

14 KI's

Conway the Machine

Ayy, Fitz, come here

Yeah

That's your motherfuckin' man, come here

Uh

The MAC in the Burberry trenches (Brr)

Free all the real rights that's servin' a sentence (Salute)

Yeah, I emerge from the trenches

It was crack that I served from the benches

Got a bird and I rinsed it, now I'm swervin' in Benzes (Came with a bag, hah)

Thirty X6s, I could murk you from distance (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom)

I keep my gun in perfect condition

Machine get dirty like Ben Wallace puttin' in work for the Pistons, right

Louis kicks Virgil-made, shits is purple suede (Hah)

Killa Cam Purple Haze while we was servin' yay (Cap)

Fire comin' out it when we burn the Ks (Brr)

We winnin' like the Cowboys back in the Michael Irving days (Hah)

Yeah, got out of jail and my fur was beige (Cap)

Actin' like you bidded, quit it, your did thirty days (Hahahaha)

Pussy, I body beats and I murder the stage

Let you niggas slide and make ChineGun turn in his grave

I'm gettin' money like I'm supposed to be

I ain't want your ho, that bitch chose me (I mean you know the rules of the game)

I came a long way from Doat Street

When it's time to shoot, I don't get cold feet

This the life that we chose, get the white, hit the road

Get it right through the toll, right? (Yeah)

Get the white, hit the road, get it right through the toll (Look)

This the life that we chose, right? (Yeah)

Look, shit ain't a game, nigga, use caution

Rapper come to my city, young nigga gon' try to take his jewels off him (Run that)

Gettin' money, that's what I do often (Hah)

Get treated like I'm the big ticket when I'm movin' through Boston (Hah)

They prayin' on my downfall, want me to lose fortune (Cap)

Few bands, the Christian Loubs costin'

White girls tell me my dick is too awesome (Hahahaha)

I said don't cross the line and you crossed it

Now I want smoke, I'm through talkin' (What's poppin')

Nigga, La Ferrari, I'm through walkin' (Hah)

My compadres shoot carbons (Brr)

Nigga, bodies drop when they through sparkin'

Now your mama gotta sell dinners just to get you a coffin (Hahahaha)

Balenciaga drip with my exotic bitch (Uh-huh)

I put the play together and I got us rich (I got a bag)

I feel like Rico when he got at Mitch

Oh, that's fourteen birds? That's a lot of bricks, bitch (Hah)

I'm gettin' money like I'm supposed to be

I ain't want your ho, that bitch chose me (Now, we get this shit gangster)

I came a long way from Doat Street

When it's time to shoot, I don't get cold feet

This the life that we chose, get the white, hit the road

Get it right through the toll, right? (Yeah)
Get the white, hit the road, get it right through the toll
This the life that we chose, right? (Right)

You ain't no pimp
You're restin' with the hoes
You're a car thief, a car thief
The one you got out there is probably hot in the box right now
Fuck out of here, these fake ass, hustlin' ass niggas
You tryna act like you niggas gettin' money
You niggas out here fuckin' with nine ounces and eighteen ounces, nigga
Get the fuck out of here, nigga
And you know, nigga, I ain't in the game, nigga
But if I was in the game, nigga, I'd be a goddamn two-ton nigga
Fuck is you talkin' about, nigga?
You niggas don't know no goddamn trials, nigga, never
Fuck is you talkin' about, nigga?