

# Machine Gun Kelly, On My Way

Okay, now they say home is where the hate is  
Pulling up, "Hi, haters!"  
I know, I've been on a hiatus  
Caught up in the lights I've been blinded by Las Vegas  
Ain't it ironic before I was twenty one  
I put my future on the table and I won?  
See they told me, "Life's a gamble"  
Now this is my casino  
Made sure my fellas good  
Now I'm Robert DeNiro, sipping Clicquot  
With the girl that held me down from the beginning  
My team throwing up L's  
But it's funny 'cause we winning  
A million talked down, soon as I rose from the bottom  
But opinions assholes now, everybody got 'em  
So they ask me why I do it  
I do it for the streets  
Heard momma got out the grill  
Man I do it for the grease  
Man I do it for the five pack of Hanes wife-beats  
That I wore like everyday to show my brand new ink  
Shit I remember working jobs, just so I could hit the dance up  
Never had a date, so I really didn't dance much  
Couldn't buy my own, so I just borrowed my dad's tux  
Told him, "Keep the loafers" kept it gully with my black Chucks  
So you can keep watching the stars  
But me I wanna be 'em  
And I just beat the odds  
I guess we can call it even  
'Cause the underdog  
Went from flipping patties at a Fuddruckers  
To living lavish than a muhfucker  
God damn!

Ooooooh weee!

Haha, we got stories for days man, for days. They just got to listen. Ay Slim! Oh and if y'all don't know

Hold up, okay I heard they want the classics  
My life's a movie like the Truman Show without the cameras  
They look at us like we a couple Boyz N Da Hood  
Four Brothers 'till the end like them boys in The Wood  
So I Light It Up, for them Friday Night Lights with the team  
In The Notebook, holding my Requiem for a Dream  
I was Superbad in the class I just Dazed off  
So I played sick and lived Ferris Bueller's Day Off  
Back in Cooley High, students used to nickname us The Goonies  
Every night we blacked out, shit they should've called us roofies  
Get out of bed Half Baked, roll another doobie  
So many snacks up in my house they call the crib Scooby  
Blowing oowee man I swear this as good as it gets  
Godfather told me, "Keep doing that music shit"  
He said, "Your piece of the American Pie is waiting"  
From the bottom to the top, Almost Famous  
Kells