

Barbarik

Conway the Machine

More Steroids nigga
You know what's up nigga
That's more drums for these fuck niggas

Look, look
50 shots sticks lift 'em where he stand
I promise nigga, I'm dumping all 50 when I blam
On the strip pitching grams see the pigs and then we scram
Throwing yayo in the bushes like 50 on the 'Gram
It was a void in grimy rap I had to take control
See yo' favorite rapper out and break his nose
My shooters sniffed the yay and froze
Then he start letting the bullets and his K explode
Niggas can't fuck with my toast game
The flow so propane
I'm Jon Bones Jones on the cocaine
Y'all better get low when the toast aim
Send a package in the mail
I'm Demarcus Cousins with the postgame
Nigga we don't flow the same
I was fucking these hoes with no chain
I keep it a hunnid, no change
Nigga, I don't follow a trend, I wrote pain
Still neck his windpipe from his throat hang
Clapping with the ninas, Raf Simons Adidas
As far as rap go, go and ask if I'm the meanest
These niggas on pills these rap niggas is leaning
Rap circles round niggas, this MAC-10 it'll lean 'em
Youngin wanna wack niggas he askin for a reason
Like "please big bro lemme clap niggas I'm fiending"
He want another body, he dumping with a shottie
Go 'head say something it'll be a motherfucking homi, nigga