

# Machine Gun Kelly, Skate Cans

Original chucks on laced up like I'm taking them on a run  
They're begging me not to kill it I tell them I'm having fun  
They're asking me how I do it I tell them get on the rail  
Meaning get on your grind I'm ready now what's the deal  
My size 11s skate on the surface like hovercrafts  
A superhero you think that I was a Thundercat  
I run with villains my village calling me son of Sam  
Simply cause when I come around they st-st-st-stuttering  
My body's tatted they say I look like graffiti  
That's why I be on the roll these regulars try to read me  
The way that people be staring you'd think that I was a TV  
But when it comes to the haters I cannot see them like Stevie  
But I be seeing repeats of dead rappers like 6th sense  
My competition ain't worth nothing like 6 cents  
Misfit I swear I'm sick shit you'd think I was Ryan Sheckler by the way I make the kicks flip  
Too cool hands shakes and dap serving all of these fools like pancakes and snacks  
Whoever thought that I wouldn't be damaging the tracks  
Was pulling they own legs like hamstrings and calves

I am the only great white  
Body look like a canvas skin is covered with tats and my chucks are always the classics look like I'm  
Turn the noise up  
100 words and running  
Turn the noise up  
What'd I tell these people  
Turn the noise up  
Transformer tatted on my arm like a droid, YUP!  
I am the only great white  
Anytime's my time everyday is grind time no chain needed I am just a star Kells  
Turn the noise up  
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What'd I tell these people  
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Best rapper alive who? Kells, Kells

Uh, I'm so beyond my time the Michael Angelo of the second millenium  
I roll it up and get higher than condominiums  
My rap's braille the way the people be feelin' 'em  
Midwest all the way to the other side of the Meridian  
Back back EST is in the spot now  
We be the crew all of these fools try to jock now  
The type of dudes that'll make ya mouth drop down  
Faces looking twisted like we guzzlin' Ciroc down  
We're just city slickers in search of them bigger figures  
This is more than a game my business isn't a scrimmage  
And I be with the sickest cause I'm trying to be the illest with them Die Hard fans like Bruce Willis  
Pow pow  
I'm in the cut like alcohol in the wound  
But I'm tripping like I popped Adderall on the moon  
Focused on killing tracks like I'm rapping them from the tomb  
R.I.P. to this instrumental lighters up for the tunes  
Every morning I wake up and put my fitted on  
Which means every day I wake and put my city on  
Cleveland we ready just turn the MIDI on  
Kid Kells, feeling like a million gone

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