

Wild Boy (feat. Waka Flocka Flame)

Machine Gun Kelly

Yeah Bitch, Yeah Bitch, call me Steve-O,
I'm a wild boy, fuck an eighth I need o's
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Kells

I'm an East side Cleveland wild boy, East side Cleveland wild boy
We got baseball bats like the Indians and my team pop off like cowboys.

You're a white flag, throw that towel boy

I'm a jump right in that crowd boy

I don't give a Shhh! keep it down boy

And I'm a fuck you blow that loud boy

All I know is how to kill everyone and my cells

All they know is they can kill anybody but Kells

I am untouchable, you would think I was in jail

But I'm in Mexico getting marijuana from Miguel.

Bring it back into the states, put in on the scale,

Measure out half an 8th put it in a shell.

Split it then I roll it then light it up like it's Independence Day.

I got a bottle rocket put it in the air

Snapback with my city on it, text back with your titties on it.

Levi's put your kitty on it, start Grindin' like the Clipse is on it.

Drank until I get pissy bitch, smoke until I get dizzy bitch

Lose control like Missy, but I'm a bad boy cause I'm with Diddy biiiiiitch

There he go that's John Doe

Never mind that's just Kells with that heat, no LeBron though Yeah Bitch, Yeah Bitch, call me
Steve-O,

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I'm a wild boy, I'ma I'ma wild boy,

I'm a wild boy, Fuck an eighth I need o's (Bricksquad!) Uh-Oh! Here come that bullshit, beat a
nigga ass til the DJ stop the music

They say they want that wild shit, mosh pit, jump up in the crowd bitch, I'm so mother fuckin
violent.

(Yeah Bitch) Yeah Bitch I'm with Steve-O, we busting bottles with bad bitches blowin' weed
smoke.

Yeah Bitch, Yeah Bitch I'm with Steve-O, Royal Rumble in the club John Cen-o
I'm screaming Riverdale everywhere I go. I throw them bands hoe, drop it low
Fuck 5-0, I make my own rules, Suck my dragon balls bitch, call me Goku
(Yeah!) This liquor got the best of me, (Yeah!) This liquor got the best of me.
Machine Gun Kelly, Flocka that's the recipe. You gon' need King Kong if you step to me(Yeah)
Cobain's back, (Yeah) Cobain's back, got these crazy white boys yellin' Cobain's back.
I call my weed Nirvana, smells like teen spirit
And my packs so fucking loud you can't hear it. AhhhhYeah Bitch, Yeah Bitch, call me Steve-

O,

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I'm a wild boy, I'ma I'ma wild boy,
I'm a wild boy, I'ma I'ma wild boy,
I'm a wild boy, I'ma I'ma wild boy!

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

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