

The Finish

Machine Gun Kelly

200 RPM, behind the wheel of my mind's GM
Praying they don't see him
Swerve around the drama from my BM
Wondering why all these people wanna be him
Stuck in the matrix but doesn't want no one to free him
Cause in reality fantasy's all that's left of freedom
And reality's a bitch and that's why I say I don't need'em
Just a substance to keep me sleeping so I can keep on dreaming
Fuck Tylenol PM, someone THC him
Smoke away all my problems, eyes looking like Koreans
You're only here to rap, other ambitions simply keep'em
So I'm clenching down my gums like a baby when his teething
What they saying in my face ain't what they thinking, they deceiving
I'm about to live up to my reputation as a heathen
And put my size 12's into place where they eating
Til it comes out the other end like a mother that's conceiving
Just be glad you breathing
It's summer and my heart is still freezing
Cause back home it is kill or be killed season
So I'm watching my back, bet I'm familiar with treason
People threw me in the lions den alone for no reason
"Fuck em" if they hear him, but shut up when they see him
While my family wondering why new breads in my ATM
But how can I fit in a cubicle when I'm a coliseum
Just know that no matter where I fit I do it off of Cleveland
And Mile High

Ugh, The Calm
100 Words and Runnin, ya bitch
Kells