

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!

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