

## 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