

die in california

Machine Gun Kelly

Killed the me I used to be
I might die in California
In my mind I had a dream
Saw a demon on my shoulder
Yeah, I know, I should probably let it go
Yeah, I know I might die in California
Die in California

Ayy
Someone cut the lights off, please
I've been kinda sad lately
I know that I'm good for you, but you're kinda bad, baby
Witches doin' love chants, brewin' up the potion
I had a premonition I was overdosin'
So someone cut the lights off, please
I don't want you to look at me
I paint my nails black, if I ever look happy then it's an act
Every day is an anxiety attack
I wish I could take it back to when I was drinkin' water out the tap
With the Cleveland logo printed on my hat
Tell me was it my fear of bein' complacent
That ended up leavin' me so jaded (Ended up leavin' me)
I'm miserable even though I made it
Got a house in the hills and I fuckin' hate it

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They gon' be missin' me
It's gon be chaos when it comes down to my royalties
I keep the stick like Mister X and that's by any means
Watch out for opps, watch out for cops, they kill for anything
I got on Prada shoes and Prada tee
I love my brudda, rest in peace, I know you're proud of me
I'm pourin' mud up, tryna stay away from Billie Jean
On all these uppers, everybody say I hardly sleep
And I got demons on my shoulder, heart gettin' colder, oh so cold
Keep me a heater, that's my toaster in my coat, you never know
The streets don't love you, I don't need love, I don't need you, no, no, no
I pray on my knees and I stay strong
Take care of my family, I don't wanna die alone

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All this bread, make her, speed up
When I did, ate her, I made her sit up

I don't talk to a pillow
I don't walk, Rolls Royce truck
Tell the old ladies and the babies go inside
I told that bitch, I been a savage before the rappin'
I can take the jet to Seattle without the sky
I can shoot this bitch like a veteran with precise
911 Porsche Cayenne grey like a granny
Dyin' in LA, I done OD'd on twenty Xannies, slime
Oh, she my baby, she my wife
She tryna kiss it while we ride (Muah)
We bouta fuck around and die
Livin' in the hills, got eyes (Eyes)
Now she tryna hire her a spy (Now she tryna hire her a spy)

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