

Machine Gun Kelly, Like That

Kells, yeah!

I'm cold shit, stepping out the freezer

The people love my Dougie, my denim bluer than Skeeter

Tatted under the beater, I'm spotted up like a cheetah

Look like Leave It to Beaver, liquored up by the liter

Freshest freshman on campus, no notebooks in the bag

Blinding me with the cameras, never look at the tags

Body look like a canvas, skin is covered with tats

And the Chucks are always the classics

Look like I'm in the past, yeah

And I stay B-Boy'd up

Neighbors in my business, make me wanna turn the noise up

Always been a kid, bet I go and get my toys up

Transformer tatted on my arm like the toys, yup

Holler at me prime time, anytime's my time

Every day's grind time, every night's shine time

No chain needed, I am just a star

Forever in your life like a scar

What's up, girls?

Understand I am better than your man

So whatever is the plans, I look better in your pants

And bet I'm on the level with Peter Pan

Eyes chinky like I grew up in Japan

Wasabi

Yeah, you know how I'm feelin'

Relo in a dub sack, you know how I'm chillin' (Uhh)

Man, I do it like that, all black in the back

Yeah, I'm coolin' like that

Like that, like that

Like that, like that, like that

(Like that, yeah, I do it like that)

Like that, like that

Like that, like that, like that

(Like that, yeah, I'm coolin' like that)

I'm back, back, rocking like Jack Black

Jumping 'round the room like a hack sack

One me, four hoes, three tats, I'm so abstract

You can be futuristic and I'll be past that

Funny 'cause I don't think they get it

And MTV could never see how I'm living

'Cause I don't got a crib, I got a car that I live in

Every day different city, four seats, eight women

I'm from the city where the terminal

Towers over the top of the train tracks

Bring it back ASAP

The hood chicks love me, I keep a Heights girl

And Becky got a Benz, shout out to my white girl

Orange drink in my cup

Fresh Prince in my XBox

Kush in my blunt

So go and get your friends 'cause tonight we up

Three olives and pickle

Let's get fucked up

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Like that, like that, like that
(Like that, yeah, I'm coolin' like that)

Come on, Peter Parker
You already know what it is
Your boy, Machine Gun Kelly, MGK
Ohio, stand up and get involved with, follow him on Twitter