

## Midwest Side

Machine Gun Kelly

Coming at the Midwest Side!

Come join the movement, man!

Welcome!

To a little city in the middle like malcolm,

Walk anywhere I want it's chaos,

And if they got a problem with me god help them,

I go hard!

See me in a regular ship

In the crib, fuckin around with a regular bitch,

Never Hollywood I still with my regular click,

King of my city, still on some regular shit!

I'm in this man, live this man,

Ask my town they witnessed man,

All my haters in this town,

See my ass, they kissed it now!

Fuck these hoes!

Fuck these hoes!

One more time like, fuck these hoes!

Tatted it on my arm now everybody knows

Bitch I'm from the double O,

Where no other kid on the block runnin like me,

Don't nobody shoot movies about us,

Cause everything about us is pretend,

So if you can stand it, you can get the fuck off to the kitchen!

Another young soul gon' missing,

When you step into the

Midwest Side! You know how we ride,

You know how we ride, comin out the Midwest Side!

Midwest Side! Midwest Side! Midwest Side!

Midwest Side! You know how we are,

Bitch I'm from the, bitch I'm from the,

I tell these haters, I tell um,

I tell um, I tell um, I tell um!

Check my sleeves, boy

Sleeves, boy

This is how I live, boy

I don't want no one, twos or threes, boy

Call me keino reeves, boy

Eastside what I breath, boy

You ain't with it, please, boy

Get, get up off your knees, boy!

Release my N U T's, boy

I fuck with them leaves, boy

Yellow, purple, green, boy,

Interstate 75, bring me what I need, boy

Smoke up all the trees, boy

I'm a C.O.E, boy,

Shot down to the D, boy!

Shut out to the D boys!

Wisconsin what's happenin

Drove right over to Minneapolis, said whatsup to Indiana,

Fuck my bitch down there in Kansas

Midwest side, I swear to god I'll die for this and that's my word

Rollin out 271 flipping the bird!

E.S.T, bitch!

Midwest Side! Midwest Side! Midwest Side!  
Midwest Side! You know how we ride,  
Bitch I'm from the, bitch I'm from the,  
I tell these neighbors, I tell her,  
I tell her, I tell her, I tell her!  
You know how we ride!

They tried sleepin on the front coast  
And these 808 woke them the fuck.  
Lace up till you face up  
E. S. T for the death, you win, bitch!  
And I ain't the new Midwest Congressman!  
Chaos!