

Machine Gun Kelly, Street Dreams

On a east side night
Under that street light
On the corner of don't think twice
I find my mind where it shouldn't be

Crack Rock in that pad lock
With a stash spot in my ragtop
Street dreams down the block from my dads spot
Bad cops on my payroll
At a buck a pop like Faygo
Add 50 Cent for like 3 keys
Open up the doors for that Yayo
White nights cause I make snow
Bright lights then I lay low
Fight nights I'm like Mike Tyson
K/o for that peso
That's the life that we chose
Talking bout
Money cars and these clothes
Fuckin with
Twenty broads that's exposed
And we in the
Strip clubs till they close
These are the chronicles of a hood muthafucka doin what he gotta do to get paid
Chronic smoke In every follicle of my shades
Writing my obituary diggin my grave
Cause all they say is jail or death
And I figure there ain't nothin left
That I ain't did and since I'm knee deep in my shit, don't hold my breath

Oh shit
Guess it's back to that broke shit
Roach clip in my ashtray
2Pac on my posters
Dreams of living like Sosa
But I'm wakin up on this sofa
Said I'm wakin up on this sofa
I ain't waiting round here no longer
Get it how you live it bitch we livin dirty
Most of us that's livin now ain't livin thirty
Get it how you live it bitch we livin dirty
Cock that .38 put on my mask and it gets blurry
I don't think you heard me

What I need a shirt for?
When you beast shit and you go hard till that tours gone and you back onto that street shit
What I need this shirt for?
When these tattoos that I bleed with say everything about my story come read this
What I need a shirt for? Huh?
What I need a shirt for? Huh?
What I need a shirt for? Huh?
When I go hard
So hard, to get everything that I worked for

At the top is no friends dawg
At the bottom ain't shit dawg
Middle man'n ain't it dawg
Plotting drinkin this Hen dog
And I said lord my savior
Have I not protected my neighbor
Have I not neglected these haters
Have I not kept you in my prayers
So when my life keeps going downhill am I wrong for looking upstairs?
Am I wrong for feeling you hate me, am I wrong for thinking you'd care?

Am I wrong for keepin this weed lit and these smoke clouds In this air?
But I can't sleep without my mind gone cause of shit I witnessed last year
That boy that left out was just family
I ain't see the shit comin
We was supposed to be at these Grammy's
We was supposed to be stuntin
Shit, we was supposed to somethin
Fuck that we was supposed to be brothers
Helped you out when you were struggling, I don't owe you nothing muthafucka

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