

Roulette

Machine Gun Kelly

This that motherfucking rider, music
This that motherfucking rider, music
All night, when I'm roulette
Dirty, how many times you gon' play with death before you thirty?
But I'm chosen, so I'm roulette
With 11 of my closest, on a mission to get rich like Danny Ocean, how we roulette
All through traffic with this mob apparatus
These people want me in a casket, still I'm roulette
I heard Heaven got a place for me there but I don't know if I'm goin', ah
Smoking on Sequoia, running from my paranoia
Hollywood want me to come and live and die in California
I ain't going out like river phoenix
I wanna enjoy all of the spoils
I'm a golden boy like Oscar de la Hoya, I'm a soldier
Mask up like it's the end of October
Blowing doja in the streets with Mannie Fresh down in the 'Noia, I done told ya
When it comes to beefing, I ain't kosher
Bought a cobra just to keep you snakes closer
I conspire motive
Y'all can try and clone this
Get them lines quoted but Him and I know this
None of my opponents hold the eyes open
Rip out the heart to let them all die soulless
This that motherfucking rider, music
This that motherfucking rider, music (Eastside, ayy)
This that motherfucking rider, music
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These people want me in a casket, still I'm roulette
I heard Heaven got a place for me there but I don't know if I'm goin', ah Wait, I heard they said
they want the old Gunner
Fuck 'em, I still turn coyotes into road runners
Fuck a family, I'll leave your ass with no brothers
It ain't no love when you become a man with no mother
That's what it was
I used to get my ass beat just because (For real)
I ran away, hit the trap, they couldn't make me budge
Junior year, my homie selling crack right off the bus

Knew that I wasn't turning back when I got cuffed
Fuck a charge, this a territory, y'all don't wanna march
Cemetery full of graves, I could finish what you started
Lost a milli when they sued me for a fight inside a bar
I hope you pussies think of me every time you see the scars
This that motherfucking rider, music
This that motherfucking rider, music (Eastside, ayy)
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These people want me in a casket, still I'm roulette
I heard Heaven got a place for me there but I don't know if I'm goin', ah Yeah, 24/7, I keep my
eyes open, ready
All these sides show me they want me gone like I'm Makaveli
On the cross when they cross me over
Over something so petty
Kill 'em all even if I die like Method Man did in Belly
I am Gun Kelly
Ain't shit you can tell me
Get me drunk and mad enough, I go pop the trunk at the Chevy
I'm a dad and a savage, this is not an image, I get it
Rap for currency, like I'm spitter Andretti
And let it fall like confetti
Ball for my dawgs that got locked in the celly
And fuck the one that turned on me, I will never forget it
You learn, it's your own homies you knew since the beginning
They see you winning and they wanna see you finished
God damn!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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