

8 Birds

Conway the Machine

Hey yo, I grew up where it's poverty struck, gotta be nuts
Tryna slide on us, the choppers a bust, body get struck
Shotty tucked, bakin soda just so my product can fluff
Breaking bricks down like karate was like a hobby to us
Woah... its like you pussy niggas ain't learn
So imma show you how a bullet from the K burn
Homie fucked up his pack already, nah, say word
He broke early in the season, Gordon Hayward
Erry bar raw, its like eight birds
And I didn't write a word
This shit is showtime like when Magic played Bird
You can't relate if you ain't never stood on a curb
Scrape the sides after I stretch it and get all the extras
Mac with the compressor sittin on the dresser
I'm applying all the pressure, I am the aggressor
Send my dog to , lay you on a stretcher
I don't fuck with rappers, they can't get a verse from me
Rocking Off White shit that Virgil sent me personally
I could sent a shooter through and have you merked for me
Niggas don't want problems, they wanna work for me
Yay sit in the pan, Bape shit in Japan
If I know the nigga snake I don't shake the nigga hand
I be going ape shit when this K sit in my hand
You'll need an operation when I spray shit, nigga scram
I swear I'm in a hell of a zone
Flood the paddock with yellow stones, you can tell that I'm on
I ain't drop an album yet but I'm a legend, it's shown
Coulda been worse, I could be callin from the jail on the phone
Even when I'm by myself I got the strap so I ain't never alone
Don't make me hit you in yo head with this chrome
Ain't a rapper on my level, it's known
I mash the Ferrari pedal, I'm gone, Machine bitch, ahh!