

Skate Cans

Machine Gun Kelly

Original Chuck's on,
Laced Up like I'm takin em on a run.
They beggin me not to kill it, I tell em I'm havin fun.
They askin me how I do it, I tell em get on the real.
Meanin get on the grind, I'm ready now what's the deal?
My size 11's skate on the surface like hover craft.
A super hero, you think that I was a Thunder Cat.
I run with villains, my village callin me Son of Sam.
Because when I come around they st-s-s-stu tterin.
My body tatted, they say I look like graffiti.
That's why I be on the road when these regulars try to read me.
The way that people be starin, you'd think that I was a TV.
And when it comes to the haters, I cannot see em like Stevie.
But I be seein repeats of dead rappers like sixth sense.
My competition ain't worth nothin, like six cents.
MISFIT, I swear I'm sick shit.
You'd think I was Ryan Sheckler by the way I make the kicks flip.
Too cool, handshakes and dap's.
Servin all of these fools like pancakes in stacks.
Whoever thought that I wouldn't be damaging the tracks.
Was pullin they own legs, like hamstrings and calves.

I am the only great white.
Body look like a canvas, skin is covered with tats.
Chuck's are always the Classics, look like I'm in the past.
Turn the noise up, 100 Words and Runnin, turn the noise up.
What I tell these people? Turn the noise up.
Transformers tatted on my arm like the toys, YUP!
I am the only great white.
Any time's my time, every day's grind time.
No chain needed, I am just a star.
Turn the noise up, 100 Words and Runnin, turn the noise up.
What I tell these people? Turn the noise up.
Best rapper alive who? Kells.

I'm so beyond my time, the Michelangelo or the second millennium.
I roll it up and get higher than condominiums.
My raps' braille the way the people be feelin em.
Midwest all the way to the other side of the Meridian.
Bet that, EST is in the spot now.
We be the crew all of these fools try to jock now.
Them type of dudes that'll make your mouth drop down.
Faces'll get twisted like they guzzlin Ciroc down.
We just, city slickers in search of them bigger figures.
This is more than a game, my business isn't to scrimmage.
And I be with the sickest cause I'm tryna be the illest.
With them Die Hard fans like Bruce Willis.
POW! POW! I'm in the cut like alcohol in the wound.
But I'm, trippin like I popped Adderall on the moon.
Focused, on killin tracks like I'm rappin em from the tomb.
R.I.P to this instrumental, lighters up for the tunes.
Every mornin I wake up and put my fitted on.
Which means that every day I wake and put my city on.
Cleveland, we ready just turn the MIDI on.
Kid Kells, feelin like a million, gone!

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