

## Machine Gun Kelly "Champions"

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All of y'all better wake up now  
Everyone's a little late right now  
Keep it real, I'm a little hot  
How the f\*ck you gonna hate right now?  
Remember my first single?  
Chyea well it's doing great right now  
Took a 5 hundred though off the gate  
Straight to the bank right now  
Shit gets wicked in my city so I got a semi in a race  
right now  
Everybody fuckin with me and if you ain't then you  
outta plave right now  
Everybody ain't real, everybody can't be us  
Everybody stay losin, that makes us champions  
I take that little, till they wave like that title  
Introduc'in me to Billy Jean, shit I'll take that Michael  
Tryin bring the paper in, my paper thin like that Bible  
That is how you win stackin Benjamins till its big as the  
Eiffel  
Uh

We are the champions my friends  
And we'll keep on fighting till the end  
We are the champions  
We are the champions  
No time for losers  
'Cause we are the champions of the world.

I came straight from sellin nickel bags  
Out my baby mama pad just to get a meal  
Straight from puttin similac in a raw mile bag tryin  
make a steal  
Straight from I thousand CD's with my name on it  
Opposite of what the game wanted, Mofucka we just  
tryin' get a meal  
Not a shaker grad boy, signed to the bad boy  
I ain't gettin cheese cake no bits and make another  
band homebody  
What is that my bitch? God damn she columbian  
homeboy?  
Ever since I got some fans homeboy haters tryin' be my

friends homeboy  
Pull up in that tour bus everybody know what's going on  
in there  
Backroom lotta panties droppin lotta pretty bitches  
pretty long hair  
I'ma talk my shit, bitch I came into the game as rookie  
of the year  
Blake griffin, Kyree, Amaree Stoudemire  
Yeah and still couple people gotta problem with me at  
the hater magazine  
I mean fader magazine, tell the journalist to suck my  
simma sack of jeans  
Chocke mofucka, chocke man and my fans will knock  
on your fuckin magazine  
Lucky I don't have Jermaine come up in your office and  
load up a fuckin magazine  
Chalemagne don't like me, what's his name won't fight  
me  
I'm a hype individual god damni hype lives 'hind me  
Maybe 'cause I wasn't a good kid in a maad city like  
Kendrick  
I was just a little bad mofucka beggin landlords to be  
tenant  
Beggin everyone to give my song a listen, tryin' get up  
out a shitty job position  
Tryin' get a 24 karat gold toilet 'cause I never had a pot  
to piss in  
But it's Ok I'm still maintaining, nanana.

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