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## **Machine Gun Kelly** "On My Way"

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Okay, now they say home is where the hate is Pulling up our haters

I know, I' ve been on a high A test, caught up in the lights, l' ve been drowned by Las Vegas.

Ain' t it ironic? Before I was 21 I put my future on the table and I won

See, they told me life's a gamble, now this is my casino

Make sure my fellows good, now l' m Robert DeNiro, Sipping click' o with they gonna help me down from the beginning,

My team throw up ails, but it's funny, â€~cause we' re winning,

A million tucked down, soon as I lost from the bottom, But opinions ass holes now, everybody gather. So they ask me why I do it, I do it for the streets Heard mama got out the cradle, man, I do it for the greeds,

Man, I do it for the fine pack of haters, wine feast Then l' m like hey baby, show my brand new ache. Sure remember working jobs so I just can hit the danceoff,

Never had a date, so I really did the dance. Couldn't buy my own, so I borrowed my dad's

Told him keep the low us, kept the girl like my black shop.

So we could keep watching the stars, but me, I wanna be â€~em

And I just beat the odds, guess we can call it even â€~cause he the underdog if l' m flipping pattyes at the fat workers

And live the life in this motherfucker, God damn. Okay, I heard they want the classics, my life's a movie like the Truman Show, wait on the canvas. They look at us like we' re a couple boys in the hood,

Throw brothers to the end like them boys in the world. So I light it up for the Friday night lights with the team And a notebook, call it Requiem for a dream. I was super bad in the class, I just dazed off, So I play sick and live like it's day off.

Back in Coonie, high students used to nickname us the goony

Every night we blacked out, shit, they should' ve called us roofies.

Get out the bed, half baked, roll another doobie, So many snacks up in the house, they call it crib Scooby.

Blow it one and man, I swear this is good as it gets, God found me and told me keep doing that music shit. He said your piece of the American pie is waiting From the bottom to the top, almost famous, Kells.

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