

# Machine Gun Kelly, The Finish

Stress, bliss, fuck it

200 RPM, behind the wheel of my mind's GM  
Praying they don't see him  
Swerve around the drama from my BM  
Wondering why all these people wanna be him  
Stuck in the matrix but doesn't want no one to free him  
Cause in reality fantasy's all that's left of freedom  
And reality's a bitch and that's why I say I don't need'em  
Just a substance to keep me sleeping so I can keep on dreaming  
Fuck Tylenol PM, someone THC him  
Smoke away all my problems, eyes looking like Koreans  
You're only here to rap, other ambitions simply keep'em  
So I'm clenching down my gums like a baby when his teething  
What they saying in my face ain't what they thinking, they deceiving  
I'm about to live up to my reputation as a heathen  
And put my size 12's into place where they eating  
Til it comes out the other end like a mother that's conceiving  
Just be glad you breathing  
It's summer and my heart is still freezing  
Cause back home it is kill or be killed season  
So I'm watching my back, bet I'm familiar with treason  
People threw me in the lions den alone for no reason  
"Fuck em" if they hear him, but shut up when they see him  
While my family wondering why new breads in my ATM  
But how can I fit in a cubicle when I'm a coliseum  
Just know that no matter where I fit I do it off of Cleveland  
And Mile High

Ugh, The Calm  
100 Words and Runnin, ya bitch  
Kells