

# Bad Mother F\*cker (feat. Kid Rock)

## Machine Gun Kelly

When the line froze, what did I see?  
A bad mother fucker standing next to me  
With his eyes closed, told he can't see  
Tryna follow orders, just gone and be free  
Be free like a bird so today I'ma fly  
Bad, bad motherfucker 'til the day I die  
Be free like a bird so today I'ma fly  
Bad, bad motherfucker 'til the day I die  
Yeah, bad (bad)  
Mother (fucker)  
'Til the (day)  
I (die)  
I'm a Bad Brains, Bruce Wayne in the fast lane  
Couple Js in the ash tray, style motherfucker  
Tattoo'd back, man see the rap name  
Take a bath in the champagne, wild motherfucker  
Straight from the block, dawg, ducking shots walking to the store  
Dollar for a Black & Mild, motherfucker  
Blew up as a rockstar so I'm top floor  
Throwing drinks on a cop car, foul motherfucker  
The only number calling up my phone  
Is from my dealer, swear that dude won't leave me alone  
Cause he know when I pick up, I'ma cop a couple zones  
And my girl know I ain't fuckin' 'til she roll me up a cone  
I be keeping freaks in the home, yeah  
Apollonia  
Gold teeth like the Nolia  
Keep 'em on, yeah  
I be rolling stoned, yeah  
I should be on the cover with my middle finger  
Screaming, "I'm a bad motherfucker"  
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Yeah, bad (bad)  
Mother (fucker)  
'Til the (day)I (die)Kid Rock, that's a bad motherfucker

Young Kells, that's a bad motherfucker (oh shit)  
Detroit, y'all some bad motherfuckers  
Cleveland, y'all some bad motherfuckers  
Okay I'm reaching in my pocket  
Got a condom and a hundred dollar bill (uh)  
I can snort a rock or I can spend it on a pill (uh)  
I be with some models that just flew in from Brazil  
And they give me pussy 365 days a year (bitch)  
I'm the type to never go to sleep  
I'm the type to break a couple motherfuckers' teeth  
I'm the type to drop a hit of acid on the beach  
And fly to Baltimore and scream, "Fuck the police!"  
Do not get it twisted, this is not an image  
There are legends told about the nights I'm in the buildings  
It is not a question whether or not I'm the trillest  
Every bitch is pressing me to get some cum on their acrylics  
1.5 million for my record deal and now I got the feeling I could finally give a fuck about my  
parents' marriage healing (fuck 'em) I'ma buy some mirrors just to put them on the ceiling  
So when I wake up I see the realest motherfucker breathing When the line froze, what did I see?  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>