

Golden God

Machine Gun Kelly

Ay, red lights on in the boulevard
That means business
Throw up in this bitch, I might
Corny bitches make me sick
I might throw up in this bitch, throw up in this bitch
GunnaMade man like Joe Pesci
I need Deniro or I'll Rob her
I had to skate Wayne Gretzky
Called an Uber helicopter
Bought a pound from a rasta
Bought the yayo from Miguel, though
Award shows need an Oscar
They need my merchandise on Melrose
David Bowie of my generation
Kill them all we violent with no hesitation
Came from public education
Ramen noodles with the bacon
I was working at Chipotle, I was finna have a baby
Went from stealing out of Walmart to president of operations
Dub was working at the steel shop
Slim was working off of 1st block
We still roll together every day
Except we might be on a private plane
Why would you ever come from nothing
And not do whatever the fuck you wanted?
They be asking why I'm such a legend
I took so much acid, I be forgetting
I'm a golden god, I'm a golden god
I'm on the roof of the party
Still almost famous, still all the way dangerous
Still dirty Chuck Taylors, still hanging with gangstas
The type to put the red beam on you, I ain't talk about a laser
We the golden squad, we the golden squad
Double X, we the hardest
Me, Dub-O, Mercy Marty
Should've never got us started
Motherfucker, I'm retarded
Do you know how I'm regarded?
King of underground, King of Cleveland town
King of marijuana gardens

I can't stop myself from coughing
Four thousand dollar bong rip
Custom made for the new house
Can't believe I never had shit
2012 was a good year, 2017 too lit
20/20 vision, see the future
Looks like the crown do fit
I am king of this new shit, 7 rings and a pool stick
8 ball, let sway roll, rockstars don't say no
This beat so flame, though, I forgot to say my name, though
Bitch, I'm G-U-double N-A, Gunna
Never like my mother, fighter, not a lover
Man, I'm wildin' every summer
I ain't like my daddy, he religious
I'm with bitches burning rubber
I'm a desperado, whiskey bottles, .38 bang, bang, bang
Models be on the same thang, thang
EST, that's the gang, gang, gang
I'm a golden god, I'm a golden god
I'm a golden god, I'm a golden god
I'm a golden god, I'm a golden god
I'm a golden god, I'm a golden god
I'm on the roof of the party Bitch, I thought it was a drought
Bitch, I thought you had the clout I'm a golden god, I'm a golden god
I'm on the roof of the party
Still almost famous, still all the way dangerous
Still all the way dangerous
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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