

Machine Gun Kelly, Till I Die Part II (feat. Bone Th

Awaitin' to die, oh, shit, I'm always on my mind
East 1999, nigga, St. Clair
Cleveland is the city where we come from, so run, run

(Bitch, I'm from) East, East 1999, the 9999
(Bitch, I'm from) East, East 1999, the 9999
(Bitch, I'm from) East, East 1999, the 9999
(Bitch, I'm from) East, East 1999, the 9999
(My city, bitch, I'm from)

The motherfuckin' land, get it straight (Ey, ey)
Boy, you will get scraped
Bitch, I'm from the motherfuckin' land of the apes
Get the fuck out my face (Bitch)
E'rywhere I go, I'm puttin' on
E'rywhere I go, I'm blowin' strong
E'rywhere I go (E'rywhere I go), everyday, e'rrybody know
In my hood, motherfuckers get it on (Ah)

Puttin' on for the city like Snowman (What?)
'Cause in my city I don't snow, man
And that ain't no diss to Jeezy
'Cause Jeezy know what's up, believe
That's my nigga back in Puerto Rico
'Fore the rap shit popped, we were talkin' kilos (Brr)
Tell the Puerto Rican bitch centerfold the plug
Big bottle of numbers and we call him Nino
Yo, one ounce and a pound bag, I know I'm livin'
Back in North Memphis nigga 'till I die, dawg
Yeah, motherfuck a suit and tie, dawg
We don't want our hats to the back with the five, dawg
Bang, put the plug on chill
Told 'em I ain't through yet (Hold up), hell naw, I ain't retire, dawg (Nah)
I just want a piece of mind, dawg
Why you hatin' on a nigga from the city? Lemme shine, dawg

E'rywhere I go, I'm puttin' on, puttin' on, puttin' on
E'rywhere I go, I'm puttin' on, puttin' on, puttin' on (Ey!)
E'rywhere I go, I'm puttin' on, puttin' on, puttin' on
E'rywhere I go, I'm puttin' on, puttin' on

(Bitch, I'm from) East, East 1999, the 9999
(Bitch, I'm from) East, East 1999, the 9999
(Bitch, I'm from) East, East 1999, the 9999
(Bitch, I'm from) East, East 1999, the 9999
(Bitch, I'm from)

Yo, I be drivin' all the foreign cars till the day I die
Fuckin' all the foreign hoes till the day I die
Went to hit the dealer, then a nigga drove it out
When 'em doors go up, all them panties fallin' down
Niggas ain't know me then, but 'em niggas know me know
When I pull up in the Benz, all the jewels drippin' down
I be fuckin' up arenas, all 'em hoes singin' now
I be fuckin' with them boys that lift you off the ground
I stand out, spent a hunnid racks to put the band on it
Shawty bendin' it over, let me land on it
Grabbin' brown bags, Uncle Sam, homie
Got the pussy jumpin', dove a HAM on it
Young nigga goin' hard
If you talk about them cars, fuck y'all like the dealer
Now, I did it for my dawgs
I be smokin' out the jar like a dreadlock, haann

Ay, Bleed, keep puttin' on
I said keep puttin' on, Ray been puttin' on
See, I bossed wit' my mans wit' the plug, put 'em on
In the plug, put 'em on, yeah

Yeah, East Side for life
I'm a real Cleveland legend, I'm a ride 'till the day I die
Get high, bury me with my chrome .45
Now tell me, now tell me, do that sound familiar?
If you from Cleveland, you are la familia
If you get money one hundred, you know that we feelin' ya

Hold up, bitch, I'm from the land and y'all know that
Y'all never should have let me go back
Even when I didn't have no plaque
I was courtside in the Cavaliers throwback (Ey!)
I was on the 19 ridin' up Miles
Back when I was nineteen turnin' up wild
I was in the flats when the land slanged goals
Ridin' up Satchel when them boys slanged hoes
I was on the Clair when Al came down
Leavin' out of work, went to rap it downtown (Right?)
I was in the club when they played "We Ball"
And I repped my hood and everybody started brawlin'
Back when I was sixteen, I was spittin' sixteen
Hoppin' up the Blue Line on 116 (Yeah)
Tryna get my fifteen minutes of fame, shit changed
Now I'm on the big screen like-

(Bitch, I'm from) East, East 1999, the 9999
(Bitch, I'm from) East, East 1999, the 9999
(Bitch, I'm from) East, East 1999, the 9999
(Bitch, I'm from) East, East 1999, the 9999
(Bitch, I'm from the land)

Land, land, land, land, land