

Machine Gun Kelly, On Everything (feat. Tezo)

What's really good?
Niggas tell me that I made it when I hit the hood
Old girl gave it up like I knew she would
When you saw me, you ain't swing like I knew you would
On that fake shit, that's a Whoopie Cushion
Old from the start type and he ain't gettin whoopings
I could tell, crabs in the bucket if I fall I'll break shells
They hating on Jesus, I ain't tripping, oh well
I'm just tryna live, word to bond
Swipe it like a visa, catch me if you cheetah
Franklin's new Aretha
I am great, nice to meet ya
On my toes like a ballerina
After this shit drop, I won't be making pizzas
I ain't never lie, killin everything moving, Mr. Homicide
Mr. Dinner Date, Mr. My Guy
I been doing this but right now I'm at an all time high
I heard you talkin shit but I'ma let it slide
And maybe your chick too, I shine like a gold tooth
'Cause niggas is so poop
Fetch me a trash can, I'm suttin like Shaftman
Yeah, body body like P in 97 man
Ya'll niggas out here lookin like Terry
Ya'll niggas out here lookin like
Made peace with the past, hello future
Can't look back, no time for that
Waiting on a miracle, you can't do that
You gotta go and get it like a pick up order, ayy
I woke up out in California, my Cali chick like good morning
Food cooked, weed rolled for me
I just laugh cause I think it's funny
Everybody love you when they think that you getting money
Ayy, I can't wait to ball, like a bad ass kid, tear up the mall
And she got some on, tell her pull down them drawers
Hit it on the first night, I never call
Married to the game, rockin chains instead of wedding ring
If he in the way stretch him out like a limousine
These niggas frontin they don't want the cake like Anna Mae
I am here to stay, I put that on everything

I put that on everything, I put that on everything
I put that on everything, I'm here to stay
I put that on everything
(Bitch)
(I put that on everything, I put that on everything)
(I put that on everything, bitch, we here to stay)
(I put that on everything)

Me and the crew sippin' brews, steady skipping school
Never trusted no one, so we tuck a 22
Call a couple bitches, fuck 'em 'til they mouths drool
That's how a young mo'fucker from the 'land do
I mean a young mo'fucker from the 'land too
Trill, too real, too ill
Excuse me if I do not do it for the camera
Bitch, I grew up in the jungle, I'm fuckin bananas
My gorillas wit' me and my dealer wit' me
Wit' fifty pounds of the sticky icky
Straight from the boys in the Windy City
Pity, pity these motherfuckas smokin' bunk
I light a J and kill a verse, put that shit in the trunk
Back in shaker used to kill 'em on the table a ton
Bet a couple dollars you could lose the shit if you want
Fuck a rest, still chase change

Always make the motherfucker money
Never let the money make me, bitch
Young gunner, salute when you see me
I live what I'm rapping for real, you just do it for TV, believe me
My hands bulimic, throwin up L's
Those fans deleted wack rappers and listen to Kells
Used to walk up to the dairy market, get me a shell
Cop a gram from the 5 for my homies in bail
Still 357 under the front of my belt
Now my album is selling off the fuckin' front of the shelves
This a evolution, a real motherfucker made it, what a revolution
Still mo'fuckers hate it, but they couldn't do it
Let me educate the students
You couldn't measure my ground with eighty-million rulers
I do this
Shhh, you could try me if you want and be foolish
But I'm the champion, that means that everyone else loses
You put that money on me, guaranteed you'll recoup it
Bitch, I am legend, name a rapper that I haven't influenced
Kells!

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