

Machine Gun Kelly, Doja Freestyle - feat. Cordae

Alright, we're live in the homie's backyard right now
Today, me and Cordae steppin' in the cypher
What's Gucci?

How can I be homosapian? I'm high as an alien
Both of my lungs are in training
I'm burning pounds, but not inside a gymnasium
This off the cranium, this is a nuclear weapon, my bars are uranium
(Ah) I'm spittin' fire
This must be House of the Dragons, I'm a Targaryen
I don't deal with pussies, I'm not a veterinarian (Nah)
But I might educate and slap a pussy boy like a disciplinarian (Woo)
I got a lotta skater homies that'll hit a ramp and do a varial
I got a lotta mob ties, put you up under the sea with Ariel (Damn)
I got syrup in my cereal (Yeah), I blow an O like a Cheerio (Woo)
I shook his hand, but I didn't like his vibe so I used antibacterial (On God)
I'm too sick, no vanerial, but I must be a disease
'Cause the way that my competition keep on trying but dying
I'm tellin' you this is a burial
There he go, laying six feet while I stand 6'6" in these new kicks
Sittin' in a double R with the double-X roof print
Cigar in my mouth like the cover of the blueprint
This leopard interiors animalistic
My middle finger's a characteristic
You hear this voice in my lower intestine?
That's my competition, I'm cannibalistic
How can I be homosapian? I'm a fucking alien
How the fuck could you say that I fell off? I just sold out a stadium
Crazy I didn't have a date to prom
'Cause now I'm like "Look who I'm marrying"
I came outta Cleveland and now the timezone I'm in is Australian
Wait, last week it was London, had Skepta at the function
Wembley and its shutdown pre-show
And we backstage, and you know what we crumblin'
Stepped out 'cause the man them thought he was a big dog
So I had to son him
Test me and we spray like Jetski turn it to a danceoff
Make 'em start krumpin'

Uh, how can I be misogynistic? I love all my bitches
Grandma used to whoop a nigga with switches
That was way before the switches
I was just talking to Kells and he told me pull up at the crib
He gon' throw on a beat (Yeah)
You can be born in motherfuckin' Antarctica
Promise that nigga ain't colder than me (Uh)
I was just talking to God and he told me I got it
Don't worry, it's all taken care of
Ya'll niggas stay on the blogs, I stay on the rise
So please just do not compare us (Uh)
I'm from the city where niggas gon' make you pay tariffs (Yeah)
Them niggas strapped like the sheriff (Yeah)
Promise my whole family good if a nigga gon' perish
They in my will like a Ferris
Ay, hop in the coupe when in London I'm off a bar
So I can't properly function
Ay, I buy real estate when niggas is bored
Damn, my monopoly jumpin'
Ay, real music may not get the awards, but you cannot stop the consumption
Ay, go outside, think you don't need a strap
That was a sloppy assumption
Ay, I know I'm far from a gangsta, rest in peace Juice
That boy armed and he dangerous (Yeah)
Run up on bro, better call you an angel

My dick so long, that shit fall to my ankles
Ay, stop playin', boy, I'm done with the jokes
That album's trash that you dropped for them folks
Disappointed but I'm Prada my coat
I'm comin' soon, we unlocking the vault
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That felt great
Yeah, yeah
That felt really good