

Machine Gun Kelly, Moonwalkers

Walk up in the spot with hella reefer on me
Pockets full of (what)?
Hella quarters, like I'm 'bout to feed the meter
Only two seaters, I mean two chiefers
We ain't even parkin'
We just spark it and fly frequent
Up in the sky, Jesus
Gave me high fives, Peter
Pan full of yams
Trees lit like Christmas Eve
I'm so facetious, so indecent
Fuck the world and leave it speechless
Rock that jacket with the cheetah
Look like Elvis with these sequins, I'm sayin'

Roll up, my nigga, what's the hold up, my nigga?
Smoke until my eyes red as Coca Cola, my nigga
Where I'm from you get popped, that ain't soda, my nigga
Got a bag full of green like some groceries, nigga

Yeah, fast life, hash pipes, lit up like flashlights
Fast cash, back scratch, steal off on last night
Super stoned, where is home? I missed the last flight
Aww man, hella saucy, I got the last bite
What you call it when you feel like you're on the moon talkin'?
Michael Jackson with my actions, I call this moonwalkin'
Movin' backwards, rollin' Backwoods, I don't care who's watchin'
EST a fuckin' army, I'm the platoon sergeant

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Look, all I ever wanted was the cash
I don't roll it up if it ain't (gas)
Tank full, goin' to the moon
I can see the snakes in the grass
You could never ever get us, (ayy)
It's a Tommy Hilfiger day
(Ain't nobody realer than us)
(Ain't nobody triller than us)
Ayy, Birdman hands on 'em brrr
Hermès smell on him
Bitch you know we comin' out the (land)
Shout out to the fans
Early Monday mornin', haha
I packed a Tulu bag high as fuck, already soarin'
Where you goin'? Space station, engine roarin' (woah)
Gettin' face in the foreign (yeah)
Sex tape like it's porn
Spades game with the Martians
I don't ever do the norm

Ay we only steppin' out for the big shit
Champagne supernova type shit
Cards on the table, ace, king, queen, haha

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