

World Series

Machine Gun Kelly

Kells

Who the fuck want it with him?
We ball like the Indians at the World Series 8th inning
I'm gone, rolling with Nicole Kidman
I hit the pussy like a bong, fuck show business

We in the jungle with the guerrillas
We in the streets with the 4 wheelers
Don't speak I am no witness
You got beef?

Put an end to you talking like long sentence, period
Motherfucker I'm serious
Who's you're favorite rapper, I'm curious?
He ain't living out them words

He ain't used Machine Gun's verse in the trap cause his ass got murdered
I'm talking in the 3rd
I'm talking to a stealer and he ain't from the Burgh
You talking to a Cleveland motherfucker in the first

So you better not get on my nerves, biatch
I need herb tho, keep me moving like turtle
Keep me seeing this purple
Keep it banging like Kirko

Work something, twerk something
Bitch fuck me now she worth something
Gas tank on E, it worth fronting
Try to stunt on me the worst coming

Motherfuckers gonna need some plumbing I am the shit
And I feel like eating something
Feeding my stomach
Give me a rapper, make it a hundred

Fuck it, give em the hubble telescope
They couldn't see the youngin'
No, fuck it let 'em get a lil something
Bring em to the block do a lil stuntin', that ain't nothing

Everywhere where I go I'm putting on
I ain't bluffing
Everywhere where I go I'm putting on
Bitch I run it
Kells

This song got a motherfucker feeling like Pac tho, (thug life)
Picture me rollin'
Picture me rollin'
Picture me rollin'

This song got a motherfucker feeling like Pac tho, (Thug life)
Picture me rollin'
Picture me rollin'
Picture me rollin'

Picture me rich
Picture everybody with a picture of me hangin' on the wall like Prince
Picture your favorite R&B singer
Lookin at a picture on her phone of my big ol' dick

Picture me living like Biggie
The real Frank White, I'm the king of my city
Picture all this shit starting as a dream
Staring at a picture of Martin Luther King

Bitch that's my reaction
Trying to make it happen from rapping
Trying to avoid me a casket
Half of my kin-folk caught up in traffic from trapping

My whole squaddone turned to a fraction
Cause Tony Montana right up the block from us, dawg
It's hard not to get caught up in it at all
Hard not to ball

Sales for yayo, then jail, then someone goes talk to the law
Please God tell me it ain't true
Tell me name on that paper work ain't you
If you ain't snitching then why is you home

Stupid decision bitch better get gone
3 in the morn, I can't get rest so I turn over pick up that .38 special,
You bust in my door, then I bust in your neck hoe
25 stranded on death row

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