

# Machine Gun Kelly, Killa Cam Freestyle (feat. Doe B)

Alright, we're live from the homies backyard  
And today we got Doe Beezy stepping in the cypher  
Oh, really?

Yeah, oh, really?

Big Doe Beezy, nigga (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Muhfuckin' king of Cleveland speakin', you hear me? (Yeah)  
Real band money gang, real band murder gang, man  
Topshot or Don Dotta, first 48 gang, man  
Step on everything, hold on  
All this water on my wrist  
You try this shit you gon' get drenched  
Barely shoot 'cause I got rich but still drop thirty off the bench  
Should've upped that bitch quick, but he was too late  
Forty hittin' that bitch like Creshawn and Blueface, uh  
You ain't wit' the shits then you can't spin with us  
You ain't murder gang, can't name no gangsta shit you did with us (Haha), uh  
Nigga better duck, he see me lift it up  
He tried to score on me like DraftKings I blew his ticket up  
Used to be a problem, they had me banned at Rolling Loud  
Reaching for my chain, I up this bitch, blow in the crowd (Haha)  
Run your chicken up, boy, all that broke shit outta style  
Big steppa, two feet in, don't get out of bounds  
Tried my white boy and he got whacked  
Dragged him out the club like I'm security, damn, I forgot I rap (Damn)  
Ask 'em, I be front line, Beezy don't sit in the back, grr  
Put you on a shirt for cheap, it look like TJ Maxx  
MGK my nigga, never met Cudi  
Ain't saying he ain't from Cleveland, I just never met buddy (Haha)  
Demon not a preacher, I can't go like Corey Bapes  
A nigga play then, I'ma go out like Q Money  
Glizzy on my hip, I up the switch, I ain't gon' miss  
I don't miss when I'm on hits and I damn sure don't miss a bitch  
We on your strip, uh  
Bitch, I bet your set dip, I send that blitz  
Thought I was recording 'em on my Story  
He saw that flashlight on that blick, oh, really?

Y'all should listen when I'm spitting 'cause I'm really saying somethin'  
There's a difference between who's authentic and portraying somethin' (Hahaha)  
There's a difference between independence and your label frontin'  
Like there's a difference between being legendary  
And just having your name buzzin'  
Blood don't mean nothin', I'm closer with Slim than my real cousin  
Fuck twelve, Jojo's down thirteen, that's a baker's dozen (Hahaha)  
Ate a chicken leg playin' Chicken Head while her face thumpin'  
The friction from it make noise like when a cricket's legs rubbin'  
I was aiming for her mouth, couldn't control it, now her hair crunchy  
Left and hit Dover Street Market, spent a hundy (Hahaha)  
I'm a serial fashion killer like Ted Bundy  
I spend it all on Saturday, I could be dead Sunday  
I'm really nice with this, I watch reaction videos  
You missed some bars so I need you to listen twice to this  
Like if I say I'm a monster, I don't mean metaphorically  
I mean I'm genetically spliced with it  
Lyrically Christ with it, fear of God Nike fit  
My boy Bean used to have crack inside his Nike kicks (Hahaha)  
That's not my lane, give me a beat, don't care what type it is  
I'm 'bout to recite viruses on whoever's mic this is  
Y'all won't give me my flowers, but y'all hypin' this?  
Ears must be damaged, someone Mike Tyson'd it (Hahaha)  
The flow's tight like Ice Spice's fit  
But my ricks loose like my 4X white tee in 2006  
Ayy, I've known Doe Boy since 2006

I really opened for Gucci Mane in 2006 (Hahaha)  
I used to drop songs and only get two thousand clicks  
Now I can stack plaques up like two thousand bricks  
All my boys self-employed got the banks, no Lloyd  
At the crib lotta toys, got a kid, no LAROI (Haha)  
Got the fridge with LaCroix's, smokin' loud, fuck the noise  
Used her throat not her voice, she ate the nut like Almond Joy  
I got a driver he pulls up, go "beep, beep"  
Actin' like I ever quit rappin', y'all sleep, sleep (Hahaha)  
I wore some pink and now he thinkin' I'm sweet, sweet  
We left the club and cooked his ass like street meat  
Feelin' like Cam'ron turn the camera on  
Look at the Jewels reppin' the O-Boy not the Juelz Santana song (Hahaha)  
I've had this number too damn long  
Don't hit me if it's not 'bout money  
I want my texts green like Samsung

Yeah  
You know the fuck goin' on, Cleveland stand up, man (Hahaha)  
Beezy, man, yeah, me  
Y'all come holler at us we wanna make it through that city  
See you at the top  
Etch up