

# Roulette

## Machine Gun Kelly

This that motherfucking rider, music  
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All night, when I'm roulette  
Dirty, how many times you gon' play with death before you thirty?  
But I'm chosen, so I'm roulette  
With 11 of my closest, on a mission to get rich like Danny Ocean, how we roulette  
All through traffic with this mob apparatus  
These people want me in a casket, still I'm roulette  
I heard Heaven got a place for me there but I don't know if I'm goin', ah

Smoking on Sequoia, running from my paranoia  
Hollywood want me to come and live and die in California  
I ain't going out like river phoenix  
I wanna enjoy all of the spoils  
I'm a golden boy like Oscar de la Hoya, I'm a soldier  
Mask up like it's the end of October  
Blowing doja in the streets with Mannie Fresh down in the 'Noia, I done told ya  
When it comes to beefing, I ain't kosher  
Bought a cobra just to keep you snakes closer  
I conspire motive  
Y'all can try and clone this  
Get them lines quoted but Him and I know this  
None of my opponents hold the eyes open  
Rip out the heart to let them all die soulless

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Wait, I heard they said they want the old Gunner  
Fuck 'em, I still turn coyotes into road runners  
Fuck a family, I'll leave your ass with no brothers  
It ain't no love when you become a man with no mother  
That's what it was  
I used to get my ass beat just because (For real)  
I ran away, hit the trap, they couldn't make me budge  
Junior year, my homie selling crack right off the bus  
Knew that I wasn't turning back when I got cuffed  
Fuck a charge, this a territory, y'all don't wanna march  
Cemetery full of graves, I could finish what you started  
Lost a milli when they sued me for a fight inside a bar  
I hope you pussies think of me every time you see the scars

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Yeah, 24/7, I keep my eyes open, ready  
All these sides show me they want me gone like I'm Makaveli  
On the cross when they cross me over  
Over something so petty  
Kill 'em all even if I die like Method Man did in Belly  
I am Gun Kelly  
Ain't shit you can tell me  
Get me drunk and mad enough, I go pop the trunk at the Chevy  
I'm a dad and a savage, this is not an image, I get it  
Rap for currency, like I'm spitter Andretti  
And let it fall like confetti  
Ball for my dawgs that got locked in the celly  
And fuck the one that turned on me, I will never forget it  
You learn, it's your own homies you knew since the beginning  
They see you winning and they wanna see you finished  
God damn!