

Anybody

Conway the Machine

Yeah nigga
Reject nigga
Machine bitch
Daringer, you already know
We do what we do what we do nigga
Griselda, by Fashion Rebels

Reject shit, it's the Machine bitch
Pull up on you, 50 shot magazine rip
Niggas be talkin', but I don't feel threatened
Where's your weapon? You can't fit a gun in them fuckin' leggings nigga
They figured I'd be down and out
They talkin' about money, but couldn't pull a thousand out
Nigga tellin', they let the coward out, I found it out
I had him smokin', he wasn't even an hour out
Lit the Swisher then put the sour out
Then go in the booth blackened like a power out
Reject, they waitin' for me to finish it
Balmain denim drawers is limited
This for them niggas with 20 year sentences
Young niggas jumpin' out the van with extended shit
Look, Daringer what it is?
Get a word, I'ma put a bullet in his wig
Run everything

Anybody can get it, I got it on me now, homie you can get it
You niggas talkin', but I live it
I pull up on you, you gon' feel it nigga
I ain't with the talkin', I ain't with the dissin'
You fuck around, you gon' come up missin' nigga
And anybody can get it, anybody can get it nigga

Damn, you can't run a brick, but you still sellin' nicks in the rain
You 36 and a lame, they don't mention your name
I pull up with extendo the clip and the hang
Dump a clip where you hang, you think this shit is a game my nigga?
Your mouth gon' get you fuckin' killed
You livin' off a reputation that your brother built
I got this shit sewed like a fuckin' quilt
Steam the broccoli, the Glock in the Versace belt
S.E. Gang, fuck everybody else
Caught him by himself, the chopper made his body melt
A fifth of vodka on the shelf, smokin' Cali it gotta melt
You can tell the sour from how it smelled
I'm that nigga, that's how I felt
As far as rhymin' goes, this shit is like a lion runnin' down an elk
I'm a giant, you a fuckin' elf
All I need is this iron nigga fuck the help, Conway

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These niggas ain't the Machine

I come through and paint the scene, red HK with the laser beam
Thirty shots wake your baby, make your lady scream
You fuck niggas rockin' Old Navy jeans
It's 'bout to be a long night, put the wax in the bong, hit it twice
Stay in your lane if you want to live a long life
The bitches get long pipe all night, the 9-11 Porche white
Still go to Onyx, throw up 20 like Lebron on an off night
You at your momma house, they 'bout to cut off lights
But every other verse you rappin' like you off white
You do it like me, movie time, I'm Spike Lee
Bad white bitch like Ice-T
Bag the rock and 501's in a white tee
But I paid \$750 for the Nikes

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And that goes for any one of you fuck niggas man. You're not... ayo, I'ma ke
ep it 100. I'm so tired of you bitch ass niggas keep talkin' and runnin' you
r mouth like fuckin' dick suckers nigga. Can't none of you niggas fuck with
me man. I don't know what the fuck is wrong with you niggas man. Man ya'll n
iggas need a bundle. You can get a bundle nigga, get in the hood nigga

Alright? Alright? Damn. Now we just gon' find these little marks and smoke 'em.
Shit ain't that hard. As long as it ain't no cop. Look, I ain't killin'
no kids or no old folks aight?

Ay man, who the fuck
Shit nigga, I'll smoke anybody. I just don't give a fuck. I'm gon' hit this
shit nigga