

# Babas

## Conway the Machine

Blood gurglin' at the back of his throat  
The smell of gunpowder suffocates his nose  
Echoes of screams clingin' to life  
But he will never leave  
Came back like it's prophecy  
Roberto Cavalli drenched in Burberry trenches  
Immaculate in Prada boots  
Tom Ford florals, double breasted suits  
Send a message to him, through his beloved auntie  
Left blood on her lace doilies  
It'll be weeks before they find her body  
And I'm lookin' like the goddess of beauty  
Gettin' fed white grapes by a shorty named Ruby  
I'm fingerin' her pussy as he kisses her on the neck  
She is our bird's nest, I ask for her by request  
The night gets wet  
Spontaneous shootouts  
Niggas bring out the heat in the chilly Buffalo streets  
Lying bodies all over the concrete  
This is what happens when Keisha Plum meets the Machine  
Smokin' weed by the pound, the devil's playground  
Burnt mahogany, truffle oils, Persian caviar  
The bullets left artwork in his skin  
Beautiful scars

God  
God Don't Make Mistakes  
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Uh, zipper on stomach, that's mad stitches  
Young mother's crack addictions  
Young nigga's father never present, Dad was missin'  
Young kings pack the jail, pack the prison, come home, go back to prison  
Bad decisions, bad position, judges oversentence, that's the system crack the system  
Dirty cops police stations, old cases, probation  
Parole boards with dirty lawyers, uh, yeah  
Public schools under paid teachers, missin' education  
Race discrimination, fuck a job application  
Trap house, twelve twelve, bags, plates & razors  
Not Jesus Christ, .45 is my savior  
Bells Palsy, bullet scars, foreign cars  
Celestial beings align with the stars, aw  
Look what I became  
I went from king to a God