

# 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