

Machine Gun Kelly "Get Laced"

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[Verse 1]

I'm so God damn gone I don't know where home is
Feeling real sauced up no boneless
I keep it G, fuck keeping up with the Joneses
Smelling so funky that you would think that I was
homeless
And the fans like, Kells stop playing with him
That girl's man like, bitch stop laying with him
And the haters on the internet tryna' be thugged out
But them dealers and killers man I was staying with 'em
Eastside Cleveland to the death yo
Fuck LeBron the king never left y'all
Forget the number 23 man it's EST
You see it tatted on my chest, we the best y'all
Couple stacks if you wanna get a verse from me
Make a diss track if you wanna get a hearse from me
I got the gift already so I fuck bitch ass dick shit
if you wanna get the curse from me
Cause everybody be wanting something that I got
Leaning on me like a tripod
But I'm already leaning up with the liquor
They be running up like do or die guy, Kells on their
iPod
And I'm fucking with these trees real heavy man, real
real heavy man
Blowing up brown good, the shit's real pettigrand
Mix it with the red I be calling that shit spaghetti
I'll be all up in the mountains blowing on that white yeti,
man
End of the day I'll be chilling man, what's new
I'm for the people not the rappers man, fuck dude
I'd rather be a lame than rely on a name
Or rock sunglasses in the dark man, fuck cool
And the album coming soon y'all bear with me
Laced up, Chuck T's brought a pair with me
Hit 123rd for the sour Dies
Though I'm blunted in the car looking like a flare's with
me
The people here with me hold me down, all dogs homie
know me out
That's why my circle as small as a penny cause ain't no-

one sold me out
But funny how everyone knows me now
And before all this we had the streets on lock, man,
Doug knows
Ask Ash what it was 'fore we book shows
Me and Slim in a 1 bedroom, no money no food but
now we eating good though
Now I could go (Where?)
Anywhere up there, all I gotta do is push go
Give me the green light meaning give me good 'dro
From a land far far away where the wood grow
And I'm staying real throwed like a pitch
Cop a whole zip put it in a dish
Blowing something real real evil so I call this witch
You got dirt so I call that ditch, you bitch

[Verse 2]

The dope boys feel me, the sub nerds feel me
Your girl definitely does, cause she here with me
So really you don't have a choice but to deal with me
And you like my shit, keep it real with me
Matter of fact, let's keep this one hundred
If I was pocket change I would be one hundred
You would be a nickel, even when I'm nothing
I was still a two fifties equalling out to one hundred
So keep it one hundred, Kells is that boy
Who resuscitated the city dog, that boy
Who got a whole coast behind him, that boy
So if you want the real, listen to that boy
And I'm that boy, 20 years old
With the world on my shoulder like a fur coat
Used to be square now I'm in a circle
Sipping Merlot, for real man, for sure
So about it you'd think I was from No Limit
Real white boy rap, dog, no gimmick
Bringing the game back to life with no clinic
Because I let 'em see the real me, no tinted
So I'm in this, the new face of
Hip hop I gave the game a shake up
And this brand new change comes in the shape of
A 6â€³ 3â€² blonde haired boy, lace up

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