

Against The World

Machine Gun Kelly

Help, I have done it again
I have been here many times before
Hurt myself again today
And the worst part is there's no one else to blame

Be my friend, hold me
Wrap me up, unfold me
I am small, and needy
Warm me up and breathe me

Uh, its just me against the world
Lost my mistress and my girl
All they wanted was what's in my safe
And all I wanted was just to be great
Contemplate, real or fake, all these people in my face
Wasn't ready for the fame, I flipped my shit and caught a case
Looking at my fans like I can't ball without a base
They understand, ride till' the end
Now bow our heads and let us pray, Amen

And after all these years of crime and malice
I look down and see I'm cold and calloused
And while our sins are to fifthly to bear
We have to wash them down, now grab your chalice
And toast to those who always raised their glasses
When most never chose to go against the masses
So if you ride or die let me see them L's
And I'll take you to a place where we can be ourselves

Look, Hollywood is not my type of party
Nah, look what happened to Chris Farley rest in peace
And then Christopher Wallace, Mo' Money, Mo' Problems
And less people then when you started shit
And you wonder why I don't drink coffee
I don't wanna wake up to these problems of a boss like John Gotti
I'd rather be Che Guevara mixed with a little bit of Marcus Garvey In hopes
of a revolution as results of my anarchy
But I'm hardly ever home so I guess I'll be quick
Everybody wanna have their two cents, take it, Here, I don't owe y'all shit
Smoke a zip, change my clothes and give my five year-old a kiss
Family mad at my success dont they say hate is where home is, Damn
So its just me against the world
Lost my mistress and my girl
All they wanted was what's in my safe
And all I wanted was just to be great, Kells

But greatness is in the eye of the beholder, so it starts with you. Believe
in your own abilities the way you have believed in mine
It's time, put em up

Let's toast to those who always raised their glasses
When most never chose to go against the masses
Now I know you ride or die so let me see them L's
And be proud you are not afraid to be yourself
If they want me come and get me, unload this clip till' it's empty
And I ain't stutter motherfucker
Do what ever I must to protect my brother

Respect no other, put no man above each other
This is what you live out when you trying to make it out the gutter
This is how you show that precious little baby girl you love her
This is how you step up as a man and get that bread and butter
But get by, all we do is get by
Irony how we're lower class but always seem to get high
And the chronic seller is the man because he got the supply
Get it? Demand and supply, make that spinach, get that Popeye
Sleep with one eye open, door closed
Bitch next to me, no clothes
Make songs feel like photos, I am hip-hop's Andy Warhol
Yeah, so if they want me come and get me, and I'll unload this clip till' it
's empty