

# 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  
Ironic 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