

94 Ghost Shit

Conway the Machine

Look, look, look
I can't relate to you niggas, your shit is not relatable
Grimiest of all time, that shit is not debatable
Chopper wave at you
Your vest can't stop, when I'm poppin' the K in you
No matter what God you're prayin' to, I'm not gon' play with you
This shit is not for radio, I'm not complainin' though
Still headin' to the top, a spot they said was not obtainable
Because the way my face look from when them niggas shot my cranial
Area, how I'm still livin'? That shit is not explainable
Free them niggas locked in cages who was gettin' blocks of yayo through
Them the niggas I jot my pages to
Them young niggas with 30 shot Glock's to flame at you
Niggas who got multiple bodies before they was 20, I can name a few
Ayo, Machine, them niggas not the same as you
Them niggas playin' crazy but them niggas not insane as you
Bitch, I got HKs with lasers on the top to aim at you
Bitch, I got AKs, I'm sprayin' boy, you not gon' make it through
Heard this old washed up rap nigga was talkin' reckless
On the internet and shit, that kinda shit I don't respect it
Tell you once, leave my name off of your records
Like Nino, I will walk you through the 'jects, pump to your chin while you n
ekked
I'm respected by the OGs, the gangstas, and paroles
That smoke the K2, they don't blow trees
But sniff 'til their nose bleed
Cut off your fuckin' wrist tryna get your Rollie
Them bitch niggas know me, ha, yeah

Ayo, your bottle green, my shit clear (shit clear)
Whip the Tesla X, I don't even steer (even steer, skrt)
Woo on me, kick rocker (kick rocker)
Load the MAC up and gift shop it (shop it, grr)

I get the shottie from the drawer (talk to 'em)
Uh, another body finna fall
I move the product to the zombies in the hall
Aim good, I could write my name in cursive with the Tommy in the wall
I put buck fifties on the side of niggas' jaws
They don't want problems at all, I know a lot of niggas saw, uh
I gotta be a boss, rockin' Prada in the mall
Knot in my pocket I got from flippin' raw, uh
Whip the white 'til the shit fluff, uh
Shit on my wrist costs a brick plus
Fif' tucked, run up on me get your shit bust
Hit six plus times, got you zipped up
Black bag that, your body like my last track
I turn my hat back, my young'un poppin' at your dad hat
That's facts, I had to bag crack just to have racks
Jumped off the porch, I live my life on the fast tracks
Had straps hid under the porch and where the trash at
Jack boys kick your door down, where the cash at?
Woah, I'm the scientist, not the lab rat
Machine, bitch, brah, brah, hashtag that
(Machine, nigga)

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When these come out, Ronnie?
My PS smellin' like a pissy lobby
These niggas on some ho shit
Stocking on my face on some '94 Ghost shit
Stocking on my face, nigga (face, nigga)
On some '94 Ghost shit (Ghost shit)