

# Machine Gun Kelly, Edge Of Destruction

I'm humble because I know what it feels like to be at the bottom and have nobody  
No fans, no nothing, nobody believing in you  
Now look at me  
I was down on the ground with nobody  
Some in my town said my sound was a hobby  
Now that I'm crowned they're astounded and oddly  
They try and come around, now I'm somebody

Middle finger in the air with a hope and a prayer, I started this  
Never had no money then my daughter hit  
That was a get-up-and-hustle-nigga starter kit  
Hard to spit, bars to get, at stars when it's, not marketed  
You're far from it, dark and your partner quit  
Really barking, you wishing for the spark to get a heart in your art a bit  
But they doubted me 'cause I'm nothing like them, never knew how to be  
Stylistically foul, and he's proud to be wild and he's  
Thinking now is time to get the crowd shouting  
Now people found him, it's, "Wow, peep his salary"  
Way back when I was feeling defeated (Rrr)  
When inspiration, motivation was needed (Rrr)  
At the pace to be great, I've exceeded  
All of your expectations, you fakers can eat it!  
This my world, this my game  
All the wicked shit is coming out of my brain  
This is my girl, music is my dame  
If you can get it I'm a keep it P.I., mane  
Why not share the pie? Scared that I  
Would get the people liking me and wouldn't dare to buy your shit  
Try to told ya before that my flow sick  
Milli' sold on the road with my whole clique  
Everybody listenin' to Witness, Tech's whirlwind  
In the club with MGK, thick sex twirling  
Fought to the top, never did stop, now we got it, it's "Fuck the world" then  
The haters in the past on my ass wanna come around like my ex-girlfriends

(Gone) Uhh, for the block I (Go) to that spot I (Go) to the top I (Go)  
Screaming "Fuck the world" (Fuck the world)  
Screaming "Mothafuck the world"  
"Fuck the world" (Fuck the world)  
Screaming "Mothafuck the world"  
And that's real, how I feel 24/7 in a city where the weak men die  
Doing whatever we gotta do to survive  
Head to the sky, middle finger up high  
Scream "Fuck the world" (Fuck the world)  
Screaming "Mothafuck the world"  
"Fuck the world" (Fuck the world)  
Screaming "Mothafuck the world"

Twista, I remember thinking I would rather die  
Then go through what I was going through when I was struggling to survive  
Full of ambition and I'm ready to ride  
No tragedy over triumph and I am a Lion I gotta try  
Full of drama, I was feeling like a failure  
Fiending for the industry again, I was living in disgust  
Doing odd jobs, everybody seeing me  
Traveling to work, back and forth on the bus  
Yeah, I was fucked up  
But I got it together for y'all  
Spit venomous lyrics cause I was ready to ball  
Started Po Pimping on everybody  
And certain mothafuckers that want to get in my circle I tell them naw  
Cause I got to get money up in my anatomy, naturally  
And I gotta be gradually happy to holla  
At somebody when they speak and they might be on that bullshit

So sometimes it's "Fuck them", I don't even bother  
And who knows what's next for three angels chasing dreams  
Hailing from the Midwest, as we spread our wings  
All of us striving to surf over the summit  
Creating us a vision that would be stunning  
When we come to Earth and your city and do a show  
You would get to see everybody from miles come running  
Yelling for Machine Gun Kelly  
And Tech N9ne and Twista get it in, better bring something smelly  
We could take it to another level, wherever you wanna go  
Everybody put they hands up, I'm ready  
Come on and get wild let loose  
Celebrate the fact that you made it and let me see you get buck  
You done been through some shit  
But you did it cause you had the heart to throw the middle finger up, yeah

(Gone) Uhh, for the block I (Go) to that spot I (Go) to the top I (Go)  
Screaming "Fuck the world" (Fuck the world)  
Screaming "Mothafuck the world"  
"Fuck the world" (fuck the world)  
Screaming "Mothafuck the world"  
And that's real, how I feel 24/7 in a city where the weak men die  
Doing whatever we gotta do to survive  
Head to the sky, middle finger up high  
Scream "Fuck the world" (Fuck the world)  
Screaming "Mothafuck the world"  
"Fuck the world" (Fuck the world)  
Screaming "Mothafuck the world"

From the back streets to the packed seats  
On the block, running from the cops, like athletes  
Ugh, whoever would've imagined Lace Up could've got me to the finish like track meets?  
And when everybody's hot, I'm past heat  
And if I don't need the fuel, don't gas me (Yeah)  
It's been a long time coming since 100 Words And Running  
Mothafucker come catch me  
And while these other rappers pen and pad it  
I was 13, with a semi-automatic  
Anything we ever wanted then you know we gotta have it  
Don't anybody ever snitch, get pinched, you forget like magic  
Kids carry tools like go-go gadget (Blah)  
Leaving high school to an open casket  
Now another baby in the stomach of his baby's mother  
Never gonna know his daddy, tragic  
Why's the government gotta lie to get money? (Huh?)  
Why's the federal reserve gotta take from me? (Why?)  
Why should I be fighting for another country?  
Have you seen my city mothafucka? We hungry! (Urghh)  
Representing for the middle of the map even though me and mine are coming from the bottom (Wa  
Why do all greats fall when it isn't autumn?  
Where would Pac be at if nobody would've shot him?  
You really think that Notorious B.I.G would believe these guys? (Nope)  
All these internet thugs that the media finds?  
You wanna talk about grind?  
Look at me in the encyclopedia, what name is in it?  
I bet you see mine, motherfucker that's Kells  
Skinny boy, six foot three  
Heart bigger than an SUV  
Lord knows I been through hell and back  
Ducking jail and crack  
And still, I came out on T-O-P  
So this is for the kid who never had a father figure to depend on  
Spending every school day being sent home  
Feeling like he doesn't know anybody  
Because the only thing he ever had to him was some headphones

So he pick a song, and he turn 'em on  
Every morning just to get him through the day  
Looking for an escape and the kick in the bass  
That's the story of MGK  
Lace Up!

(Gone) Uhh, for the block I (Go) to that spot I (Go) to the top I (Go)  
Screaming "Fuck the world" (Fuck the world)  
Screaming "Mothafuck the world"  
"Fuck the world" (fuck the world)  
Screaming "Mothafuck the world"  
And that's real, how I feel 24/7 in a city where the weak men die  
Doing whatever we gotta do to survive  
Head to the sky, middle finger up high  
Scream "Fuck the world" (Fuck the world)  
Screaming "Mothafuck the world"  
"Fuck the world" (Fuck the world)  
Screaming "Mothafuck the world"