

# Machine Gun Kelly, Midwest Side

Coming out the Midwest  
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Coming out the Midwest Side!

Come join the movement, man!  
Welcome!  
To a little city in the middle like Malcolm  
Walk anywhere I want it's Kells  
And if they got a problem with me (huh) god help 'em  
I go hard!  
See me in a regular strip  
In the crib, fucking 'round with a regular bitch  
Never Hollywood; I still with my regular click  
King of my city, still on some regular shit!  
Im in this man, live this man  
Ask my town they witnessed man  
All my haters finished them  
See my ass, they kissed it now!  
Fuck these hoes!  
Fuck these hoes!  
One more time like, fuck these hoes!  
Tatted it on my arm now everybody knows  
Bitch I'm from the double O  
Where no other kid on the block running like me  
Don't nobody shoot movies about us  
Cause ain't shit about us is pretend  
So if you can stand the heat, then get the fuck up out the kitchen!  
Another young soul gone missing  
When you step into the

Midwest Side! Midwest Side!  
You know how we ride  
You know how we ride, coming out the Midwest Side!  
Midwest Side! Midwest Side!  
You know how we ride  
Bitch I'm from the Midwest  
Bitch I'm from the Midwest  
Bitch I'm from the Midwest  
Bitch I'm from the Midwest  
I tell these haters, I tell 'em  
I tell 'em, I tell 'em, I tell 'em!

Check my sleeves, boy  
Sleeves, boy  
This is how I live, boy  
I don't want no one, twos or threes, boy  
Call me Keanu Reeves, boy  
East side what I breathe, boy  
You ain't with it, please, boy  
Get, get up off your knees, boy!  
Release my N-U-T's, boy  
I fuck with them leaves, boy  
Yellow, purple, green, boy  
Interstate 75, bring me what I need, boy  
Smoke up all the trees, boy  
I'm a C-L-E, boy  
Shot town to the D-boy!  
Shout out to them D boy!  
Wisconsin whats happening  
Drove right over to Minneapolis, said what's up to Indiana  
Fuck my bitch down there in Kansas

Midwest side, I swear to god I'll die for this and that's my word  
Rolling down 271 flipping the bird!  
EST, bitch!

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They tried sleeping on the front coast  
And these 808s woke them the fuck up  
Lace up till you face up  
EST to the death, you whack biatch!  
And I ain't the Midwest Congressman!  
Kells!!