

Machine Gun Kelly, 100 Words And Running

Coming out the bottom of the mother fucking totem pole
Calling everyone who ain't believe like "I told them hoes"
Now they on my scrotum though
And I've been grinding so long its like I gotta blow
Baby mama calling up my phone, what the fuck you want
Cause I don't owe nobody shit stop askin'
Haters get off of my dick, stop gaggin'
They know I'm schooling them, they tell me stop classin'
We already know that you the shit stop gassin'
Eck, and my flow is fucking sick dog
Make a bitch cough like a sick dog
Probably cause I spit raw
No fucking with this boy
Other rappers more uncool than when the fridge off
Damn I think my lid's off, more mental then Sig Freud
Mind like a mother fucking-unsolvable jigsaw
People ask my audience "what you listen him for?"
Shit..cause I don't think Lil Wayne's come this hard
My God, then what that mean
Since I ain't son to nobody, then I must be king
Cocky with it, cause I know that can't nobody stop me with it
Wanna try? be ready to die, Kamikaze with it
Fuck a prince, I know I'm the real shit ya dig
Cause ain't no-mother-fucking-body done the shit I did
I'm the man where I'm from, but they call me the kid
Give me the crown cause if not then we taking that bitch
Mother fucker

100 words and running, 100 rappers that I ate still in my stomach
And 100 other coming, hustling for one-hundred a-hundreds
I don't give a fuck what you say, give me my money
Not college educated, but I can count a shit load
Connected like a constellation I can get you shipped more
Boy I do numbers with these verses check the info
I'm Machine Gun Kelly what the fuck's a pistol
What the fuck's a white flag
What the fuck's a price tag
What the fuck is beef? Fuck it show me where's the mics at
I will tear each one of them mother fuckers a nice ass
No homo cause we don't get dicked, we ain't like that
Nah bitch, should've hollered at me before
Cause "fuck you pay me" is now my steelo
And that goes for promoters, for the shows
For the verses, for the hoes
For the labels, what you owe
Bitch, give me my dough
I'm the big baller, shot caller of my age
19-year old Dwayne Wade
And the Eastside on my back, no matter what they weigh
Clevelands number 23 like I ain't know LeBron played
So what's up to all my fans who held me down since day one
Telling them Kells' the hardest that they come
Gave the real what they want and I did that
So come and blow a blunt with your boy give it here let me split that
And I bet they won't forget that
Cause rappers forgot how to be real
Forgot how they used to be before the deal
But I remember still
That's why I'm not a member of fame
Just raw talent who remembers the game
And the name, Kells