

# Golden God

## Machine Gun Kelly

Ay, red lights on in the boulevard  
That means business  
Throw up in this bitch, I might  
Corny bitches make me sick  
I might throw up in this bitch, throw up in this bitch  
Gunna

Made man like Joe Pesci  
I need Deniro or I'll Rob her  
I had to skate Wayne Gretzky  
Called an Uber helicopter  
Bought a pound from a rasta  
Bought the yayo from Miguel, though  
Award shows need an Oscar  
They need my merchandise on Melrose  
David Bowie of my generation  
Kill them all we violent with no hesitation  
Came from public education  
Ramen noodles with the bacon  
I was working at Chipotle, I was finna have a baby  
Went from stealing out of Walmart to president of operations  
Dub was working at the steel shop  
Slim was working off of 1st block  
We still roll together every day  
Except we might be on a private plane  
Why would you ever come from nothing  
And not do whatever the fuck you wanted?  
They be asking why I'm such a legend  
I took so much acid, I be forgetting

I'm a golden god, I'm a golden god  
I'm on the roof of the party  
Still almost famous, still all the way dangerous

Still dirty Chuck Taylors, still hanging with gangstas  
The type to put the red beam on you, I ain't talk about a laser  
We the golden squad, we the golden squad  
Double X, we the hardest  
Need double mercy Should've never got it started  
Motherfucker, I'm retarded  
Do you know how I'm regarded?  
King of underground, King of Cleveland town  
King of marijuana gardens  
I can't stop myself from coughing  
Four thousand dollar bong rip  
Custom made for the new house  
Can't believe I never had shit  
2012 was a good year, 2017 too lit  
20/20 vision, see the future  
Looks like the crown do fit  
I am king of this new shit, 7 rings and a pool stick  
8 ball, let sway roll, rockstars don't say no  
This beat so flame, though, I forgot to say my name, though  
Bitch, I'm G-U-double N-A, Gunna  
Never like my mother, fighter, not a lover  
Man, I'm wildin' every summer  
I ain't like my daddy, he religious

I'm with bitches burning rubber  
I'm a desperado, whiskey bottles, .38 bang, bang, bang  
Models be on the same thang, thang  
EST, that's the gang, gang, gang

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Bitch, I thought it was a drought  
Bitch, I thought you had the clout

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Still all the way dangerous