

Machine Gun Kelly, Let The Beat Build

Kells
Okay
100 words and Running
Whaddup!

Uh
Straight out the fridge with it
Cool as polar bear paw prints in it
Bitch I'm the kid like "what you talking about Willis?"
Fresh as new room service pillows with the mints in it
Yeah! I guess the dollars make cents in it
Pun intended, mouth nasty, need rinse in it, Euk!
And that's not no incense
When they whisper that my walk got a funky little stench in it (Damn)
Bitch I'm the shit, couldn't miss the smell
Turn around, give a wave, "Hi, I'm Mr. Kells"
Never flush the toilet, open your nose please
Haters from high school at my shows in the nose bleeds
"Hi, what's up with you fools?"
I dropped out and now I am the new school
Of this rap shit
Million dollar man with a thousand dollar budget
Still my hand on my nuts like fuck it!

Kells
100 Words and Running, hoped you tied your laces tight
Me, I'm in my Chuck-T's with a blunt up, please we blazing right
Cause I couldn't imagine any other way to bring the year in, now light that shit up!
And I couldn't even fathom any other way to bring a beat in that I like so get up!
Fuck these hoes! Fuck these hoes! One more time like "FUCK THESE HOES!"
I'm rolling off these pebbles and I'm stoned like these country roads
Me, I'm a city boy, it's going down, no Nitti, boy
And if its about money, shout my hitter I'll come get it boy
No twitter boy, but I'll get at these rappers names and shit
Fuck all they fame, they bitch just grabbed my Wii, no games and shit
And now he mad, he angry shit
I tell that fool to "Pay me, bitch!"
But he don't understand cause he don't speak my lan-gu-age
So uh! On to the next one, we up
A pussy's just a hole, and I'm in the country club
Got seventeen mo', and I hole-in-one them all
Stroke the first time, no birdies, eagles or pars
No major deal, we major still, fuck you thought it was?
Don't need no major to tell me that I got a major buzz
I'm major money, tell these fools "Kiss my major nuts"
They tell me watch my mouth, but I don't give a major FUCK!
I'm major pain and ain't talking bout no Damon Wayans
Look up in the sky! It's a bird
Nah, that's just me high off that Mary Jane
Yeah bitch, I said "Mary Jane"
And if I could, I would marry Jane
They be saying "That white boy can spit!"
I'm like can't he mane...?
Shit and fresh, call me "Mannie", mane
Under the mistletoe, let her kiss my candy cane
I'm Danny Zuko with it, but I don't want no Sandy mane
I want them greased the first night like a caddy mane
Fuck what they, fuck what they sayin', I'm on some dumb shit
Wanna menage-a-trois, bring your friends, fuck that one bitch
And rappers saying they don't feel Machine Gun's shit
Well I don't feel your music on some numb shit, Bitch!
Yeah! They kiss my ass while I let the beat build
I'm flying G4 looking down, you on your feet still
Shit, where they do that at my dude?
So many haters like goddamn am I rude?

You value menu motherfuckers!
Couldn't afford the cheese on a burger
So don't call my manager asking for verses
Cause your payment for a line of me cursing
Is enough for me to buy a car and throw some D's on it
Like I tossed Pamela Anderson shirt up (Oh My God!)
Don't know what I gotta do to get through
So I slow it down and rap the rest in a screw (Will that do it?)
Yeah!
Feeling draped out and dripped up
So many bitches I need a pimp cup
Sticky's getting lit up
Skirts need to lift up
Haters not allowed and if they come they getting bit up
Someone put the fence up while we get the trees lit
Blow all of this grass til it's only concrete shit
Do not let your feet slip, all black Chucks on my feet
Dip me down
Tie my laces and now its back to the beat bitch!
Said it's back to the beat bitch
Say it's back to the beat bitch!
Yeah! We take it back to the beat bitch!
That's how you let the beat build bitch!
100 Words and Running