

Benz Window

Conway the Machine

You know how we can purchase a couple of TEC-9, semi-automatics, extended magazines?

Hold on, who? TEC-9's? The fuck for?

It's a family problem

Give them niggas the drum
Roll down the Benz window let off twenty-one
Young and dropping bodies like it's fun
Fifty on his head, his own shooters get it done

Pyrex pot, got the yola resi'
Shoot a fifteen with the sweeper hold it steady
James Patterson with the pen, I'm writing thrillers
I write it for killers, they treat my words like Bible scriptures
Had the youngin fire the blicka
Tryna peel the cap for that contract he never seen that type of scrilla
I ain't like these weirdo rappers, I'm a psycho nigga
Grimy like Tyson in the ninetie nigga, you Bryson Tiller
Homie that's on dogs I never liked you niggas
Hit you with some shit outta this automatic rifle nigga
Praise me, I'm like christ to niggas
Them large niggas was blind I dropped the shit and gave sight to niggas
Load the M-16 rocking Supreme
Nowadays they don't make diss songs, they making memes
Till I find them and run down on and 'em and let it ring
Bitch there ain't a rapper alive fucking with the machine

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The shooter squeezing, he a heathen when he snort
M-16 reaching leave you bleeding on your porch
Look you keep running your dicksuckers that's the reason you a corpse, water
whip it up I'm seasoned with the fork
I'm blowing money up in Neiman for the sport, ran up in bet I'm leaving in t
he
Got pulled, bailed out and I ain't even go to court
My homie say my flow raw like the keys that he import
You talking like you that official and you clapping pistols
I drop a bag on you and have my savage get you
Chopper chop your body up it's looking like some axes hit you
Fuck you and them faggot niggas rapping with you
Shout out my Bmore homie that love the clappers whistle
Hit a pussy nigga, snap back with missles
Empty the whole magazine, give them the drum with love from the machine

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Go looking for a nigga, I catch him at his stomp ground
Hop out with the , brrrap him and his boys down
High level violence, maximum overload
Pussy niggas crying like "P you took it overboard!"
My pops raised a gangsta, and you just a bird to me
I don't give a shit who you shot who you murked homie
Name ringing bells I give him his first L, and he was so sure that I was so
soft
Shots flashed like the lightning, it's heavy metal gear
He let his fear overpower his mind and think clear
All these bullets set your beard on fire, when weird ass niggas come fucking
with live ones
When real ass niggas come fucking with a no fuck giving ass nigga, coroner t
aking pictures off your body sliced open you're posed for the autopsy
Oh these niggas telling? Well tell them send more cops
P, I'm at your neck
Said you tattooing tears but ain't even kill a pussy yet
I fucked the truth out her, confessing her sins
She tell me everything how I know where your momma live
Later for a bitch, I'm busy holla back soon
The paper boy, empire state boy, rap
So whoever in my way up, clowns with the make up
You Ronald McDonald face fuck I'll straight up
Paint more red on your forehead
I don't want your jewelry, nigga I just want you dead
I don't want your money, you gon'pay me with your soul and I will drink red
rum from your skull

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