

Spotlight

Machine Gun Kelly

Feel this...
For all that it's worth
To live in the spotlight...

What if life was simple as a hug?
What if my partner wasn't crippled from a drug?
What if my other homie never caught a slug?
What if our parents actually gave a fuck?

Another black suit, another black suit
Police happy to see another black shoot
His mother's make up smearing on my arms,
Crying cause' I'm the only son that she's got now that he's gone

What if the ghetto never heard an instrumental?
And we didn't have this rap shit all we had was metal?
You telling me if we couldn't shoot a ball
Our lives still got shooting involved?

And what if I never left out of Denver that winter for new beginnings
My father started his business and traded family for riches?
You telling me that my auntie will still have a house to live in
And JoJo wouldn't be writing me from prison?

But fuck it this is life
Deal with it or get dealt with
I'm in my room smoking alone like I'm selfish
Cause' some days the sun's hard to face

Dad turns his son wears his face
But look closer see the heart of a lion
Sticks and stones couldn't damage my bones harder then iron
170 pounds with the walk of a giant

So defiant I pop a Valium, turn up the volume
Turn up the volume. turn up the volume
Turn up the volume, turn up the volume.

For all that it's worth
To live in the spotlight
All of my demons come to life

And all that it was
And all that it could be
Is lost in the darkness of the night

Why should I die? (to live in the spotlight)
Why should I kill myself for you?
You'd let me die? (to live in the spotlight)
You'd let me die inside for you...

Look
What if money wasn't part of success?
Would the people I used to be friends with never left?
What if making a name didn't come with regrets?
I think that fame's a pre-cursor to death:

Death of a friendship
Death of a family
Death of a man
The misunderstood are always dead before 'they' understand

Staring at ceiling fans,
Chop up milligrams
Draw a pentagram
Lucifer's not a rumor he's in the band, (damn)

Liquor and vomit on my Converse
Bright lights and packed concerts
And right next to the gun that's on my dresser are plastic orange bottles of
Peer pressure

And I'm ready to cave
I live in a cage
How can I be a hero when I'm the one needing saved
48 days of this fast lane living

Me and my entourage no Jeremy Piven, listen
It's better to burn out then fade away is what Kurt said
I felt the same until I saw his daughter and thought as a father
What if tomorrow; the only I could spoil her was dying?

Started crying then popped a valium turned up the volume
Turn up the volume, turn up the volume
Turn up the volume, turn up the volume

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So what you do when the cop lights
Turn into a stage and a spotlight?
And everyone around you starts to hate cause you got right
And feel entitled like I'm supposed to stop living my life?
Well this ain't 2Pac
This ain't Em's show
This ain't Jigga man
This that Kells flow
This that C-town 19-double-X rep so
Welcome to my life here's a ticket to the next show, spotlight
Welcome to my life here's a ticket to the next show