Machine Gun Kelly, Can't Walk

Y'all can't see my eyes behind these shades Y'all can't see my eyes behind these shades I been fucked up for the last two days straight I been fucked up for the last two days, dog And I can't walk Got me off of my shit man

I can't lie, dog, I'm so fried, dog
I'm so high, dog, this is my life
One night I'ma get it done
Can't stop 'til I see the sun
One bite, hit the drugs
Can't die, I'm too young
I feel just like Jimi back at Woodstock
What did you just give me in this Ziploc?
Blurred lines, blurred lines, I just fucked for the third time
Purple rain, purple rain fell in my cup, slurred rhymes

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Let me tell you a little somethin' 'bout me I'ma finish what you getting started So don't be fighting at my fucking party 'Cause I'ma fuck you up Bitch thought of my crew, though Don't blow my crew, though Make room for the crew, though I got girls in the front, huh 2 grams in the blunt, huh Rolling up that funk, huh I feel just like Ozzy back in '8-5 My girl's just want sloppy ice cream paint jobs I served it up, I served it up It's the young gunner, you heard of us I just got in three fights So I ain't slept for three nights

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