

# Let the Beat Build

Machine Gun Kelly

Kells

Okay

100 words and Running

Whaddup!

Straight out the fridge with it

Cool as polar bear paw prints in it

Bitch I'm the kid like "what you talking about Willis?"

Fresh as new room service pillows with the mints in it

Yeah! I guess the dollars make cents in it

Pun intended, mouth nasty, need rinse in it, Euk!

And that's not no incense

When they whisper that my walk got a funky little stench in it (Damn)

Bitch I'm the shit, couldn't miss the smell

Turn around, give a wave, "Hi, I'm Mr. Kells"

Never flush the toilet, open your nose please

Haters from high school at my shows in the nose bleeds

"Hi, what's up with you fools?"

I dropped out and now I am the new school

Of this rap shit

Million dollar man with a thousand dollar budget

Still my hand on my nuts like fuck it!

Kells

100 Words and Running, hoped you tied your laces tight

Me, I'm in my Chuck-T's with a blunt up, please we blazing right

Cause I couldn't imagine any other way to bring the year in, now light that shit up!

And I couldn't even fathom any other way to bring a beat in that I like so get up!

Fuck these hoes! Fuck these hoes! One more time like "FUCK THESE HOES!"

I'm rolling off these pebbles and I'm stoned like these country roads

Me, I'm a city boy, it's going down no Nitty boy

And if its about money, shout my hitter I'll come get it boy

No twitter boy, but I'll get at these rappers names and shit

Fuck all they fame, they bitch just grabbed my Wii, no games and shit

And now he mad, he angry shit

I tell that fool to "Pay me, bitch!"

But he don't understand cause he don't speak my lan-gu-age

So uh! On to the next one, we up

A pussy's just a hole, and I'm in the country club

Got seventeen mo', and I hole-in-one them all

Stroke the first time, no birdies, eagles or pars

No major deal, we major still, fuck you thought it was?

Don't need no major to tell me that I got a major buzz

I'm major money, tell these fools "Kiss my major nuts"

They tell me watch my mouth, but I don't give a major FUCK!

I'm major pain and ain't talking bout no Damon Wayans

Look up in the sky! It's a bird

Nah, that's just me high off that Mary Jane

Yeah bitch, I said "Mary Jane"

And if I could, I would marry Jane

They be saying "That white boy can spit!"

I'm like can't he mane...?

Shit and fresh, call me "Mannie", mane

Under the mistletoe, let her kiss my candy cane

I'm Danny Zuko with it, but I don't want no Sandy mane

I want them greased the first night like a caddy mane

Fuck what they, fuck what they sayin', I'm on some dumb shit  
Wanna menage-a-trois, bring your friends, fuck that one bitch  
And rappers saying they don't feel Machine Gun's shit  
Well I don't feel your music on some numb shit, Bitch!  
Yeah! They kiss my ass while I let the beat build  
I'm flying G4 looking down, you on your feet still  
Shit, where they do that at my dude?  
So many haters like goddamn am I rude?  
You value menu motherfuckers!  
Couldn't afford the cheese on a burger  
So don't call my manager asking for verses  
Cause your payment for a line of me cursing  
Is enough for me to buy a car and throw some D's on it  
Like I tossed Pamela Anderson shirt up (Oh My God!)  
Don't know what I gotta do to get through  
So I slow it down and rap the rest in a screw (Will that do it?)  
Yeah!  
Feeling draped out and dripped up  
So many bitches I need a pimp cup  
Sticky's getting lit up  
Skirts need to lift up  
Haters not allowed and if they come they getting bit up  
Someone put the fence up while we get the trees lit  
Blow all of this grass til it's only concrete shit  
Do not let your feet slip, all black Chucks on my feet  
Dip me down  
Tie my laces and now its back to the beat bitch!  
Said it's back to the beat bitch  
Say it's back to the beat bitch!  
Yeah! We take it back to the beat bitch!  
That's how you let the beat build bitch!  
100 Words and Running