Machine Gun Kelly, Warning Shot

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Okay I came in, no clout, small bank and my big mouth Small name but these big shots, know just what this kids 'bout I said shit, then I meant shit, coroner (I dead shit!) I treat hoes, just like hoes, that throw bones, go fetch it I'm pitbull, that 'X' shit, that going in at they neck shit That we gonna have a problem if I am not on they next shit 'Cause I wreck shit, can't tame me; I'm Eminem and I'm Jay-Z I'm the renegade of this rap shit, me and all my boys like A Team Fuck's wrong with y'all? This is my warning shot I better see you get ghost Because I'll treat competition like hoes: skip conversation and come at they throats Boy I'm from the C-L-E-V-E-L-A-N-D and I will be reppin' that until I die And you either with me or riding against me so let me know Put them L's up in the sky, lace up!

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Yeah, call me the man, better yet, call me the kid (Uh) Cause ain't nobody this young done what I did (No) Cause ain't nobody this young gone through the shit that I went through these past couple years an Y'all suckers; hickey shit I'm a real rockstar; Nikki Sixx I'm Minaj and y'all just watch God damn y'all Nikki's bitch Can the game get any more corny? (Huh?) Can the fame get any more boring? (Uh) Can any other lame who think I'm dope put out garbage and make it easy for me Is it possible for anyone to ignore me? (No) Is it possible for anyone to record me? So I cannot trust other people who capture closed video songs and put them out before me (Ha!) And is it possible that I possibly delivered the illest lyrics? Somebody call the paramedics! (Ahhhhh) Somebody call the fucking paramedics! Is it even possible with a lack of academics to get the credit in the city and never spend a minute in Fuck that, kiss my ass Straight 'till it's pitch black Roll it up and let me hit it

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