

# Wild Boy

MGK

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