

Machine Gun Kelly, World Series

Kells

Who the fuck want it with him?

We ball like the Indians at the World Series 8th inning

I'm gone, rolling with Nicole Kidman

I hit the pussy like a bong, fuck show business

We in the jungle with the guerrillas

We in the streets with the 4 wheelers

Don't speak I am no witness

You got beef?

Put an end to you talking like long sentence, period

Motherfucker I'm serious

Who ya favorite rapper, I'm curious?

He ain't living out them words

He ain't used Machine Gun's verse on the track cause his ass got murdered

I'm talking in the 3rd

I'm talking to a stealer and he ain't from the Burgh

You talking to a Cleveland motherfucker in the first

So you better not get on my nerves, biatch

I need herb tho, keep me moving like turtle

Keep me seeing this purple

Keep it banging like Kirko

Work something, twerk something

Bitch fuck me now she worth something

Gas tank on E, it ain't worth fronting

Try to stunt on me the worst coming

Motherfuckers gonna need some plumbing I am the shit

And I feel like eating something

Feeding my stomach

Give me a rapper, make it a hundred

Fuck it, give em the hubble telescope

They couldn't see the youngin'

No, fuck it let 'em get a lil something

Bring em to the block do a lil stuntin', that ain't nothing

Everywhere where I go I'm putting on

I ain't bluffing

Everywhere where I go I'm putting on

Bitch I run it

Kells

This song got a motherfucker feeling like Pac tho, (thug life)

Picture me rollin'

Picture me rollin'

Picture me rollin'

This song got a motherfucker feeling like Pac tho, (Thug life)

Picture me rollin'

Picture me rollin'

Picture me rollin'

Picture me rich

Picture everybody with a picture of me hangin' on the wall like Prince

Picture your favorite R&B singer

Lookin at a picture on her phone of my big ol' dick

Picture me living like Biggie

The real Frank White, I'm the king of my city

Picture all this shit starting as a dream

Staring at a picture of Martin Luther King

Bitch that's my reaction

Trying to make it happen from rapping

Trying to avoid me a casket

Half of my kin-folk caught up in traffic from trapping

My whole squaddone turned to a fraction

Cause Tony Montana right up the block from us, dawg

It's hard not to get caught up in it at all

Hard not to ball

Sales for yayo, then jail, then someone goes talk to the law
Please God tell me it ain't true
Tell me name on that paper work ain't you
If you ain't snitching then why is you home
Stupid decision bitch better get gone
3 in the morn, I can't get rest so I turn over pick up that .38 special
You bust in my door, then I bust at your neck hoe
25 stranded on death row

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