

# Loco

## Machine Gun Kelly

Hated the most, so I keep my haters close  
Let em know I want the smoke, so much bread I gotta boast  
This burner turn you into toast  
I'm so G I don't keep that pistol on me  
Ay I'll beat yo ass you try to press that issue on me  
Ay I keep a stash under all these zippers on me  
I got bitches blowin like I got a whistle on me

Ay can't stop getting paper  
Ay can't stop rollin papers  
Ay LSD and coca  
Ay live la vida loca  
Aye she gone feed me grapes  
Ay we don't go on dates  
Ay got a man at home but she love the way I taste

Tatted on my choker  
Shoppin sprees at Dover  
I ain't stopping shit till I'm 70 years older  
Slap me if I'm sober  
Yea yea yea come over  
Fucked two girls that looked like Tina Fey and Amy Poehler  
Back shot back shot back shot back shot right behind the backdrop  
Can't stop can't stop can't stop can't stop turnin up like mascots  
Matlock Matlock Matlock Matlock want me in them padlocks  
I hope you got a plan, catch me if you can hoe  
Yea hoe, can't get jammed hoe, I'll be damned hoe  
Yea hoe, I'm the man hoe, from the Land hoe  
Yea hoe, out them bandos, to these bands hoe  
Sandals for my fam though - 3, 2, 1, takeoff  
Jets round the world with them  
And you know we gotta fly with the herb with them  
In the town I'm a chief like turbo and them  
Shouts for the flow G Herbo and them  
I just got the cell phone workin again  
I just got the styrofoam purple again  
Never make threats non-verbal again  
You already know how I'm lurkin again  
Gunna

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