

The Start

Machine Gun Kelly

They be sayin' "best rapper alive", who?
Kells, who you wanna know?
I chop them motherfuckers down, they fallin' like Geronimo
Haters wanna holler though, hoes need to stop it
I will hit a bitch and pass her 'round the room like a Bop It
Back to the topic, uhh I think forgot it
Fuck it, I love talking 'bout my dick and how these riders jock it
Fuck him, fuck him, she's cool, fuck you
And if someone got a hater I'mma show 'em what to do
Make sure you puttin four fingers down, keep one up
Say if you ain't talkin bout no money please shut up
Me, I'm on the come up, I don't know what you bout
One million, two million, let me know how you count
Yeah, nominated youngin' of the year
I "red rover, red rover bring the money over here"
Steer, make sure I remain in my lane
But that's symbolic cause I'm really on a plane
And I red rover, that's ironic because I don't play no games
I don't pass the rock like Jay, I ain't fuckin' with you dames
Only like what gets me paid, I ain't fuckin with you lames
Already pale, where's the raise? I ain't fuckin with the shame
I want the limelight, and the lime slice in my drink
Chain and whip without the slave, and the bitch that stays paid
At the bar buying shots, cherry bombs and grenades
Cause I go hard, you can carve it on my grave
Now wassup man I crave, travel side, first block, where you stay?
All my people back at Shaker and my partners down the way
Uptown to the Heights, St Clair to E.C
An anywhere on the eastside you're liable to see me
Boy I'm about to make a milli, but this not the C3
This 100 Words and Running, I am not Lil Weezy
I am daddy to these hoes, fuck a lil pee pee
So if it's you, or me, your girl make a choice, easy
Uh, I'm spittin like I got my braces in, so much saliva my lower lip
that I can't take it in
So I gotta hawk it up, spit it on the microphone
Family say I need rehab cause I can't leave the mic alone
And for that I'm guilty, but until they kill me
I'll be nasty in the sense that on this record I'll be filthy
Not literally, I'm bacteria free, the flow is ill so
Vaccinations given couldn't kill my skill
"Chill, chill" how you gon tell me to chill doe?
When I'm hot and being slept on like a pillow
Better wake yo ass up when I'm on these instrumentals
I'm the reason half of these rappers wives turn into widows
The type of shit I been on, no toilet to sit on
Need my quarterback even though I'm sittin in the endzone
Filling all my rillos with the leaves off a willow
And that's how I get down - straight up like a dildo, gone