

Machine Gun Kelly, Blue Skies

Blue skies

There's nothing but blue skies

Blue skies (see me)

There's nothing but blue skies

(Throw it up when you see me)

Look, never had a cent now I got a bent

I ain't talkin Bentley's, I'm talkin' a bitch

I got her bent over she bustin' them splits

Lookin' up at the star, I'm tellin' her make a wish

Hoes come around me tryna leave rich

But I give 'em no shit so they leave pissed

Fuck 'em, here's to the night, like Eve 6

My partner ain't gotta put the dough in the deep dish

Mic check, can you hear me?

I'm loud as a symphony

Smoke in my lungs, I'm a chimney

Get it in your head like epiphanies

Realize I am Prince Akeem, I roll with the semi

So many repent me, part of 'em resent me

They think I'm Lucifer, I think God blessed me

I was in hell while you rappers on Jet ski's

How in the fuck can yo raps represent me?

I was on ten, now I'm on fifty

I just spent a hundred, tell 'em roll it up quickly

I just got a hundred missed calls from the city

Keep it 100, everybody fuck wit me

Keep it 100, Kells, Keep it 100

Fuck ya'll, you don't know nothing

I keep it 3 thou like Andre

I done been an Outkast since I came up out mom's stomach

I been smoking weed since I was a fetus

Lil bad mothafucka, needed Baby Jesus

Tryna be a millionaire, where the fuck Regis?

Leaders of the new school and we all teachers

First lesson: blue skies, blue dream, red eyes and catch red eye

Fuck the real world, Kells

Throw it up when you see me, roll one up when you see me, stay real

Throw it up when you see me, roll one up when you see me, for real

Throw it up when you see me, roll one up when you see me, stay real

Throw it up when you see me, roll one up when you see me, for real

If ya'll ride wit me, roll one up and get high wit me

Turn it up and then vibe wit me, fuck the real world

If ya'll ride wit me, roll one up and get high wit me

Turn it up and then vibe wit me

Kells!

24/7 I'm putting in work

Came from the gutter, no stain on my shirt

You know the Land is where champions birthed

So I hold the title till I land in the dirt

Motorcycles, auto-rifles, and purp

Overnight they think I tripled my worth

Gotta stay ready, these haters will lurk

But this ain't what you want, now I'm feelin like Durk

(This ain't what you want)

Sing that shit to 'em like Gerald Levert

Couldn't sleep on me with Ambien first

Let the kid nap like an Amber alert

Wake up and you know I had to get turnt

Bottle of Jameson matching my shirt

Back on the road, gotta pack up the merch

And I smoke so much tree that I damage the earth
Yeah, EST runs shit
Don't make me get on my young shit
Don't get me talking that gun shit
Don't make me turn this whole thing to a function
Don't make assumptions
I'm from the C, I ain't talkin bout Compton
I'm from the 6, I ain't talkin Toronto
Bitch I'm from Cleveland, you know the motto
I'm the city's Lucky Luciano, the gunner!

Throw it up when you see me, roll one up when you see me, stay real
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