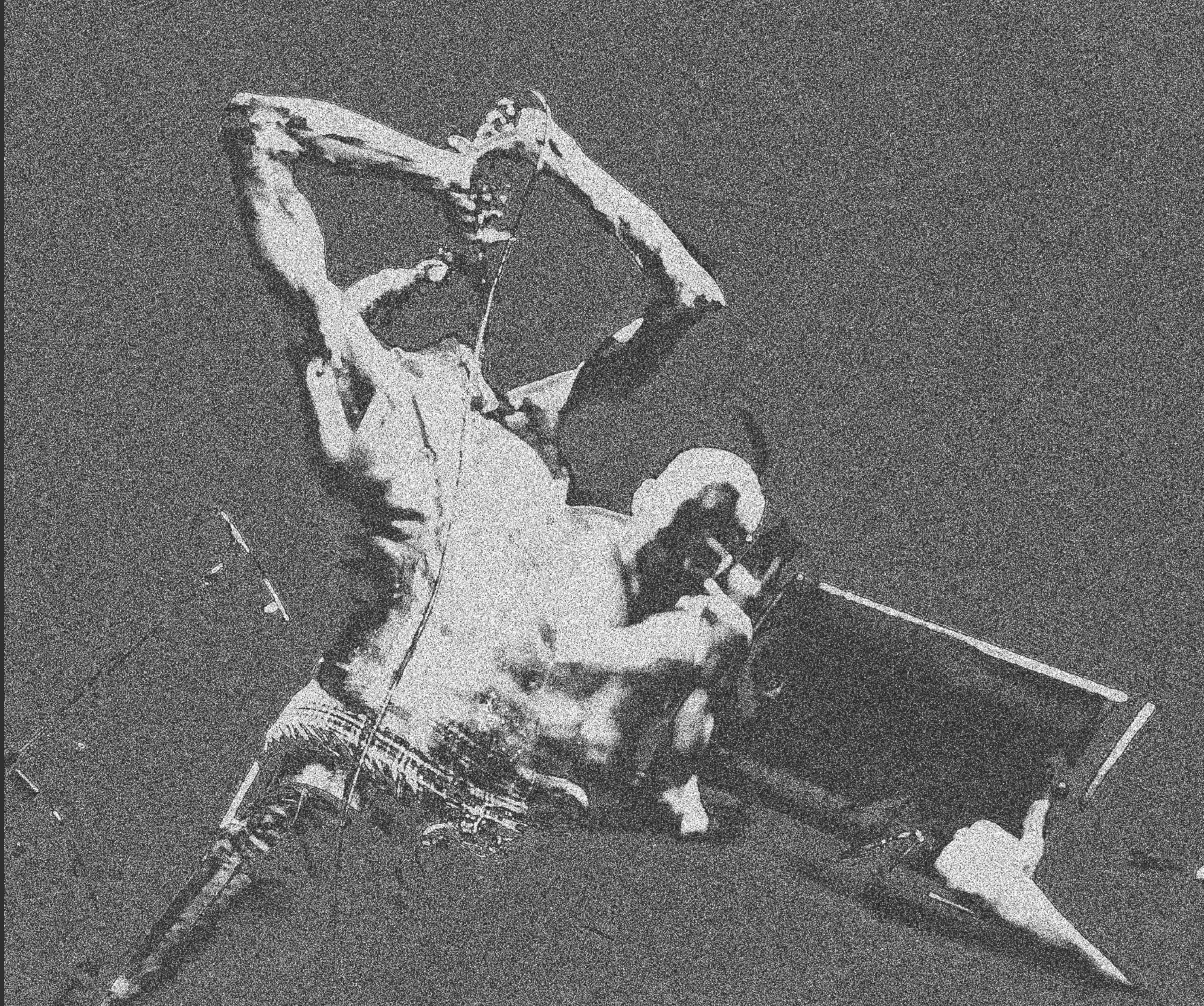


SKIN



The Money Store is the outer layer of the Death Grips organism. The glossy gossamer membrane that stretches over the maroon interior. Skin is not soft here. It is chemically treated, irritated, and hyperstimulated by contact with the world. Micro-celebrities, Sacklers, Hapsburgs and Rothschildren who come out of the womb with too much acne get chemical peel treatments before they're 16. Death Grips has a skin that's more alligator than human, loosely fitting the muscle below and trying hard but barely keeping it on straight. Feel that lizard skin all over you. Don't you want to shed it all?

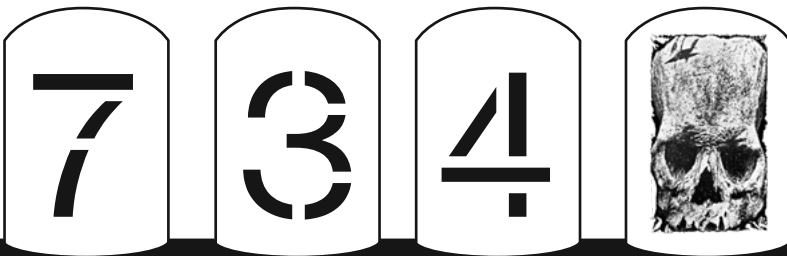
Against all odds, the band had signed to a major label, Epic Records, only to heavily step around every corporate expectation imaginable. Epic, for some reason, must've been captivated or otherwise beaten into submission by the sheer sonic willpower that all typical censors dropped. The record toyed with the idea of being "accessible" but the accessibility feels untrustworthy, like a pop song's BPM and sound but the lyrics are just a court transcription from the Bundy trial. There are hooks and synthetic textures and song structures, but everything is coated in a nervous shine as if the album is trying to imitate normality from memory. Nervous for y'all, not itself, of course.



Death Grips performing in New York City in November 2012

The Money Store is obsessed with the interface between self and environment. Passwords, cash registers, shopping carts, hacked accounts, street cameras, fluorescent lighting. It feels like living inside the world's biggest computer lab after everyone has gone home and the machines begin whispering. There are hooks and synthetic textures and song structures, but everything is coated in a nervous shine as if the album is trying to imitate normality from memory. Nervous for y'all, not itself, of course.

Tracks like Get Got, I've Seen Footage, and Hacker turn dance music into a form of stalking. Not predatory but existential. The panic of being overly visible. The thrill of being untraceable. Skin is a place where meaning dissolves under heat lamps. Every song has the claustrophobia of being scanned and logged. Even the moments of joy feel fluorescent.



Between Death Grips eventually being dropped by Epic Records for releasing their proceedeing album (No Love Deep Web) independently through BitTorrent, to Zach Hill performing drums over Skype at a SXSW music festival, to the very material that builds up the lyrics of Death Grips' songs. The Money Store illustrates and plays with the fear and paranoia in the brand new digital consumer age

No doubt about it,

there is a creeping going on,

interfering with your social norms,

your security is at risk, man!

And if you're against it

then you're just

another

PARANOID
PSYCHOTIC!

The skin is under your skin.



CREEPS UP BEHIND ME

OVER MY

SHOULDER



*What's that? Can't tell
Handheld dream shot in hell
Deep space ghetto streets*

(Show me somethin' I ain't seen before)

*Mystery 'hind that death door
Juke step electrocute the floor
What's the science of flyin' that high?*



TURN AROUND TRY TO

SEE BUT ITS

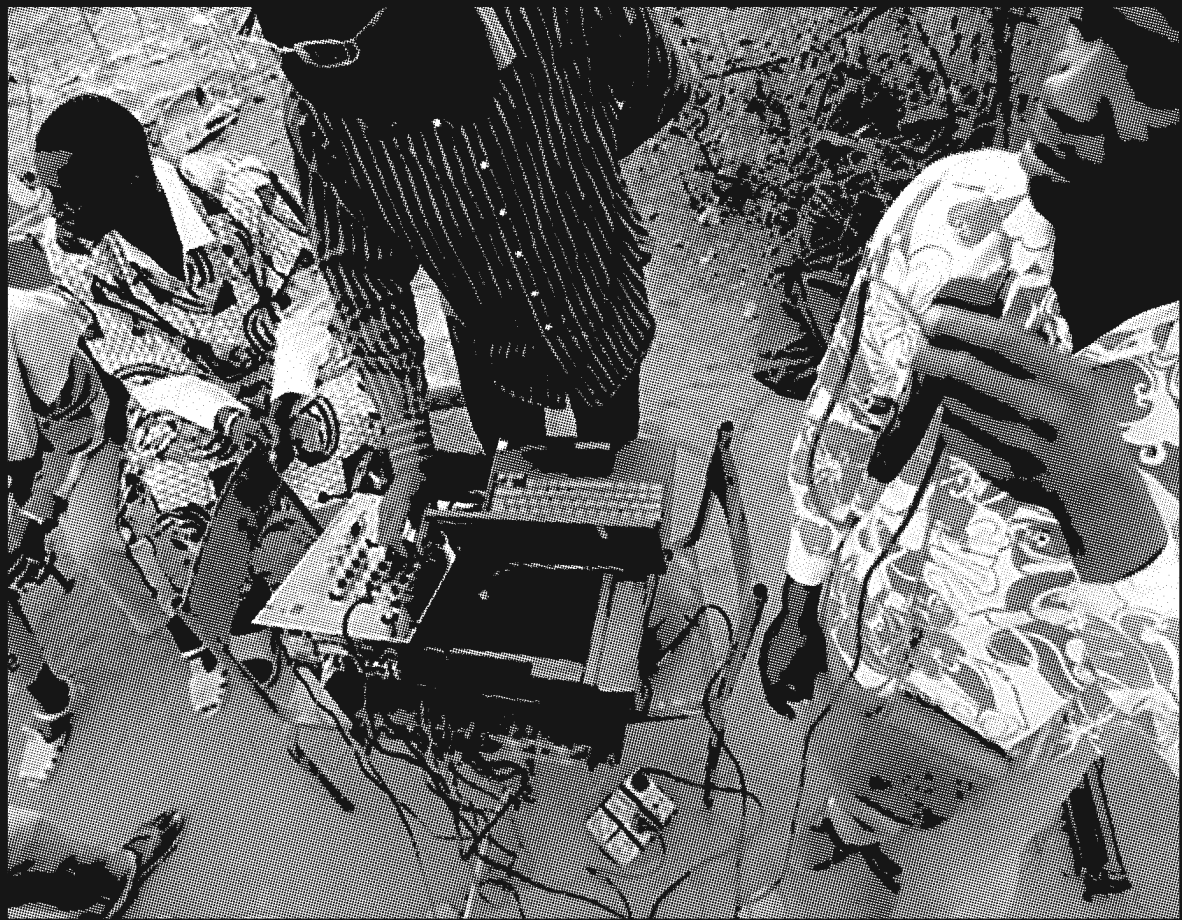
NOWHERE

Music from SAHARAN CELL-PHONES

Compilation Sahel Sounds – Bluetooth p2p 2011 – 43:18

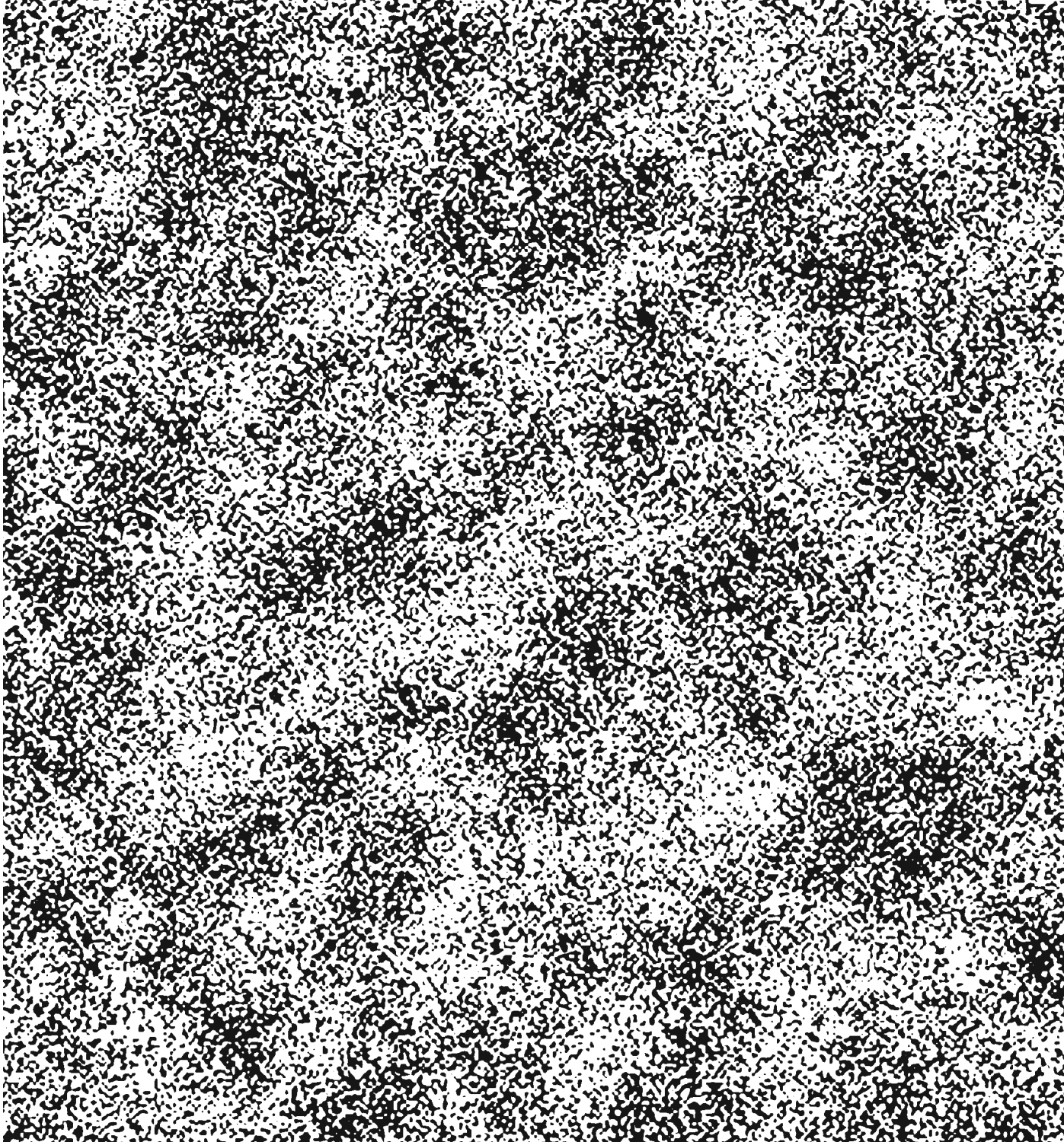
Title	Author	Length
01Tinariwen.mp3	Group Anmataff	00:06:16
02abande.mp3	Yeli Fuzzo	00:03:31
03alghafiat.mp3	Amanar	00:06:37
04Guetna.flac	Negib Ould Nga..	00:01:14
05Yereyira.mp3	Papito feat Ib..	00:04:48
06Tahouline.flac	Mdou Mactar	00:05:37
07moribiyassa.flac	Kaba Blon	00:03:40
08Faroter.flac	Joskar & Flamzy	00:05:27
09Aicha.flac	Bayta Ag Bay	00:06:08

10inch arduino viewscreen



DJ Almera (center) and DJ Negge (R) soundcheck before a Balani Show

The Saharan Cellphones samples thread through the album like little bursts of signal from far beyond the corporate pop machinery. Groups like Yeli Fuzzo, Group Anmataff, and Amanar give the record the spice that no one else had. These fragments act like dust under the skin, or no, more like chili powder in a hangnail.



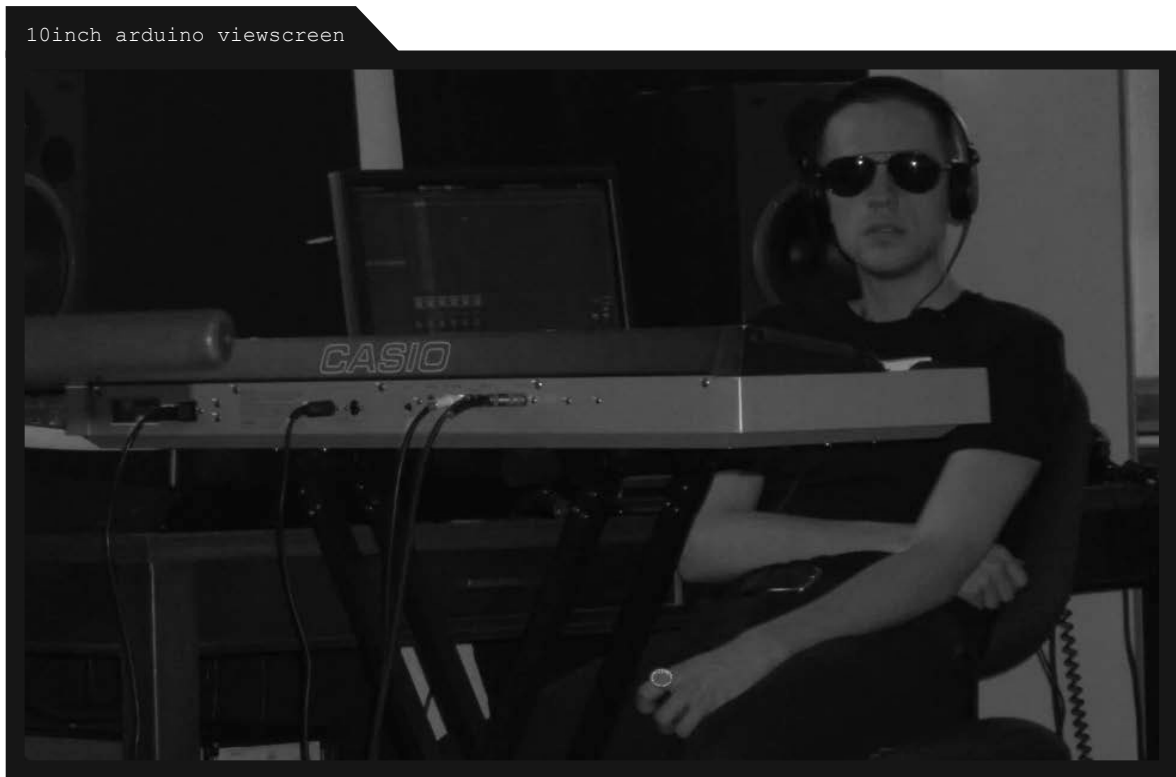
The shrapnel from these cutty ringtones can be most easily heard in harsher tracks like System Blower and Punk Weight. They irritate, they infect, they remind you that the world is bigger and stranger than the sleek consumer skin.

MUSIC FROM SAHARAN CELLPHONES



music from saharan cellphones vol. 2

EXMILITARY



Flatlander producing vocal samples

This album is the very tension of the band. The slick sweat, the feed-back between person and device. The Money Store is the moment you step outside and realize the world is shaped like a touchscreen: it's a record about consumption, control, and the grotesque carnival of modern life.

thirdworlds.net mixtape 2011 — 48:34

Title	Length
01beastworship.mp3	00:05:53
02Guillotine.mp3	00:03:43
03spreadeagleCTB.mp3	00:03:52
04lordofthegame.mp3	00:03:30
05takyondeath.mp3	00:02:48
06cutTHROAT.mp3	00:01:12
07Klink.mp3	00:03:22
08cultureshock.mp3	00:04:21
095D.mp3	00:00:43
10thruthewalls.mp3	00:03:56
11knownforit.mp3	00:04:13
12iwantitinedit.mp3	00:06:11
13bloodCreepin.mp3	00:04:50

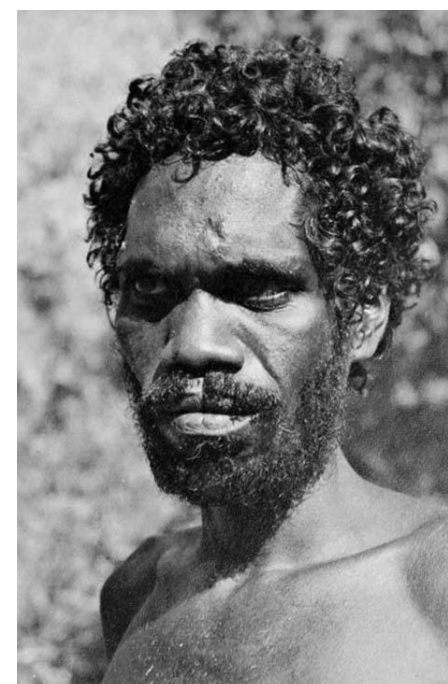
Exmilitary is the red meat of the organism. Not metaphorically but spiritually, physically and also psychically. It operates on pure contraction and violence. It feels warm and humid like the gushy wet inside of a fight.

MUSCLE

The project came out in 2011 but it carries no year

The album cover was completely unknown, depicting a black man with a similar haircut and facial hair to Burnett. People speculated it was his grandfather but 12 years after the album was released the photo was found in a textbook: *People of the Dreamtime* by Douglass & David R. Moore Baglin.

The book details the life and activity of the Australian Aboriginal people, and even featured alternative angles of the bearded man. One photo depicted him holding an elephant gun. The album is ingrained in age, it feels older than rap and also newer than every piece of digital refuse uploaded after it.



The opening sample of Charles Manson becomes a kind of necro-mentor. The interview is dubbed the “I Make The Money, Man” courthouse interview. His voice leaks through the speakers with the authority of a prison ghost. It frames the tape as a ritual rather than a release. Then the first track detonates. It is not a countdown or an intro, it is the moment your vision breaks open, the sun of Australia sears into your eyes and sends you into a deep frenzy, making you very unreachable until the track’s conclusion. “BEEWWWAAAARREEEEEEEEEEE!!!! (God is watching, watching, watching, watching)”

Ride sounds like he is chanting from the bottom of a well that was used for things the city council never admitted to.

Hill is tunneling through rhythms like someone trying to escape confinement with a spoon.

Morin loops samples from Manson, psych rock, soul, and stray radio transmissions until they sound like a mixtape compiled by an abandoned security system.

COURT TRANSCRIPT

He come to me with money in his hand!

He offered me, I didn't ask him,

I wasn't knocking someone's door down,
I was running from that! *When I got out,*
I was in that.
I was already
through that.

I had that, I had the studio, I went to the studio!
I went to Vox Studios.....

I had it all, and I looked at it and said:

"This is a bigger jail than I just got out of"

I don't want to take my time going to work,
I got a motorcycle
and a sleeping bag
and ten or fifteen girls!

What the hell I wanna go off into - and go to work for?
Work for what, money? I got all the money in the world!

I'm the king, man! I run the underworld, guy!
I decide whose does what, and where they do it at!

What am I, gonna run around and act like I'm some
teenybopper somewhere, for somebody else's money?

I make the money, man,
I roll the nickels, the game is mine!
I deal the cards





Exmilitary is full of physical reactions. The body responds before the mind does. Every track has the sensation of a limb jerking in a sleep terror.



Arthur Brown performing Fire in 1968, sampled at the beginning of Beware

This is muscle in its raw form. Contracting without permission. Twitching with paranoia. A song like Guillotine grinds through the listener with sheer brutal force and a crude rhythm; the repetition vocals of “IT GOES, IT GOES, IT GOES, IT GOES” sears deep into the mind with the accompanying static noise.

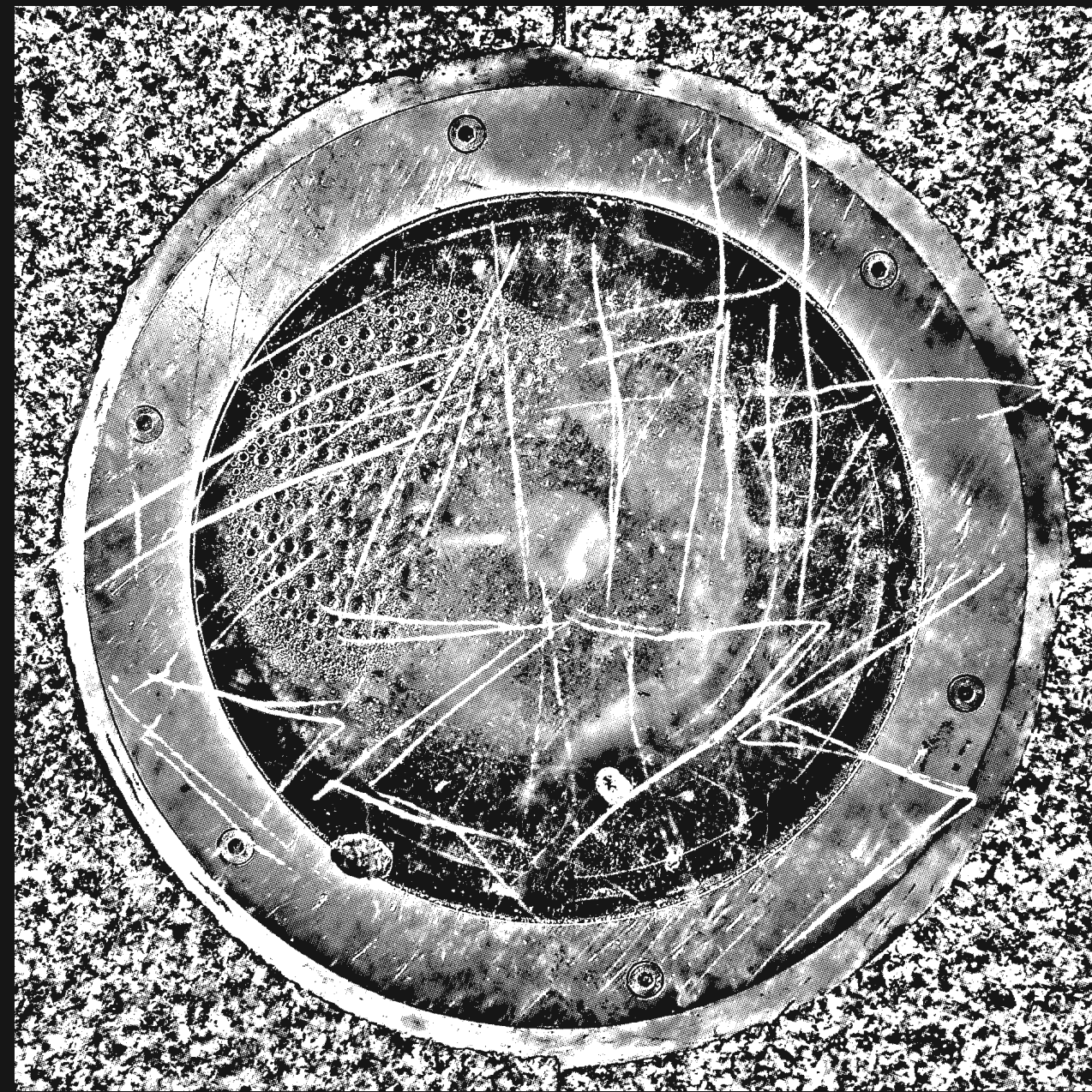
Klink and Spread Eagle Cross the Block map out an internal police scanner of nerves firing in the dark. Exmilitary is not introspective. It lives outside the skull, in the body’s joints and blood pressure and instinct to bolt.

There is also a strange mysticism brewing inside the tape. Not the clean occult symbolic kind. More like the sickly run-off that gathers behind industrial fences. The band is not invoking demons. They are documenting them.

THE POWERS THAT B

The Powers That B is the deepest layer. It is the bone, the very core of the reanimated. It is all that will be left after ten-thousand years of weathering. The album feels cold, structural, ancient, mystic and exhausted. The very bone remembers what the feeble flesh can only forget.

By this point Death Grips had shed their outer forms and left only the framework. It is not a clean white medical skeleton. It is something closer to a shrine, built from sound debris.



Title	Length
01pumpysleeves.flac	00:05:17
02billynotreally.flac	00:03:49
03blackqback.flac	00:02:59
04sayheykid.flac	00:03:27
05sadCUM_BABY.flac	00:03:40
06fuckmeout.flac	00:03:20
07Voila.flac	00:03:29
08bigDipper.flac	00:05:28

NEWS
on the
moon

A black and white photograph of a woman with dark, curly hair, wearing a headset with a microphone. She is looking down at a document or book she is holding. She is wearing a multi-strand pearl necklace and a small earring. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

JENNY DEATH

CD side 2: yt2mp3.ru 2015 — 49:13

Title	Length
01mirrorswithmy.flac	00:02:41
02inanimatesense.flac	d00:06:04
03TurnedOff.flac	00:04:37
04whyabitchgotta.flac	00:04:40
05PssPss.flac	00:04:33
06powersthatb.flac	00:05:32
07beyondalive.flac	00:06:07
08centuriesofdamn.flac	00:05:32
09on_GP.flac	00:06:07
10Deathgrips_2.0.flac	00:03:20



The second disc is a storm that the bones carry. Feedback, guitars, stamped rhythms. Everything is sharper here. This is the skeletal structure of the band holding itself up while the wind tries to take it apart. There are songs on this disc that feel like walking into a tunnel where someone has been storing old feelings.



On GP sits in the center like the liquified marrow it is. It interacts with the nerves in such a way and expands to something greater. On GP is likely the most important Death Grips song, it's the band's entire thesis, the meaning of their hateful and explosive vocals, occult atmosphere, and brutal success through rage. The song alone is the entire nervous system. Although never officially stated, it is basically an accepted fact that On GP refers to "On General Principals".

This means that if it hadn't been for his family, friends and project, Stefan would have ended his life as a matter of standards, it would not be an act stemming from a deep depression, he is simply incompatible with this world and he knows it. It's the band's most depressing, upheaving, brutal, hopeful and triumphant track.



**I LIVE DOWN THE STREET FROM YOU
NOTICED ME; I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU
WONDER WHAT THE FUCK I DO
LISTEN UP, YOU NOSY BITCH,
>>>LISTEN CLOSE<<<
MY MOST RECENT PURCHASE,
OLD BLACK ROPE
GONNA LEARN HOW TO TIE IT,
HANG IT IN MY CHAMBER
PERFECT REMINDER,
OCCULT I'M MADE OF
COME TRY IT OUT
WHENEVER YOU WANNA
LAST NIGHT, 3:30 IN THE MORNING,
DEATH ON MY FRONT PORCH
CAN FEEL HIM ITCHING TO TAKE ME
WITH HIM, HAIL DEATH
FUCK YOU WAITING FOR?**

**DON'T YOU WORRY, IMPOSSIBLE FOR
ANYTHING TO BE A BIG DEAL
I'M IN NO WEARY;
MY VITAL POST DATED
BUT CLEARLY BEEN AGES SINCE
LIFE HAD APPEAL
FAR MORE THAN FASCINATION
MY SECOND NATURE CHANT KILL
'CAUSE I CAN
THIS BODY BY MY OWN HANDS
MY FRIENDS AND FAMILY
WON'T UNDERSTAND
SO I STAY IN THE END;
DON'T MAKE NONE TO ME
IF IT WASN'T FOR THEM,
I'D MAKE THAT DECISION
ON GP
HAD TO DO IT ALL AGAIN,
I'D MAKE THAT DECISION
ON GP**

The lyrics describe suicide not as melodrama but as a logistical possibility, the singer Burnett does not see himself as a human, does not see himself as alive. The conviction is matter-of-fact incompatibility with existence. This is not depression. It is ontology.

But thus he perseveres, destroying all in the wake, the payload of god, the god blocker! As we must all be. The track is devastating as it speaks from the core of the Death Grips body, not the epidermis. Bone does not lie. It carries the truth with no cushioning.



The Powers That B completes the anatomy. It is the skeleton holding up the monster.

Epilogue

There's an undeniable beauty in Death Grips' work. Beyond the shrieking synths and blast beats lies a deeper darker mysticism and philosophy about life, self and love.

There's a love for the humanity it provides for, a prayer to the beast we are, a phoenix born in ash. The band's music captures what it feels like to exist in a world oversaturated with information, noise, and anxiety, which is absolutely the same world we live in.

With the advent of extremities through technology, Death Grips illustrates what's happening beyond the black veil and encapsulates it into a little pill you can take every time you force yourself to listen.



Despite the harsh exterior, the trio is notoriously private and strangely grounded. They vanish for months. They refuse standard promo cycles. They leave behind artifacts instead of explanations. They rarely give interviews, and when they do, their responses border on performance art. Whether through deleting their own website or breaking up via napkin note, Death Grips have cultivated an aura of mystery that somehow makes their humanity (or anti-humanity) more vivid.

There is no conversation with the audience. No emotional arc. No warmth. And yet it is one of the most human experiences available. Like participating in a ritual that predates language but is somehow updated for high-speed 5G fiber internet.

At their core, Death Grips is a band about confrontation of the self, of society, of sonic reduction. They turn the ugly into something transcendent, the painful into something alive. Their music doesn't want you to relax, it wants you to feel something real, especially when it hurts.

Are you compatible with this world?

