

Machine Gun Kelly, Rolling Stone (feat. Earl St. C

Let me tell you how the story goes
See I was born to rock and roll
My momma kept me close to home
While my daddy was a rolling stone
So I rock (so I rock) and I roll (and I roll)
And I rock (and I rock) and I roll-oh-oh-oh-oh
So I rock (so I rock) and I roll (and I roll)
And I rock (and I rock) and I roll-oh-oh-oh-oh

Who remembers tryna make a dollar out of 15 cents?
Who remembers sneaking into liquor stores tryna get bent?
Who remembers stealing every album out of pop's old car?
And listening to those growning up tryna be a rock star
Back in the days, back in the – back in the days, backpack full of Andres
That's three stacks and The Chronic, no wait
More like three dollars and a 2Pac tape
Principal calling my dad, "Colson isn't showin' up to class
Colson got into a fight, your son isn't gonna pass"
Well, you're damn right, my books were in the trash
I was at Sharks, playing guitar with the band, jam
Pretend like we were playing for some fans
Go to chance, pretendin' like we was paying some bands, ran
Security caught us we, got banned, now dad's at home
Drunk, waiting with heavy hands, bam
So I ran away with whatever CD it was that I was gonna play
Music always had my back when it's just me in the dark
Fell asleep on the slide in the park, wake up!

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Today I took four shots
Leaned out my window and pissed on four cops
Noise complaints every day, knock knock
But I'm busy with four porn stars on my cock
Busy damagin' hotels and gift shops
Quick to shoplift, take a wrist watch
Put me on a stage at a show and I mosh
I done shaved so much blow that I rock
Do not try this shit at home
Seem like every morning my lawyer is on the phone
Talkin' 'bout another fight or another case from another night
With a dude backstage at a place upstate but I'm done with it
My life, have fun with it; call my little brother Rook, tell him "get the drums hittin'"
Tell the rest of the band to plug up, and yell to the rest of these bands to shut up!
Mic check 1, 2, if you don't like me than check your IQ
'Cause I ain't dumb, my mind is just numb from all the substance inside that I've done
I had to try some, be wild while I'm young, go in the strip club with all of my ones
But you don't want to live my life, I'm just telling you about the highlights, Kells

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Hold on let me catch my breath
Ok over here to the left
Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh (I like this)
Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh (right side what's up?)
Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh (woooooo yeah)
Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh (y'all ready)
Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh (come on)
Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh (yeah, louda, yeah)
Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh (yeahhhhhhhh)

Okay
Bennett Lane , Mary Jane
Eddie Cane, every lane
If said it then I live it, shit I done did everything