

World Series

Machine Gun Kelly

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yeah
KellsWho 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, ah
Period, uh motherfucker I'm serious
Who ya favorite rapper, I'm curious?
He ain't living out them words
He ain't used Machine Gun's verse on the track
'Cause his ass got murdered uh
I'm talking in the third
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 though
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 ain't worth fronting
Tryna stunt on me the worst coming (okay)
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
KellsThis song got a motherfucker feeling like Pac tho
(Feeling like Pac tho, thug life)
Picture me rollin' (picture me rollin')
Picture me rollin' (picture me rollin')
Picture me rollin' (picture me rollin')
This song got a motherfucker feeling like Pac thou
(Feeling like Pac tho, thug life)
Picture me rollin' (picture me rollin')
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 squad done turned to a fraction
'Cause Tony Montana's 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 that 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 goin'
Three in the morn
I can't get rest so I turn over pick up that thirty eight special
You bust in my door, then I bust in your neck hoe
Twenty five stranded on death rowThis song got a motherfucker feeling like Pac tho
(Feeling like Pac tho, thug life)
Picture me rollin' (picture me rollin')
Picture me rollin' (picture me rollin')
Picture me rollin' (picture me rollin')
This song got a motherfucker feeling like Pac thou
(Feeling like Pac tho, thug life)
Picture me rollin' (picture me rollin')
Picture me rollin' (picture me rollin')
Picture me rollin'

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