## Wild Boy

Yeah bitch, yeah bitch, call me Steve-o, I'm a wild boy, fuck an eighth I need o's Yeah bitch, yeah bitch, call me Steve-o, Yeah bitch, yeah bitch, call me Steve-o, I'm a wild boy, I'ma I'ma wild boy I'm a wild boy, fuck an eighth I need o's Yeah bitch, yeah bitch, call me Steve-o, Yeah bitch, yeah bitch, call me Steve-o, I'm a wild boy, I'ma I'ma wild boy I'm a wild boy, fuck an eighth I need o's

I'm an East side Cleveland wild boy (East side Cleveland wild boy) We got baseball bats like the Indians and my team pop off like cowboys You're a white flag, throw that towel boy I'm a jump right in that crowd boy You're a Shhh! keep it down boy And I'm a fuck you blow that loud boy All I know is how to kill every one of my selves All they know is they can kill anybody but Kells I am untouchable, you would think I was in jail But I'm in Mexico getting marijuana from Miguel Bring it back into the states, put it on a scale Measure out a half a eighth, put it in a shell Split it then I roll it and light it up like it's Independence Day I got a bottle rocket, put it in the air Snap back with my city on it Text back with your titties on it Levis, put your kitty on it Start grinding like the Clipse is on it Drink until I get pissy biotch Smoke until I get dizzy biotch Lose control like Missy But I'm a bad boy cause I'm with Diddy bitch Uh uh There he go that's John Doe Uh uh There he go that's John Doe Uh yeah There he go that's John Doe Nevermind that's just Kells with that heat, (no) no LeBron though

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Uh oh here come that bullshit Beat a nigga ass til the DJ stop the music They say they want that wild shit, mosh pit, pop off in the crowd bitch I'm so mother fucking violent Yeah bitch yeah bitch I'm with Steve-o We bustin bottles with bad bitches, blowin weed smoke Yeah bitch yeah bitch I'm with Steve-o Royal rumble in the club John Ceno I'm screamin Riverdale everywhere I go I throw them bands hoe, (hey shawty) drop it low Fuck 5-0, I make my own rules Suck my dragon balls bitch call me Goku Yeah! This liquor got the best of me Yeah! This liquor got the best of me Machine Gun Kelly, Flocka that's the recipe You gon' need King Kong if you step to me

Yeah Cobain's back Yeah Cobain's back Got these crazy white boys yellin' Cobain's back I call my weed Nirvana Smells like teen spirit And my pack's so fuckin' loud you can't hear it (what?) Ah!

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