

# Machine Gun Kelly, Save Me

Uh, from the bottom of the ash I rose  
Yeah, to the top I go  
Where I'm from its cold  
But I don't need this coat (nah)  
Keep my sleeves rolled  
Got my city's area code on my shoulder (whattup)  
216 forever in my soul  
Swear to God every single night its gets colder  
No heat so we all around that stove  
Like "fuck this broke shit", petty ass hustlin  
Couldn't even sell one zone  
Slim still workin' at the store and the only time we ever get to eat is when he brings something home  
Everydays dark here  
Prayin for a rainbow to lead us to that pot of gold  
And exchange those nights on a concrete floor  
For a bottle of Rose to pop that bitch off like we suppose to  
Never gave a fuck if we went gold  
I just wanna be able to say that "I made it"  
'Cause real EST mufuckas don't fold  
Real EST mufuckas don't break up, real family grows old  
Real EST mufuckers representin' for the city where they came even when they gone  
And fuck this throne, ain't no kings  
No pretty princess, ain't no queen  
No fairy tale endings on the eastside  
Just these broken homes and those screams  
Broken bones underneath these jeans  
Broken bricks cover up my streets  
Fiends outside trying to get they fix  
While my first born in here trying to get sleep  
Muthafuck this rap shit  
Try buryin' your boy six feet, let me show you 'bout real  
Try telling me that you can't make it up out the city 26 dollars to multi-mills  
Face inside of the XXL  
Then try coming back to the eastside still  
Well bitch I did, and it's still the kid  
Labeled a Bad Boy before this deal  
What up Slim, Dub, Xplo, Dre, Swirv, Ash, my boy BK  
And everybody from the beginning that bled with me knowing I would be here one day  
So as I roll through all the hoods that raised me  
Lookin' at the house of pain  
I'ma runaway from the ones that pay me  
Hopin I'll stay the same

Can't you save me?  
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