

# Get Laced

## Machine Gun Kelly

I'm so God damn gone I don't know where home is  
Feeling real sauced up no boneless  
I keep it G, fuck keeping up with the Joneses  
Smelling so funky that you would think that I was homeless  
And the fans like, Kells stop playing with him  
That girl's man like, bitch stop laying with him  
And the haters on the internet tryna' be thugged out  
But them dealers and killers man I was staying with 'em  
Eastside Cleveland to the death yo  
Fuck LeBron, the Kid never left y'all  
Forget the number twenty-three man it's EST  
You see it tatted on my chest, we the best y'all  
Couple stacks if you wanna get a verse from me  
Make a diss track if you wanna get a hearse from me  
I got the gift already so I fuck bitch ass dick shit if you wanna get the curse from me  
Cause everybody be wanting something that I got  
Leaning on me like a tripod  
But I'm already leaning up with the liquor  
They be running up like do or die guy, Kells on their iPod  
And I'm fucking with these trees real heavy man, real real heavy man  
Blowing up brown good, the shit's real pettigrand  
Mix it with the red I be calling that shit spaghetti  
I'll be all up in the mountains blowing on that white yeti, man  
End of the day I'll be chilling man, what's new  
I'm for the people not the rappers man, fuck dude  
I'd rather be a lame than rely on a name  
Or rock sunglasses in the dark man, fuck cool  
And the album coming soon y'all bear with me  
Laced up, Chuck T's brought a pair with me  
Hit 123rd for the sour Dies  
Though I'm blunted in the car looking like a flare's with me  
The people here with me hold me down, all dogs homie know me out  
That's why my circle as small as a penny cause ain't no-one sold me out  
But funny how everyone knows me now  
And before all this we had the streets on lock, man, Dub knows  
Ask Ash what it was 'fore we book shows  
Me and Slim in a 1 bedroom, no money no food but now we eating good though  
Now I could go (Where?)  
Anywhere up there, all I gotta do is push go

Give me the green light meaning give me good 'dro  
From a land far far away where the wood grow  
And I'm staying real throwed like a pitch  
Cop a whole zip put it in a dish  
Blowing something real real evil so I call this witch  
You got dirt so I call that ditch, you bitch  
The dope boys feel me, the sub nerds feel me  
Your girl definitely does, cause she here with me  
So really you don't have a choice but to deal with me  
And you like my shit, keep it real with me  
Matter of fact, let's keep this one hundred  
If I was pocket change I would be one hundred  
You would be a nickel, even when I'm nothing  
I was still a two fifties equalling out to one hundred  
So keep it one hundred, Kells is that boy  
Who resuscitated the city dog, that boy  
Who got a whole coast behind him, that boy  
So if you want the real, listen to that boy  
And I'm that boy, 20 years old  
With the world on my shoulder like a fur coat  
Used to be square now I'm in a circle  
Sipping Merlot, for real man, for sure  
So about it you'd think I was from No Limit  
Real white boy rap, dog, no gimmick  
Bringing the game back to life with no clinic  
Because I let 'em see the real me, no tinted  
So I'm in this, the new face of  
Hip hop I gave the game a shake up  
And this brand new change comes in the shape of  
A 6" 3' blonde haired boy, lace up

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>