

The Gunner

Machine Gun Kelly

Ayy, my walk is so cocky the bouncers don't even stop me
Ain't no pat down, no ID
They know me, that shit obvi
Bitch I pack out the lobby just from fans tryna find me
I got daughters and mothers tryna fuck with the gunner
Two tone suit like the Joker
My Harley Quinn wears a choker
Let them suicide doors up
So much smoke, can't photo us
I'm out west like the gold rush, 1942 poured up
I ain't spent one night sober since I turned twenty years old
But I'm on my Jeezy in 2005 "Trap or Die" shit
The everyday 100, this ain't no facade shit
This that "Look me in my eyes and don't you fuckin' lie" shit
Still don't need no opinions
Bitch, most these artists my minions, whoa, yeah
Any weed around me finna get burnt
No lie, I'm on fire
Hogtie anybody need a realization that they fuckin' with the wrong guy
I am the Alpha Omega, came from Sonic on a Sega
Crumblin' chronic on the table
Mumbling lyrics in the basement
Like I'm finna go Super Saiyan
I'm saying I ain't had a plan coming out the land
Hanging with my man, tryna sling a gram
Just to rent a van, just to try and tour
Turn some common clothing in to couture
Steal money from the sewer
Look at all that I been doing
All them years I couldn't afford, places in the morgue
We are not the same, say the fuckin' name I am the gunner (the gunner, the gunner)
I am the gunner (the gunner, the gunner)
I am the gunner (the gunner, the gunner)
I am the gunner Let's do this for real, ay
Super sonic, super sonic
Psychedelics and some chronic
Still remain a trending topic
Five movies, let's be honest, what you call it?
That's a major motion picture wallet, unh

No, I do not want a comment, unh
Don't approach me, I am violent, unh
Snapping pictures 'cause I'm styling
Let me make it very fucking clear who I am
Do not start assuming, let me clear confusion
I am not a human, they call me a giant
I pick up the mic and I start a riot
I spit a verse and I change the climate
Fuck a dealer, man, I need the pilot
Drop the weight off like he on a diet
Hanging off of the balcony of the Hyatt
I started with one, and I'm multiplying
Now I got me three women like Frankie Lymon
And I got me a double X made in diamonds
Bitch, the dynasty never dying
Someone ring the sirens, I just fuck the silence
I just sparked the loud up, who the fuck can stop us?
I resort to violence, no resorts and islands
You know where to find us, ah I am the gunner (the gunner, the gunner)
I am the gunner (the gunner, the gunner)
I am the gunner (the gunner, the gunner)
I am the gunner

Songwriters

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