

Blue Skies

Machine Gun Kelly

Look, never had a cent now I got a bent
I ain't talkin Bentley's, I'm talkin a bitch
I got her bent over she bustin them splits
Looking up at the star, I'm telling her make a wish
Hoes come around me tryna leave rich
But I give em no shit so they leave pissed
Fuck em, Here is to the night, like Eve 6
My partner ain't gotta put the dough into the deep dish
Mic check, can you hear me?
I'm loud as a symphony
Smoke in my lungs, I'm a chimney
Get it in your head like epiphanies
Realize I am Prince Akeem, I roll with the semi
So many repent me, part of em resent me
They think I'm Lucifer, I think God blessed me
I was in hell while you rappers on Jet ski's
How in the fuck can yo raps represent me?
I was on ten, now I'm on fifty
I just spent a hundred, tell em roll it up quickly
I just got a hundred missed calls from the city
Keep it 100, everybody fuck with me
Keep it 100, Kells, Keep it 100
Fuck ya'll, you don't know nothing
I keep it 3 thou like Andre
I done been an Outkast since I came up out mom's stomach
I been smoking weed since I was a fetus
Lil bad mothafucka, needed Baby Jesus
Tryna be a millionaire, where the fuck Regis?
Leaders of the new school and we all teachers
First lesson blue skies, blue dream, red eyes and catch red eyes
Fuck the real world, Kells

Throw it up when you see me, roll one up when you see me, stay real
Throw it up when you see me, roll one up when you see me, for real
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24/7 I'm putting in work, came from the gutter no stain on my shirt
You know the land is where champions birthed
So I hold the title till I land in the dirt
Motorcycles, auto-rifles, and purp
Overnight they think I tripled my worth
Gotta stay ready, these haters will lurk
But this ain't what you want, now I'm feeling like dirt
This ain't what you want
Sing that shit to em like Gerald Levert
Couldn't sleep on me with Ambien first
Let the kid nap like an Amber alert
Wake up and you know I had to get turnt
Bottle of Jameson matching my shirt
Back on the road, gotta pack up the merch
And I smoke so much tree that I damage the earth
Yeah, EST watch it
Don't make me get on my young shit
Don't get me talking that gun shit
Don't make me turn this whole thing to a function
Don't make assumptions

I'm from the C, I ain't talkin bout Compton
I'm from the 6, I ain't talkin Toronto
Bitch I'm from Cleveland, you know the motto
I'm the city's Lucky Luciano, the gunner

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