

# On Everything

Machine Gun Kelly

What's really good?  
Niggas tell me that I made it when I hit the hood  
Old girl gave it up like I knew she would  
When you saw me, you ain't swing like I knew you would

On that fake shit, that's a Whoopie Cushion  
Old from the start type and he ain't gettin whoopings  
I could tell, crabs in the bucket if I fall I'll break shells  
They hating on Jesus, I ain't tripping, oh well

I'm just tryna live, word to bond  
Swipe it like a visa, catch me if you cheetah  
Franklin's new Aretha  
I am great, nice to meet ya

On my toes like a ballerina  
After this shit drop, I won't be making pieces  
I ain't never lie, killin everything moving, Mr. Homicide  
Mr. Dinner Date, Mr. My Guy

I been doing this but right now I'm at an all time high  
I heard you talkin shit but I'ma let it slide  
And maybe your chick too, I shine like a gold tooth  
Cause niggas is so poop

Fetch me a trash can, I'm suttin like Shaftman  
Yeah, body body like P in 97 man  
Ya'll niggas out here lookin like Terry  
Ya'll niggas out here lookin like

Made peace with the past, hello future  
Can't look back, no time for that  
Waiting on a miracle, you can't do that  
You gotta go and get it like a pick up order, ay

I woke up out in California, my Cali chick like good morning  
Food cooked, weed rolled for me  
I just laugh cause I think it's funny  
Everybody love you when they think that you getting money

Ay I can't wait to ball, like a bad ass kid, tear up the mall  
And she got some on, tell her pull down them drawers  
Hit it on the first night, I never call  
Married to the game, rockin chains instead of wedding ring

If he in the way stretch him out like a limousine  
These niggas frontin they don't want the cake like Anna Mae  
I am here to stay, I put that on everything

I put that on everything, I put that on everything  
I put that on everything, I'm here to stay  
I put that on everything. (Bitch)  
I put that on everything, I put that on everything  
I put that on everything. Bitch we here to stay  
I put that on everything

Me and the crew sippin brews, steady skipping school

Never trusted no one so we tuck a 22  
Call a couple bitches, fuck em till they mouths drool  
That's how a young muhfucka from the land do

I mean a young muhfucka from the land too  
Trill, too real, too ill  
Excuse me if I do not do it for the camera  
Bitch I grew up in the jungle, I'm fuckin bananas

My gorillas wit me and m dealer wit me  
Wit 50 pounds of the sticky icky  
Straight from the ??? boys in the Windy City  
Pity, pity these mothafuckas smokin bunk

I light a j and kill a verse, put that shit in the trunk  
Back in shaker used to kill em on the table a ton  
Bet a couple dollars you could lose the shit if you want  
Fuck a rest, still chase change

Always make the mothafucka money  
Never let the money make me, bitch  
Young gunner, salute when you see me  
I live what I'm rapping for real, you just do it for TV, believe me

My hands bulimic, throwin up L's  
Those fans deleted wack rappers and listen to Kells  
Used to walk up to the dairy market, get me a shell  
Cop a gram from the 5 for my homies in bail

Still 357 under the front of my belt  
Now my album is selling off the fuckin front of the shelves  
This a evolution, a real mothafucka made it, what a revolution  
Still muhfuckas hate it, but they couldn't do it

Let me educate the students  
You couldn't measure my ground with 80 million rulers  
I do this  
Shhhh, you could try me if you want and be foolish

But I'm the champion, that means that everyone else loses  
You put that money on me, guaranteed you'll recoup it  
Bitch I am legend, name a rapper that I haven't influenced  
Kells!

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