

Machine Gun Kelly, Death In My Pocket

I got death in my pocket and nothing but time
All these bones in the closet, in the back of my mind
I just leave 'em there, I don't even care, no
Holding up a flare, I could use a prayer, oh
I got death in my pocket, but I feel so alive

Don't know why, but it feels like my world is crashing down
I just bought a brand
Fuck, how much darkness does it take to get this flashy?

Don't know why, but it feels like my world is crashing down
I just bought a brand new car, I wanna crash it now
How much darkness did it take to get this flashy now?
I lose a piece of my soul when the camera flashes
So I'm just asking every fan who's questioning my passion
Thinking I'm caught up in fashion or that I forgot my past
To understand that I'm just a dropout, I don't have the answers
I became a dad so young, I ain't know how to use them Pampers
Baby mama's food stamps kept my stomach full
I had to make a plan 'cause now my family needed me to make it rapping
Me and Slim back at that address, 128th, we trapping
Writing lyrics down on napkins
Room so small, we shared a mattress
Look what happened

I got death in my pocket and nothing but time
All these bones in the closet, in the back of my mind
(I just leave 'em there, I don't even care, no)
(Holding up a flare, I could use a prayer, oh)
I got death in my pocket, but I feel so alive

Don't know how I get so high, but I'm not passing out
I guess the drugs are in my blood, hope I don't pass it down
Hope I'm alive to see my baby get her cap and gown
'Cause doctors told my dad he won't be here a year from now
Yeah, my first reaction was to punching the wall until it's cracking
Both my knuckles shattered, don't ask what the fuck's the matter
I've been battling the fact I lost my closest to cancer
The only thing she asked was for me and him to get closer
But I hung up too fast, went to sleep in and then she passed
You've been silent seven years, it took that to get us back
We all needed second chances, I've been bottling the sadness
I guess I'm just happy that we finally got to bury shit before the casket

I got death in my pocket and nothing but time
All these bones in the closet, in the back of my mind
(I just leave 'em there, I don't even care, no)
(Holding up a flare, I could use a prayer, oh)
I got death in my pocket, but I feel so alive

I think I'm ready to die tonight
It's fucked up 'cause I ain't lived half my life
I saw the devil and passed him like
"You tryna fuck up my afterlife"
But I don't even care, you can keep me there, yeah
Holding up a flare, I needed a prayer, yeah
I got death in my pocket
But I feel so alive