

Wanna Ball

Machine Gun Kelly

Me and my dog represent like what (Rep Rep)
Represent like what (Like what, like what)
Me and my bitch get it in like what
We get it in like what, uh.
Me and my dog represent like what (Rep Rep)
Represent like what (Like what, like what)
Me and my bitch get it in like what
We get it in like what, uh.

And if you never had a penny, don't you wanna ball?
Used to fall asleep with the stomach empty, now don't you wanna ball?
Tattoos like Machiavelli, the shit that make you wanna ball.
And I'm a die when I'm ready, but I'm living so I want it all.

Me and my dogs getting throwed, biotch
My little brother just got out on parole, biotch
My daughter just turned five years old, biotch
And we ain't mopping no more floors, biotch
None of my brothers work nine five
Never scared, living life, we got nine lives
Keep it hood with the Hen, no Mai Tai
Smoking on lala, bumping big papa
I mean look at all the shit we've been through
Seven people in a four door rental
I mean look at what we did with a pencil
Beat the statistic of becoming another stencil
I mean an outline, on that sidewalk
Man I was supposed to be dead and that's real talk
Feel this...

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I wonder what you got for a little mother fucker
A real mother fucker, chill mother fucker
I guess it's God's will
Yet and still I'm in the field with dollar bills
Attract sharks with no gills ready to kill mother fuckers
And I don't want no part of that
The first time I heard "GAT GAT GAT", I almost had a fucking heart attack
Stuttering like "That that that shit was crazy!"
Maybe It's time I use the talents that God gave me."
But I was just local
Didn't have a rap name, I was just hopeful
Paid for my first studio session with quarters
We ain't even have enough money to cut vocals, damn

Traded pop cans for dimes
Some wanna be doctors, I wanted to rhyme
And if following your dream's a crime than I'm a crook
Guess I'll be in the book when they get me in due time

Free all my real mother fuckers
We Living bitch
Fuck the police

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Yeah
Can you believe?
Them boys living the mother fucking dream while they still sleep
High sons of bitches
Alarm clock ain't going off until the work day's halfway over
Fuck it, Light five more
And I heard homeboy done fucked every bitch on the block
That mother fucker crazy
Cleveland