

# Death in My Pocket

Machine Gun Kelly

I got death in my pocket and nothing but time  
All these bones in the closet, in the back of my mind  
I just leave 'em there, I don't even care, no  
Holding up the flare, I could use a prayer, oh  
I got death in my pocket, but I feel so alive

Don't know, why but it feels like my world is crashing down  
I just bought a brand  
Fuck, how much darkness does it take to get this flashy?

Don't know why, but it feels like my world is crashing down  
I just bought a brand new car, I want to crash it now  
How much darkness did it take to get this flashy now?  
I lose a piece of my soul when the camera flashes  
So I'm asking every fan who's questioning my passion  
Thinking I'm caught up in fashion or that I forgot my past  
I understand that I'm just a dropout, I don't have the answer  
I became a dad so young, I ain't know how to use them Pampers  
Baby mama's food stamps kept my stomach full  
I had to make a plan 'cause now my family needed me to make a wrap  
And me & Slim back at that address  
Hundred twenty eight, we trapping  
Writing lyrics down on napkins  
Room so small, we share a mattress  
Look what happened

I got death in my pocket and nothing but time  
All these bones in the closet, in the back of my mind  
I just leave 'em there, I don't even care, no  
Holding up the flare, I could use a prayer, oh  
I got death in my pocket, but I feel so alive

Don't know how I get so high, but I'm not passing out  
I guess the drugs are in my blood, hope I don't pass it down  
Hope I'm allowed to see my baby get a cap and gown  
'Cause doctors told my daddy won't be here a year from now  
Yeah, my first reaction is to punch in the wall until it's cracking  
Both my knuckles shattered, don't ask what the fuck's the matter  
I've been battling the fact I lost my closest to cancer  
The only thing she asked was for me and him to get closer  
But I hung up too fast, went to sleep in and then she passed  
You've been silent seven years, it took that to get us back  
We all needed second chances, I've been bottling the sadness  
I guess I'm just happy that we finally got to bury shit before the casket

I got death in my pocket and nothing but time  
All these bones in the closet, in the back of my mind  
I just leave 'em there, I don't even care, no  
Holding up the flare, I could use a prayer, oh  
I got death in my pocket, but I feel so alive

I think I'm ready to die tonight  
It's fucked up 'cause I ain't lived half my life  
I saw the devil and passed him like  
"You tryna fuck up my afterlife"  
But I don't even care, you can keep me there, yeah  
Holding up a flare, I needed a prayer, yeah

I got death in my pocket  
But I feel so alive