

Machine Gun Kelly, D&G (feat. Sean McGee)

Tryna figure out my dreams
Cause I don't really feel like dreaming anymore
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I can't even lie I want the diamonds and gold
Diamonds and gold

Uh, stories of a Prima donna
But when your broke that dream is common
Where I'm from we don't see designer
Where I'm from we just see dishonor
Where I'm from I don't see my momma
That bitch left me like Halley's Comet
Can't look in my daddy's face
The street's came in and took his place
Sometimes I don't wanna wake up
Can't see past my bitches make-up
I heard that boy done sold his soul
For the price of them diamonds and gold

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It's hard to dream when you ain't sleepin right
My fuckin nostrils look like poltergeists
I miss going to rock at open mic's hoping that I got noticed by labels and blow up over night
Never happened but passion led me like Holy Christ
Good intentions just Breaking Bad like I'm Walter White
I owe my life to my own advice
"Follow your muthafuckin dreams until those visions come to life"
Till those diamonds glisten in the light
Remember they wouldn't listen to us right?
But I never had to sell my soul
To earn my right to these diamonds and gold

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