

## Highline Ballroom Soundcheck (Freestyle)

Machine Gun Kelly

Ay yo, first off my name is, fuck that check the playlist  
Bitch I'm trying to blow up like the Al Qaeda  
But why do yall want to be famous? So I can pay for protection and pretend to be gangsta?  
These rappers are five foot tall talkin' bout gang bangin'  
I'm 6'3, I pee make em yellow like cold play is  
6 D, up in a rental honda from A this bad bitches give me brain that explains my mindless behavior  
But fuck em' I never mind them like a hater  
Fuck this rap shit is wack, I'm going back to get paid under the table  
This industry turns me off like I forgot to pay my cable  
Bunch of males on these labels trying to stick it in my anal (what the fuck?)  
So I fuck these girls cause they're rear ended (what?)  
So motherfuck the world because its near endin' (ohhhh)  
Uh, and if you scared go to church  
Other than that, go get a shirt with my name on it, get your peers offended  
You're tormented by face huh, yeah  
It makes you think what ain't huh, yeah  
So ship ship shimmy shimmy yah shimmy yay  
Get your old dirty ass out the way, hold up

(Kells, Kells its double XXL)  
(We've got some wonderful news and I just wanted to tell)  
(Now I know you and our freshmen issue don't sit well)  
(So we said fuck everyone else give the cover to yourself)  
I ain't ballin', but I'm at the free throw  
There they go to college, but i know this gringo is copied more then the fucking kinko's  
Me ho, mis amigos will cut you into burritos and feed you to the seagulls  
Your career is over, finito (Fatality)  
Yeah bitch yeah bitch call me Steve-O  
I'm a jackass, I backhand my country's presidito  
I don't take part in politics, where I'm from we call it deep throat  
I'd rather fuck me a bitch and X men like Magneto  
Now..call me an asshole but be tactical  
Cause the wrong vernacular could turn something spectacular into a massacre  
Microphone damager, midwest assassin, a cleveland cannibal animal eat too many of you faggots like bananas  
My caskets are full of plants, make my lungs blacker then Janin, high as an intergalactic planets I think I work for NASA  
My chucks are classic, body marked up like my managers calendar  
Stand up fanatical still I've slept on like these mattresses  
Wake up! can you see me? somebody get binoculars  
I'm on top of a man and slapping two animal activists  
Living up to the standards I got stuck with as a rapper  
A havoc problematic psychopathic basic ambassador  
(Cough cough)  
Hot boxin' an Acura  
Pants saggin', gettin' head from tabitha  
Bitch I be that skinny muhfucka  
Cleveland's what I'm reppin'  
They already know the answer ain't no mothafuckin' question its Kells

Yeah  
I got more bars in the jail  
I got more heat then sun itself

You would think I was a member of hell  
You would think I wouldn't have any manners the way I'm using Biggie for myself  
But, if any one of you got a problem then let me call P Diddy up on his cell  
and tell you  
(FUCK THE WORLD DON'T ASK ME FOR SHIT)  
All you industry bitches can suck my dick!  
(FUCK THE WORLD DON'T ASK ME FOR SHIT)  
I said all you industry bitches can suck my dick....bitch