

Machine Gun Kelly, Half Naked And Almost Famous

Kells, uh
I toast this for the team

Uh, waiter bring another round please
Bring that mu'fucker back
A couple more, they like it all please
Cause y'all don't know how to act
And I don't give a fuck! Can I live?
Cause we be doing too much shit
Just a couple of kids from Eastside of the 2-1-6
Bumping a dollar and a dream, real shit
Every day I wake up, higher than the night before
Blacking out every night on tour
5 AM, we jumping in the pool in our drawers 'till the cops come
Run run, fuck the law
And I was born to be wild
Sex, rock and roll and weed piles
Running from the old and senile
Follow in my steps, then you walking a green mile
'Cause trees in my pockets like my denims a greenhouse
Leave my team? How?
Tell me what's my age again?
How many hours 'till I rage again?
This is the story of a young boy in the page we in
Say that he off chasing fame again
And there he goes; Almost famous, bitch
Yeah, Kells

The bittersweet between my teeth
Trying to find the in-betweens
Fall back in love eventually
Yeah yeah, yeah yeah
Uh, half naked and almost famous
Wild nights in all those places
I be, half naked and almost famous, famous
And when I get on, I ain't changing
Tell the world "Lace Up!"
Kells

Yeah, come rage with the Machine, bitch
EST the team, bitch
Never got a college degree
Too busy raising hell like it was Friday the 13th, bitch
Fuck clothes and fuck hoes
Hundred dollars worth of munchies, truckloads
Eighty-nine cent slushy in the cuphold
Don't know where I'm going but we gone - what's home?
Maybe I'll just Mapquest my dream, and it'll say the address was me
So what I really wanted all along's been camouflaged fatigued
I've been a pro, I just dodged the league
California dreams
Where we sitting up under the Cleveland weather, man
Wishing for heat, I guess I need to see the leather man
Uh, I just wanna be young forever man
Roll the Peter Pan, light it up and let's Neverland
Muthafucker I'm, gone

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