

# Machine Gun Kelly, Roll The Windows Up

Right

Ayy, what my homie, Mike P, say?

Roll the windows up when I get in the car and I'mma light one up  
Hit the gas station, go and buy a cigar  
And we can smoke this blunt  
Speedin' on the Sunset Strip in the nighttime  
Yeah, tryna get fucked up (Aye, all my smokers, ayy, light something up)  
Roll the windows up (Roll it up right now when I) when I smoke and drive

Uh, I'm to the grave with this  
I learned how to roll a joint before I shaved and shit (Shit, yeah)  
In seventh grade and shit  
I was smoking OG kush and lemon haze and shit  
Bad as fuck, I had it tucked inside my backpack in the front  
My dad had found it in a month  
He kicked me out, he had enough so I got up  
I'm in the kitchen, baking pizza with a crust  
For a paycheck I can go and spend on hella drugs, yeah  
Spaceships see me when I'm up, yeah  
I been a martian with no Elon Musk, yeah  
I'm in a party with the screw-ups and the sluts, yeah  
I'm rolling papers bigger than elephant tusks, yeah (Yeah)  
I'm in quarantine, but the weed man pulls up here  
I got a hundred packs of backwoods  
I can spend the next four months here  
I spent 10K cash, I might cough up both lungs here  
Filled up on gas and got high, but no stunts here  
Mask on when I'm outside, drive fast, don't waste time  
Ass on my face time, strap on my waistline  
Gucci, Fendi, Prada belt, hold it up, no Kreamyshaw  
Give a fuck about these cops, put my hood on like Trayvon  
All that I know is a W over my clan, I feel like Raekwon  
Only time I get an L is when I be throwin' one up for the gang sign  
I been a king with the bars but now I can play the guitar and the bassline  
I heard them saying they doing it first, I'm doing this shit for the eighth time  
I used to want a pool, now I'm waking up and I got one in the backyard  
I break a lotta rules, so you know I be drivin' the whip like a NASCAR  
Never went Hollywood, got a house in the hills, I still smack y'all  
Never say no to the blunt, I smoke it 'til it's all the way down to the ash, y'all

I just lit a spliff blew it in a cop's face  
I just hit a switch so they couldn't see the plates  
Pull up to the crib, drove past four gates (Yeah)  
Gave her half my dick, that was all that she could take, ay  
Used both hands like she tryna say grace (Ay)  
Said amen, then I blessed her face (Amen)  
I don't order by the bag, I order by the crate  
I'mma smoke until the suns blocked, I don't use drapes  
I was really on Cleveland selling raps on tapes  
I had a couple of people with me that I watch turn fake (Yeah)  
I still keep gorillas with me, I ain't talking 'bout Bape  
I'm a wizard with the potions, I ain't talking 'bout Snape, ay  
I put a bag in my carryon luggage I walk through the airport I'm holding the shit  
Somebody else put their coke in their ass and they walking through like they holdin' their shit  
My boy just snuck through the metal detector and he got a pole like he ready to fish  
Whenever I get a Grammy, I'm poppin' the top and I'm pouring a four in the whip  
Holy shit, I'm so high, I just high fived this holiness, damn  
Every shot I take, I make, it's like I'm Kobe's wrist (Whoo!)  
This how I feel after a decade of me makin' hits  
So if my name ain't on that bitch, you shouldn't make a list

Roll the windows up when I get inside the car (I mean)  
Roll the windows down when I open up the jar (See)

I'mma call the mayor, if they tryna press a charge  
I'mma mob boss, I be pullin' strings like my guitar, yeah (Yeah)

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Yeah, tryna get fucked up, (Get fucked up, ayy) ayy  
Roll the windows up (Roll it up right now when I) when I smoke and drive