

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

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