

Big Drum

Conway the Machine

Yeah, Goose, look

I'm in my grind state of mind, I ain't got time to waste
They told me "Seek and you should find", I guess I'm fine with K (I got)
I'm not a stranger to the shine so I'm fine with hate (So hate, nigga)
We do a package at a time, thirty-five a plate
Give me a beat to body, I bet I demolish crates (For real)
I've been iller since Biggie stopped wearin' condoms with Faith
It's not a problem to a doctor, watch, I operate (For real)
So say the wrong thing, I bet I get you shot today (Boom, boom)
Mama told me "Stay in the house", I told her "Not today" (I'm outside)
'Cause niggas plottin' and there's two more shifts I gotta say (For real)
Nate gone for the summer, yeah, he locked away
Until he home, we gon' run up like ten blocks a day
I used to struggle with my feelings, kept 'em locked away (That was me)
Until I picked that pen and pad up and I jot away
Tried keepin' me in the hood 'til I got away (Uh)
Pops showed me my first two pounds on the block he chase, feel me? (Yo, yo, check)

The beat file domestic charges when I say raps to it (Uh-huh)
I get to ventin' and bringin' heat, shit's like an HVAC unit
Your shit is garbage, how you slang that sewage? (How?)
These rappers washed, it's like a Maytag unit
I hit the top and I had to take that viewin'
Just like a mandatory wake (Uh-huh)
You see my diction is non-fiction
Believe I always had my story straight (I always did)
Attracted to sixteens, just like a statutory case (Uh-huh)
Got that sauce, push that chicken like a cacciatore plate
I'm back tapped in my zone, Bristol mints, I had the acronyms on
Manufactured with steel wool when my fabric was sown
Opposite of brittle, with riddles, I'm sharp as sickles
Never artificial, my art's official (My shit's official)
I mean I'm kinda likin' charge of crystal
Like it's sole and amethyst, my flow is vanishments (Uh-huh)
These niggas know I hold advantages to over stand this shit (Uh-huh)
Now when he cut 'em on, I slash his shit, left it in bandages (Brrah)
Of course I gotta check it like I'm sleepin' out in Radison (What?)
I stayed in my lane, they thought that I was travellin', but I was gatherin'
I know that they thought I was sinkin' back when I was paddling
But I was still as fly as a vulture when I was scavenging
And, nigga, I ain't dragging it
And Buffalo is up now, Griselda was the catalyst (Uh-huh)
Black Soprano Family hold the keys
DrumWork, we came to shackle shit (DrumWork)
Lock it down like twenty-three and one (Wow)
Get two blinks we took shit over, makin' runs in Yeezys 1s (Wow)
Shocked the shit out of a hater, fuck you thought we would become? (Huh?)
Brought myself out of these slums 'cause Weeds knew I'd be the one
Motherfucker, huh, yeah (My nigga Weeds)
I brought myself out of these slums 'cause Weeds knew I'd be the one

Some days I feel like Big, I be ready to die (Ready to die)
Thinkin' 'bout my dead homies, I be ready to slide (Ready to slide)
Strictly for my niggas, do it on some Pac shit (Aux shit)
No Cash Money but them Backwoods on some hot shit (Some hot shit)

I'ma get rich or die tryin', uh, I think that I'm 50 (Think that I'm 50)
Ridin' bulletproof 'cause many men, they wanna get me (Grrrt)
I can take a quarter, bring it, flip that shit to a half (Flip that shit to a half)
Turn a half into a whole, we'll make them birds take a bath (Put them birds in the tub, nigga)
Pockets itchin' for that money like my jeans got a rash (Hahaha)
That shit you spent up on your chain, I got that shit in my stash (That shit in my stash, nigga)
Hold on, it's true to get diplomatic immunity (Immunity)
My mama tellin' me to chill, she can't get through to me (Ah)
This drum ain't got no fuckin' limit, bitch (Grr) I think that I'm Percy (Think that I'm Percy)
Chop a nigga head off, bitch, we ain't got no mercy (Bitch, we ain't got no mercy)
I used to feel it in the air, back when I was State Property (Ah)
And they all hittin' licks with the COs still watchin' me (We still gettin' rich, nigga)

It's real bitches that see me out, they tell me to keep goin' (Keep goin')
When I say this shit get crazy, they say I'm already knowin (Already knowin')
But it's fuck niggas that's so bitter they wanna see me fail (They wanna see me fail)
When they say "Don't go that low", I say "Well, they sent me to Hell"
I got young niggas hungry as fuck that like to say they did
Who find themselves opps to see who get the shot to clean it
And can get the most poppin' off them 30s, how convenient
'Cause if you make it to that age, you wise as Socrates then (Calm)
Since they ain't have no vision, shit, I figured I could be 'em (Shit, I figured I could be 'em)
Shit, I see the shot right here, I'm just lookin' for a reason (Huh)
Any beat or song, listen, I'm kinda undefeated
Your new shit ain't comparin' to the shit that I deleted (Nah)
I got more smiles, stupid, and went more dumb (Went more dumb)
I plot on top, you is a Kilmore them (Kilmore them)
I got more optimistic, had more fun
But let's not forgot, you isn't from that slum (From that slum)
I'ma record it, until I can't afford it
At home, I been the richest, in here I am the poorest
My mama need a mansion, my sis still in the storage
Until she build a wall up, my struggle made a fortress
A kingdom come, don't let a man tell you what the truth be (Nah)
Don't let 'em shoot me, or shoot it thinkin' I'm a groupie (Hmm)
Don't let 'em group me, don't let 'em tell you God is 7xve
Then I salute me (Look), might sneak up on niggas (Drum) I like a roofie

Okay, I'm reloaded, your kitchen is re-opened
Y'all better cherish these moments I'ma catch like T. Owens
Pay attention, please, notice, my nigga do your research
And we pre-loaded, tryna get through them doors, I'ma keep pursin' (SK)
DrumWork, the team focused, niggas talk, they be joking (Right)
Sneak posing, I see 'em, they wave, lips up, teeth showing (Ah)
Shit get tight, I'm in the streets workin', when it's cold, my heat working (Grrt)
Remember it's a deep ocean, I don't think you should keep going (Nah)
They tried to bury me and watch, I resurface
I know I seem perfect, every verse like I re-wrote it (Woo, ah)
Nigga, we drinking and we smoking
The weed potent, the ashtray looking like it need lotion
Had to snatch my place, still ain't had my break
This path I take, pedal to the floor, shit, the gas might break
Y'all ain't half my weight, I have my way

Niggas can't stab my face, can't match my pace, don't catch my case
I blast my eighth to get the bag I chase for that high scrape
And if my cat not straight, I pass my plate (Facts)
It won't be the last I make, it's cooked crack in every track I make
Like my raps got laced, no cap, I'm great (Woo)

I'm from the Eastside of Buffalo, over here, ain't no beaches
Over here, ain't no peace, just lil' niggas airing they pieces (Boom, boom, boom)
Got to keep your pistol with you everywhere, ain't no leaving (Ha)
Squeeze in every situation, gotta carefully read it (Okay)
My name is very prestigious, Machine spit audio heroin
Leaking through the Bluetooth stereo speakers (Ooh)
I mean, you see I overcame being paraplegic
So counting me out, boy, that shit is clearly egregious, nigga (Talk to 'em)
It's the DrumWork boss, the jefe (Ha)
I put this .9 on your tongue like the Olympic Jordan sietes
It ain't no rapper alive that could fuck with me on his best day
Could shoot his chest plate after my next tape
That shit is checkmate (Woo) after the TEC spray
It hit your chest plate, and that's your death date
After the jet take off, I have a fresh plate (Ha)
I'm with the private chef-mate (Ha)
Machine, bitch, y'all niggas have a blessed day, I'm gone (Talk to 'em, nigg a)

Yeah, we comin', nigga
Matter of fact, we here right now
DrumWork, bitch