

Machine Gun Kelly, Round Here

Uh, roll another I've been at it all night long
Uh, bedroom, bad bitch, bright white thong
Uh, but she's dark like the color of my heart is
Uh, and I will never love but she fuck me regardless
Uh, I'm in Cleveland if you want to come and witness how a boss lives
Uh, I'm a Beatle to these people like Paul McCart is
(Remember?)
Remember hitting 93rd back to Slim and Dub's mom's crib?
When we ain't wanna hear rappers talk about how their Saint Laurent fits
Bitch I still feel that way people say that way
People say that attitude will get you killed one day
But even in my wake nobody's safe
Cuz "keeping fake fucks out of the game" is in my will some way, okay?
Let's not sugar coat it, don't no rappers want it
I'll put the hands to em, they need hydrocodone
Catch me in the morning
Caught up in the moment
On the corner with some youngins that be styrofoamin, turn up
I'm advanced with the burn up
25 L's for your man that's murder
22. Cal in the pants, that's murder
Homie let Kells on the track, that's murder
25 grams on the scale's unheard of
Add 3 more, make an ounce, then serve it
Flip it to a chicken, let the town get word
That you whippin that bitchh up in the kitchen like Ike Turner

That is how they get it round here
That is how the fuck they get it round here
(Round here, round here)
That is how they get it round here
That is how the fuck they get it round here
(Round here, round here)
It's some Wahoo fitteds round here
It's some tattoo'd killers round here
(Round here, round here)
But everybody snitchin round here
Gotta keep it independent round here
(Round here, round here)
Gotta keep it trill round here
Bikes hit one wheel round here
It's a lot of pills round here
Anything for them bills round here
(Anything for the loot)
They don't wear a mask round here
They be coming for yo ass round here
(Please don't shoot)
You could never last round here
Call Kells for a pass round here

Uh, Roll another I been gone all day bitch
Uh, In the gutter with my brother up the way bitch
(Uptown)
Uh, Back in Shaker graduated '08 bitch
Shit, I couldn't get A's now a muthafucka A-list
You know a muthafucka dangerous
You know I'm really in the Land with the gangstas
I'm on Lakeshore heading to the range
With my .40 on some Wu-Tang 36 Chambers
Empty the whole thing then I'm going over to Harvard
I ain't talking about Cambridge
If you don't understand the conversation
That's cause you don't speak a real man's language
Can't nobody see me on the Spades

I'm a muthafucking King with the Ace
I be in the muthafuckin city on the lake
Where they never hesitate to put a beam on your face
I can make an eighth flip to a quake quick, shits basic
18, learning all that in Mitch's basement
Big dreams, gotta chase em, stay anxious
Just left Avis I'm driving to the majors
2010 was a paper and a pen
2011 we was touring in a van
2012 was the muthafuckin year I put an album out
Now I ain't never looking back again
"Let me get a hand, let me get a hand!"
That right there is something you will never hear me saying
Bitch I'm from the C-L-E-V-E-Land
All you see is E-S-T round me man
Kells

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