

Black Spoons

Conway the Machine

Assassins

Yeah, uh

Look

My mind carry this info, I share with a pencil (Talk to 'em)

Assassins

I used to stare out my window

See my older homie 19, steerin' the Benzo

Niggas don't play ball, sellin' raw, they apparently into

You see me wearin' this Kenzo hat, you know I did what I been through

They sick I'm gettin' money, clearly resentful (They mad)

It's spooky, nigga, the shit I spit is very suspensful (Hah)

My bars give you the fear of god, bitch, I'm Jerry Lorenzo (Hah ahaha)

Ah, spin through your area, air the extendo (Brr)

I recorded this F.O.O.D 4 in a day, it was simple

Most of you rap niggas is washed, your career's in a limbo

You hatin', man, all of these jewels that I wear to offend you (See my jewels)

Real hustler, I got three phones

Refrigerator broke, it ain't no ice, leave that cold water in the sink on, uh

Rockin' that brick, got my Dior pink on (Talk to 'em)

Uh, rockin' that shit, I don't got nothing cheap on (Ooh)

You know what we on, pistol whip that nigga, broke his cheekbone

Shot him on Dote and Bailey, they found his body on Keystone, uh (Boom)

Gunpowder residue all on my VLONE, ha

Write pain like a shot in your right knee bone (Ha)

You rap about bricks but you broke, that don't even out (Talk to 'em)

Give my youngin a blick, he gon' shoot at your people house (Br, brr)

I live everything that I sing about, been through some shit that I really can't speak about

I have a fuck nigga, white boy in cheap amount, I fuck them hoes on IG that you dream about

I'll call up Cutta, he gon' bring that steamer out, iron on waist so they get every wrinkle out

Fuck did you think about, 30 shots ringin' out, ah (Brr, brr, brr)

Griselda

By Fashion Rebels