

# Street Dreams

Machine Gun Kelly

On a east side night  
Under that street light  
On the corner of don't think twice  
I find my mind where it shouldn't be

Crack Rock in that pad lock  
With a stash spot in my ragtop  
Street dreams down the block from my dads spot  
Bad cops on my payroll  
At a buck a pop like Faygo  
Add 50 Cent for like 3 keys,  
Open up the doors for that Yayo,  
White nights cause I make snow  
Bright lights then I lay low,  
Fight nights I'm like Mike Tyson  
K/o for that peso  
That's the life that we chose  
Talking bout  
Money cars and these clothes  
Fuckin with  
Twenty broads that's exposed  
And we in the  
Strip clubs till they close  
These are the chronicles of a hood muthafucka doin what he gotta do to get p  
aid  
Chronic smoke In every follicle of my shades  
Writing my obituary diggin my grave,  
Cause all they say is jail or death,  
And I figure there ain't nothin left,  
That I ain't did and since I'm knee deep in my shit, don't hold my brea

Oh shit,  
Guess its back to that broke shit,  
Roach clip in my ashtray  
2Pac on my posters  
Dreams of living like Sosa,  
But I'm wakin' up on this sofa,  
Said I'm wakin' up on this sofa,  
I ain't waiting round here no longer,  
Get it how you live it bitch we livin' dirty  
Most of us that's livin now ain't livin' thirty,  
Get it how you live it bitch we livin' dirty  
Cock that .38 put on my mask and it gets blurry  
I don't think you heard me,

What I need a shirt for?  
When you beast shit and you go hard till that tours gone and you back onto t  
hat street shit,  
What I need this shirt for?  
When these tattoos that I bleed with say everything about my story come read  
this,  
What I need a shirt for? Huh?  
What I need a shirt for? Huh?  
What I need a shirt for? Huh?  
What I need this shirt for?  
When I go hard  
So hard, to get everything that I worked for

At the top is no friends dawg,  
At the bottom ain't shit dawg,  
Middle man'n ain't it dawg,  
Plotting drinkin' this Hen dog  
And I said lord my savior,  
Have I not protected my neighbor,  
Have I not neglected these haters,  
Have I not kept you in my prayers,  
So when my life keeps going downhill am I wrong for looking upstairs?  
Am I wrong for feeling you hate me, am I wrong for thinking you'd care?  
Am I wrong for keepin' this weed lit and these smoke clouds In this air?  
But I can't sleep without my mind gone 'cause of shit I witnessed last year,  
That boy that left out was just family,  
I ain't see the shit comin',  
We was supposed to be at these Grammy's  
We was supposed to be stuntin',  
Shit, we was supposed to somethin',  
Fuck that, we was supposed to be brothers,  
Helped you out when you were struggling, I don't owe you nothing muthafucka.

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Kells