

# Machine Gun Kelly, Spotlight (feat. Lzzy Hale)

Feel this  
For all that it's worth  
To live in the spotlight

What if life was simple as a hug?  
What if my partner wasn't crippled from a drug?  
What if my other homie never caught a slug?  
What if our parents actually gave a fuck?  
Another black suit, another black suit  
Police happy to see another black shoot  
His mother's make up smearing on my arms  
Crying cause' I'm the only son that she's got now that he's gone  
What if the ghetto never heard an instrumental?  
And we didn't have this rap shit all we had was metal?  
You telling me if we couldn't shoot a ball  
Our lives still got shooting involved?  
And what if I never left out of Denver that winter for new beginnings  
My father started his business and traded family for riches?  
You telling me that my auntie will still have a house to live in  
And JoJo wouldn't be writing me from prison?  
But fuck it this is life  
Deal with it or get dealt with  
I'm in my room smoking alone like I'm selfish  
Cause' some days the sun's hard to face  
Dad turns his son wears his face  
But look closer see the heart of a lion  
Sticks and stones couldn't damage my bones harder than iron  
170 pounds with the walk of a giant  
So defiant I pop a Valium, turn up the volume  
Turn up the volume  
Turn up the volume  
Turn up the volume  
Turn up the volume

For all that it's worth  
To live in the spotlight  
All of my demons come to life  
And all that it was  
And all that it could be  
Is lost in the darkness of the night  
Why should I die?  
(To live in the spotlight)  
Why should I kill myself for you?  
You'd let me die?  
(To live in the spotlight)  
You'd let me die inside for you

Look  
What if money wasn't part of success?  
Would the people I used to be friends with never left?  
What if making a name didn't come with regrets?  
I think that fame's a pre-cursor to death:  
Death of a friendship  
Death of a family  
Death of a man  
The misunderstood are always dead before 'they' understand  
Staring at ceiling fans  
Chop up milligrams  
Draw a pentagram  
Lucifer's not a rumor he's in the band, (damn)  
Liquor and vomit on my Converse  
Bright lights and packed concerts  
And right next to the gun that's on my dresser are plastic orange bottles of  
Peer pressure

And I'm ready to cave  
I live in a cage  
How can I be a hero when I'm the one needing saved  
48 hour days of this fast lane living  
Me and my entourage no Jeremy Piven, listen  
It's better to burn out than fade away is what Kurt said  
I felt the same until I saw his daughter and thought as a father  
What if tomorrow; the only way I could spoil her was dying?  
Started crying then popped a Valium turned up the volume  
Turn up the volume  
Turn up the volume  
Turn up the volume  
Turn up the volume

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So what you do when the cop lights  
Turn into a stage and a spotlight?  
And everyone around you starts to hate cause you got right  
And feel entitled like I'm supposed to stop living my life?  
Well this ain't 2Pac  
This ain't Em's show  
This ain't Jigga man  
This that Kells flow  
This that C-town 19-double-X rep so  
Welcome to my life here's a ticket to the next show, spotlight  
Welcome to my life here's a ticket to the next show