

# 100 Words And Running

Machine Gun Kelly

Comin out the bottom of the muthafuckin totem pole,  
Callin everyone who ain't believe like "I told them hoes"  
Now they on my scrotem though,  
And I've been grindin so long its like I gotta blow,  
Baby mama callin up my phone what the fuck you want?  
Cuz I don't owe nobody shit stop askin,  
Hatas get off of my dick stop gaggin,  
They know I'm schoolin em they tell me stop classin,  
We already know that you the shit stop gassin,  
Ech and my flow is fuckin sick dawg,  
Make a bitch cough like a sick dog,  
Prolly cuz I spit raw, no fuckin with this boy,  
These other rappers more uncool then when the fridge off,  
Damn I think my lids off, more mental then Sig Fraud,  
Mind like a muthafuckin unsolvable jigsaw,  
And people ask my audience what you listen him for,  
Cuz I don't think Lil Waynes comes this hard,  
My god, then what that mean?  
Since I ain't son to nobody then I must be king  
Cocky with it, cuz I know that can't nobody stop me with it,  
wanna try be ready to die, Kamikaze with it,  
Fuck a prince, I know I'm the real shit ya dig,  
Cuz ain't no-muthafuckin-body done the shit I did,  
I'm the man where I'm from but they call me the kid,  
Gimme the crown cuz if not then we takin that bitch,  
Muthafucka,  
100 words and runnin, 100 rappers that I ate still in my stomach,  
And 100 other comin, hustlin for one hundred a hundreds,  
I don't give a fuck what you say gimme my money,  
Not college educated but I can count a shitload,  
Connected like a constellation I can get you shipped more,  
Boy I do numbers with these verses check the info,  
I'm Machine Gun Kelly what the fucks a pistol?  
What the fucks a white flag, what the fucks a price tag,  
What the fuck is beef? Fuck it show where's the mics at,  
I will tear each one of them muthafuckas a nice ass,  
No homo cuz we don't get dickd we ain't like that,  
Nah bitch, shoulda hollad at me before,  
Cuz fuck you pay me is now my stee-lo,  
And that goes for promoters, for the shows, for the verses, for the hoes,  
For labels, what you owe bitch gimme my dough,  
I'm the big baller, shot caller of my age,  
19 year old dwayne wade,  
And the Eastside on my back no matter what they weigh,  
Clevelands number 23 like I ain't know LeBron played,  
So wassup to all my fans who held me down since day 1,  
tellin em Kells the hardest that they come,  
Gave the real what they want, and I did that,  
So come and blow a blunt witchya boy give it here let me split that,  
And I bet they won't forget that, cuz rappers forgot how to be real,  
Forgot how they used to be before the deal,  
But I remember still, that's why I'm not a member of fame,  
Just raw talent who remembers the game, and the name Kells