

Machine Gun Kelly, Roulette

This that mothafuckin' rider music
This that mothafuckin' rider music
All night, when I'm rollin'
Dirty, how many times you gon' play with death before you 30?
But I'm chosen, so I'm rollin'
With 11 of my closest, on a mission to get rich like Danny Ocean, how we rollin'
All through traffic with this mob apparatus
These people want me in a casket, still I'm rollin'
I heard Heaven got a place for me there, but I don't know if I'm goin', uh

Smoking on sequoia, running from my paranoia
Hollywood want me to come and live and die in California
I ain't going out like River Phoenix
I wanna enjoy all of the spoils
I'm a Golden Boy like Oscar de la Hoya
I'm a soldier masked up like it's the end of October
Blowing doja in the streets with Mannie Fresh down in the Nola
I done told ya, when it comes to beefing, I ain't kosher
Bought a cobra just to keep you snakes closer
I can spy a motive, y'all can try and clone this
Get them lies quoted, but him and I know this
Line up my opponents, hold their eyes open
Rip out their hearts and let 'em all die soulless

This that mothafuckin' rider, music
This that mothafuckin' rider, music (Eastside, ayy)
This that mothafuckin' rider, music
This that mothafuckin' rider, music
All night, when I'm rollin'
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Wait, I heard 'em say they want the old Gunner
Fuck 'em, I still turn coyotes into road runners
Fuck a family, I'll leave your ass with no brothers
It ain't no love when you become a man with no mother
That's what it was
I used to get my ass beat just because (For real)
I ran away and hit the trap, they couldn't make me budge
Junior year, my homie selling crack right off the bus
Knew that I wasn't turning back when I got cuffed
Fuck a charge, this a territory, y'all don't wanna march
Cemetery full of graves, I can finish what you start
Lost a milli when they sued me for a fight inside a bar
I hope you pussies think of me every time that you see the scar

This that mothafuckin' rider, music
This that mothafuckin' rider, music (Eastside, ayy)
This that mothafuckin' rider, music
This that mothafuckin' rider, music (Turn up)
All night, when I'm rollin'
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Yeah, 24/7, I keep my eyes open, ready
All these signs show me they want me gone like I'm Makaveli

On the cross when they cross me over, over something so petty
Kill 'em all even if I die like Method Man did in Belly
I am... Gun Kelly, ain't shit you can tell me
Get me drunk and mad enough, I go pop the trunk of the Chevy
I'm a dad and a savage, this is not an image like Getty
Rap for currency, like I'm Spitta Andretti and let it fall like confetti
Ball for my dogs that they got locked in the celly
And fuck the one that turned on me, I won't ever forget it
You learn it's your own homies you knew since the beginning
That see you winning and then wanna see you finished
Goddamn