

# Moonwalkers (feat. DubXX)

## Machine Gun Kelly

Gunner, Gunner  
Walk up in the spot with hella reefer on me  
Pockets full of what?  
Hella quarters, like I'm 'bout to feed the meter  
Only two seaters, I mean two chiefsers  
We ain't even parkin'  
We just spark it and fly frequent  
Up in the sky, Jesus  
Gave me high fives, Peter  
Pan full of yams  
Trees lit like Christmas Eve  
I'm so facetious, so indecent  
Fuck the world and leave it speechless  
Rock that jacket with the cheetah  
Look like Elvis with these sequins, I'm sayin'  
Roll up, my nigga, what's the hold up, my nigga?  
Smoke until my eyes red as Coca Cola, my nigga  
Where I'm from you get popped, that ain't soda, my nigga  
Got a bag full of green like some groceries, nigga  
Yeah, fast life, hash pipes, lit up like  
flashlights  
Fast cash, back scratch, steal off on last night  
Super stoned, where is home? I missed the last flight  
Aww man, hella saucy, I got the last bite  
What you call it when you feel like you're on the moon talkin'?  
Michael Jackson with my actions, I call this moonwalkin'  
Movin' backwards, rollin' Backwoods, I don't care who's watchin'  
EST a fuckin' army, I'm the platoon sergeant  
Roll up, my nigga, what's the hold up, my nigga?  
Smoke until my eyes red as Coca Cola, my nigga  
Where I'm from you get popped, that ain't soda, my nigga  
Got a bag full of green like some groceries, nigga  
Look, all I ever wanted was the cash  
I don't roll it up if it ain't gas  
Tank full, goin' to the moon  
I can see the snakes in the grass  
You could never ever get us, ayy  
It's a Tommy Hilfiger day  
Ain't nobody realer than us  
Ain't nobody triller than us  
Ayy, Birdman hands on 'em (brrr)  
Hermes smell on him  
Bitch you know we comin' out the van  
Shout out to the fans  
Early Monday mornin', haha

I packed a Tulu bag high as fuck, already soarin'  
Where you goin'? Space station, engine roarin' (woah)  
Gettin' face in the foreign (yeah)  
Sex tape like it's porn  
Space game with the Martians  
I don't ever do the normAyy we only steppin' out for the big shit  
Champagne supernova type shit  
Cards on the table, ace, king, queen, hahaRoll up, my nigga, what's the hold up, my nigga?  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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