

Machine Gun Kelly, Thought I Was Gone, Hello

I would like to dedicate this, to uh
Fuck it

Open my phone up, every day to 80 voice mails, from 80 different callers
But to keep it 100, y'all really know Kells, nah
Underestimated, but over stood, let's just hope I'm a knock, knock, on wood
But either way I'm on another level thank the swisher
Ladies love when I'm around say I look better than the pictures
God damn right
I coined embrace the expression that I am fly
Cause I'm high as fly and above all of them land's life
I'm like Picasso with this damn mike, listen up
I gave the game stability, I am the missing crutch
Look how they mentioned us, call me collective
Even know they hate me, you don't have a choice but to respect it, ha
Peter picked up Pepper and I just picked the dream
And fell asleep now everything I do's a movie scene
But I just wanna live, and never act, blow a pack and run it back

Yeah
Now everybody from my city knows the name Kid
My father thought I was a screw up, till I blew up
Take a look at what the fame did
From stains to stainless, fridges in my cribz
There's bitches twisting the illest, getting lifted like the planes is
Them one come and go, but the high stays
Trying to keep my mind free is them junior high days
I guess we came a long way since MySpace
Seem like my name is all over the country like the highways
But they telling me the that home where the hate is
Well fuck that I'm gone then my spaceship
Been ready for take off
See me on Venus with extraterrestrials, puffing the greenest of the space raw
Already reaching and god willing if I make it to tomorrow
I'ma wake and dedicate this to the ceiling
Cause the fans make sure I'm on my mission
This is the pursuit of happiness fuck a million
We just over here living

Which is why I never put down the blunt
Surrounded myself with the realest
Which is why I never put up a front
But I did turned my back though
To everybody's opinion, and gave the critics a reason to kiss my asshole
Hi bloggers I know my skin's a little different
I guess I'll blame the lack of presence on my skin pigment
I've been dough, I've been fly as then rest of them
I just always been ill and they got the medicine
Guess I wouldn't want me around either
Vocals sick enough to fuck around and give listeners the jungle fever
Look at me now pops up in the sky box, a few clearer than eye drops
And I rock all the shows all the hoes and more
Open up my closet looking like a clothing store
I don't never wanna grow up, Peter Pan
So roll it up and lets hit neverland, Kells
Gone

And everybody who just trying to make a living
Doing whatever they gotta do to get it, put your hands up
Whether you work on the streets or in the buildings
Everybody that is handling they bizness, put your hands up
Me I'm just chasing the dream while they sitting
So everybody who isn't bullshitting, please stand up, please stand up
You in the front row dedicated to my fans

Though I was gone, I'm back
Hellooooo