

Wild Boy (feat. Waka Flocka Flame)

MGK

Yeah bitch, yeah bitch, call me Steve-o,
I'm a wild boy, fuck an eighth I need o's
Yeah bitch, yeah bitch, call me Steve-o,
Yeah bitch, yeah bitch, call me Steve-o,
I'm a wild boy, I'ma I'ma wild boy
I'm a wild boy, fuck an eighth I need o's
Yeah bitch, yeah bitch, call me Steve-o,
Yeah bitch, yeah bitch, call me Steve-o,
I'm a wild boy, I'ma I'ma wild boy
I'm a wild boy, fuck an eighth I need o's I'm an East side Cleveland wild boy (East side Cleveland wild boy)
We got baseball bats like the Indians and my team pop off like cowboys
You're a white flag, throw that towel boy
I'm a jump right in that crowd boy
You're a Sh! keep it down boy
And I'm a fuck you blow that loud boy
All I know is how to kill every one of my selves
All they know is they can kill anybody but Kells
I am untouchable, you would think I was in jail
But I'm in Mexico getting marijuana from Miguel
Bring it back into the states, put it on a scale
Measure out a half a eighth, put it in a shell
Split it then I roll it and light it up like it's Independence Day
I got a bottle rocket, put it in the air
Snap back with my city on it
Text back with your titties on it
Levis, put your kitty on it
Start grinding like the Clipse is on it
Drink until I get pissy biatch
Smoke until I get dizzy biatch
Lose control like Missy
But I'm a bad boy cause I'm with Diddy biatch Uh uh, there he go that's John Doe
Uh uh, there he go that's John Doe
Uh yeah, there he go that's John Doe
Nevermind that's just Kells with that heat, (no) no LeBron though Yeah bitch, yeah bitch, call me Steve-o,
Yeah bitch, yeah bitch, call me Steve-o,
I'm a wild boy, I'ma I'ma wild boy
I'm a wild boy, fuck an eighth I need o's
Yeah bitch, yeah bitch, call me Steve-o,
Yeah bitch, yeah bitch, call me Steve-o,

I'm a wild boy, I'ma I'ma wild boy
I'm a wild boy, fuck an eighth I need o'sBrick Squad!
Uh oh here come that bullshit
Beat a nigga ass til the DJ stop the music
They say they want that wild shit, mosh pit, jump up in the crowd bitch
I'm so mother fucking violent
Yeah bitch yeah bitch I'm with Steve-o
We bustin bottles with bad bitches, blowin' weed smoke
Yeah bitch yeah bitch I'm with Steve-o
Royal rumble in the club John Ceno
I'm screamin' Riverdale everywhere I go
I throw them bands hoe, (hey shawty) drop it low
Fuck 5-0, I make my own rules
Suck my dragon balls bitch call me Goku
Yeah! This liquor got the best of me
Yeah! This liquor got the best of me
Machine Gun Kelly, Flocka that's the recipe
You gon' need king kong if you step to me Yeah Cobain's back
Yeah Cobain's back
Got these crazy white boys yellin Cobain's back
I call my weed Nirvana
Smells like teen spirit
And my pack's so fuckin loud you can't hear it (what?) Ah! Yeah bitch, yeah bitch, call me Steve-o,
Yeah bitch, yeah bitch, call me Steve-o,
I'm a wild boy, I'ma I'ma wild boy
I'm a wild boy, fuck an eighth I need o's
Yeah bitch, yeah bitch, call me Steve-o,
Yeah bitch, yeah bitch, call me Steve-o,
I'm a wild boy, I'ma I'ma wild boy
I'm a wild boy, fuck an eighth I need o's

Songwriters

ROBERT WILLIAMS, KARIM KHARBOUCH, RICHARD COLSON BAKER, JOSHUA HOWARD
LUELLEN, TAUHEED EPPS, MARIO SENTELL GIDEN, MICHAEL L. TYLER
Published by
Lyrics © Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>