

# Machine Gun Kelly, Miss Me

Cleveland on my back L's up when you see me  
Came from the underground now they on tv swear to God haaan  
Ain't shit changed  
Fool, you can miss me with that rap shit  
You can miss me with that stereotypical "he isn't lyrical" barbershop chat shit  
Miss me with that frat shit  
Only university I graduated was Hard Knocks  
I'm from Cleveland where they trap shit  
Five bucks for the catfish, five bucks for the bad bitch  
Five bucks in a drought in this city could get you a piece of that cactus  
With saran wrap for the wrapping  
What u mean?  
Meaning we bundling all of this loud into Garcia Vegas  
I swear it's contagious the way that we passed it  
Patches on my denim vest about as old as my dad is  
Blood stains on my chucks cus well we know what that is  
Jet lag from these long flights still sitting coach like it's practice  
Feeling like students when the schools back I'm trying to see what first class is  
Cash is the root of all evil  
But maybe that's why I do bad shit  
Fact is, I do what I need  
Cause the country we live in is fascist  
And no Catholic or Baptist, warlord or pacifist  
Could've seen what I seen without IMAX's and 3D glasses  
Ya'll in family houses like Bob Saget  
Both parents  
I was on family couches like "you don't want it?" ill wear it  
Inheriting hand me downs as a grown man, embarrassed  
And these dreams seem far-fetched  
When reality is you're sharing a shirt, shower, and shitter while your newborns in the carriage  
Packaging groceries in bags for an hourly seven dollar average  
This ain't living this is strife, mixed with Hennessey and some sprite  
But maybe one day they'll remember me like they remember Mike  
When I'm gone  
Uh, Kells  
Maybe they'll remember me when I'm gone

When my times up on this earth  
And they bury me in the dirt  
Don't say that I ain't milk this life for everything that it's worth (everything that it's worth)  
And when I die remember me like Kurt, BANG!

And they say Dub quit with that humble shit  
You can only be cool for so long  
Don't misjudge I'm not the one you wanna rumble with  
Write it down, take a pic  
Do whatever you gotta do to remember me  
I'm in your memory for infinity  
And the same goes for your bitch  
Remember me from Kennedy  
Or East High on the east side where niggas die over anything  
Yeah, Dub-O  
Oh, you ain't know?  
I got go, I rock shows, I be calling plays like Flaco  
But I'm so Cleveland it's a damn shame  
And EST is my damn gang been reppin that since way back and that double X is my campaign  
Pop bottles that champagne it's Cliquot for the champions now where the hell is my damn ring?  
Biatch, celebration for nothing let you believe what you see  
I'm in the back but no frontin  
7 days out the week I be working I'm full of hunger  
That jealousy is the smell of defeat  
Remember who told you  
I'm gone  
Remember me when I'm gone

When the time is up on my watch  
And they bury me in that box  
Don't say I ain't give this game everything that I got (everything that I got)  
And when I die remember me like Pac, BANG!