

## 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 taking 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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