

Machine Gun Kelly "Skate Cans"

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[Verse 1]

Original chucks on laced up like I'm taking them on a
run
They're begging me not to kill it I tell them I'm having
fun
They're asking me how I do it I tell them get on the rail
Meaning get on i»¿ your grind I'm ready now what's the
deal
My size 11s skate on the surface like hovercrafts
A superhero you think that I was a Thundercat
I run with villains my village calling me son of Sam
Simply cause when I come around they st-st-st-
stuttering
My body's tatted they say I look like graffiti
That's why I be on the roll these regulars try to read me
The way that people be staring you'd think that I was a
TV
But when it comes to the haters I cannot see them like
Stevie
But I be seeing repeats of dead rappers like 6th sense
My competition ain't worth nothing like 6 cents
Misfit I swear I'm sick shit
you'd think I was Ryan Sheckler by the way I make the
kicks flip
Too cool hands shakes and dap
serving all of these fools like pancakes and snacks
Whoever thought that I wouldn't be damaging the
tracks
Was pulling they own legs like hamstrings and calves

[Hook]

I am the only great white
Body look like a canvas s
kin is covered with tats
and my chucks are always the classics look like I'm in
the past
Turn the noise up
100 words and running
Turn the noise up
What'd I tell these people
Turn the noise up

Transformer tatted on my arm like a droid, YUP!
I am the only great white
Anytime's my time
everyday is grind time
no chain needed I am just a star Kells
Turn the noise up
100 words and running turn the noise up
What'd I tell these people
Turn the noise up
Best rapper alive who? Kells, Kells

[Verse 2]

Uh, I'm so beyond my time the Michael Angelo of the
second millenium
I roll it up and get higher than condominiums
My rap's braille the way the people be feelin' 'em
Midwest all the way to the other side of thei»¿ Meridian
Back back EST is in the spot now
We be the crew all of these fools try to jock now
The type of dudes that'll make ya mouth drop down
Faces looking twisted like we guzzlin' Ciroc down
We're just city slickers in search of them bigger figures
This is more than a game my business isn't a
scrimmage
And I be with the sickest cause I'm trying to be the illest
with them Die Hard fans like Bruce Willis
Pow pow
I'm in the cut like alcohol in the wound
But I'm tripping like I popped Adderall on the moon
Focused on killing tracks like I'm rapping them from the
tomb
R.I.P. to this instrumental lighters up for the tunes
Every morning I wake up and put my fitted on
Which means every day I wake and put my city on
Cleveland we ready just turn the MIDI on
Kid Kells, feeling like a million gone

[Hook]

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