

# Machine Gun Kelly, Thoed Ass

Yeah, bitch

I'ma thoed ass, blowed ass, dick in the throat ass

Wake up in the morning, hundred joints rolled ass

Rich muhfucka, wit no class

Bitch I'm from the land, you don't wanna go there

Bitch you talkin grams, I be smokin' O's, yeah

Hotbox whip, I don't need the Ozium

I ain't hiding my shit, I'm a fuckin grown man

If the cops come, then oh well, uh huh

I'm still smoking my Blu Cantrell

Yeah, I might fuck around and blow a zip

Have both my lungs like oh shit

I'ma show them how a Cleveland muhfucka do

Bitch, went straight to the league from the public school

Shit, ya'll know it's no struggle, no progress

Hmmm, so I told the bitch work, go topless

Church, I'm a muhfuckin asshole

Tattooed to the sandals, fuck a bitch while I stand though

Burn a little wax, no candle

I'm buying Cubans by the pack, no Castro

They know I never try to hide like Camo

We in the mothafuckin field like Rambo

And you know I will steal a rich boy Lambo

And drive that mothafucka straight to a bando

24/7 get work, I grew up around them Hot Boyz, Lil Turk

Ay, I'm 25 gotta get turnt, I'm a young rockstar like Lil' Kurt

Ay, 20 after 4 get burnt, everyday's Friday, no Big Worm

30 more days till the first and the hood gets paid, you better learn, bitch

I been around like a merry-go

I swear a year ago, I told myself to piss on every hater like a urinal

I ain't tryna hear no, not gon fear no

We ain't really have to tell cause niggas still tellin on

Name ring ring like a telephone, DUB-O!

I don't know ya, EST, I'm a soldier

All we do is smoke doja, still make 'em say uh-hh

Master my P's so cut the head off a cobra

I'm in tip-top shape, yup

If I want it, I could get ya taste girl

Play the cut, how the cut should be played yup

Everything about me going way up

I sit back and watch you talk a lot while you talk a lot

Got to keep it pimpin, so I take the pimpin back to the parking lot

I'm a G wit it, OD wit it, nigga if we talkin money then you know we get it

Your face lookin hella mad, yeah you hella mad doing hella bad, I'm seeing that

And me, I'm eating hella crabs, yeah hella crabs, getting hella fat, by the pocket yeah

Bitch don't get it twisted, I been poppin on the low

I'm underground wit it, nigga you ain't got a clue

I been had the Juice like Q on the roof

And you can dig up Bishop if you ever want the truth

Young nigga got

Thoed ass, thoed ass, thoed ass

Blowed ass, dick in the throat ass

Wake up in the morning 100 joints rolled ass

Rich muhfucka, rich muhfucka

I am from the land till I D-I-E

If you getting right you need a Hum-vee

And a big bag of that OG

Price so low you would swear I wit the police

If she come wit me, she ain't comin back

Tell her put it on my lap, clap it like a jumping jack

Run up on me if you want I'll tell you to, I'll run it back

I wonder can he handle that, naw he can't handle that  
I got 10 freaky bitches tryna lick a nigga nuts  
100 crooked cops tryna get a nigga luck  
God bless the track niggas  
I can see the future and it come wit hella racks wit it  
Like I'm up at Saks wit it  
Young Kyrie with the shot  
Young Don Juan, what you thought?  
Take her up top, then I let her drop  
I'ma B-A Double L until they put me in a box, Ball

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