

# Therapy

## Machine Gun Kelly

I've known kells since I was like eleven  
Since like sixth grade you know what I mean  
Kells held me down a lot my cousin held me  
Down a lot and that's really it people fall off real quick when  
You're in here

Ay tell'em imma need a minute, damn  
My heads fucked up I be thinkin' jail whenever hear'em  
Say they need a sentence I be in the booth zoned out  
They say they just need a couple lines and

The years on the road got me thinkin' blow  
Even though they just wanted some bars like jail time  
See there I go, somebody this drink from me, I love my bitches oh  
Please god don't let them take none of the paint from me

And since you need a filler for the dead space  
Sorry I had to get my head straight one of the homies back  
Home caught a fed case  
And how I'm suppose to feel when I'm in hollywood trynna get

A couple mil and I just got a call that my dawg got killed  
And maybe it wouldn't have happened if I wouldn't have been  
Out here but and still even back when dub had a job cuttin'  
Steel even back when we was on the block up the hill up

Hundred thirty first there was blood gettin' spilled  
I ain't re-invent the wheel mothafucka  
This is how it is where I live mothafucka  
Semis and blue nose pit mothafucka

Just in case they run up in the crib mothafucka  
Got kids mothafucka  
Fuck you think you knew about me?  
Got a question? I don't even want to talk to you ask them

They the ones that grew up around me  
Kept it 100 percent same crew till the end, kells

It's deeper than that you know what I mean  
In so many years and all the shit we been through  
That's definitely my brother  
I do for him, he do for me  
And it was always like that ay shit changes  
Same mothafucka we grew up with we're still boys  
He never really been for the bullshit he's one hunned

Imma need about an hour  
And a first class ticket wait  
Make that a jet and a champagne shower  
Oh I ain't rich yet

Fuck it I can make a dollar inna dream, work  
I was on the cover of double XL I ain't talkin' 'bout the big T-shirt  
Lace up I'm finna run circles 'round squares in these nike airs  
Finna go hard with my dawgs that were right there

Finna treat songs like a mothafuckin' pal  
And flip an empty house to a mothafuckin crowd  
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout yes sir  
Errbody better pay respect yes sir

I be in the land with a steel tecsture  
I object and a ways that they test first  
Bitch I'm from the east side, east side  
Watch first 48 I owe nobody just know I rep, rep OH, get it?

Fuck it if you don't I'm just ventin' like I use to do like these  
Rappers I will never mention how stupid are you to think I would  
Give you my attention when you nothin' but a peasant and  
I am a fuckin' legend can you feel that?

Once we got our highschool they were teachin' shit  
So we would just go do whatever get some money do whatever  
We was always scared of kickin it though  
Kids would want to battle and shit you know what I mean  
Like he said he wanted to rap so he would push into random  
Battle at school you know what I mean  
I just knew one of us would make it in something you  
Know what I mean and I just felt that