

Blessings Of The King

Conway the Machine

Huge machine shops
And see the kind of equipment that is being used for the production of engine parts
The first machine of this type

For the blessing of the pain

Yeah, h'm
You know, I'm just a fly nigga, man
I'm a ill nigga
I'm a ill nigga, baby
Uh, uh

You gotta love it (You gotta love it, nigga)
For real, nigga, you gotta love it (Ha)
Hundred million dollars, I gotta touch it
My bitch hop out a truck rocket, a Prada bucket
Pussy good, I gotta fuck it
Every time (Ha), I be trying to hit the bottom of it
Fly to Colorado to watch the nuggets
And, test a few strands, sent back boxes of it by the dozen, yeah
This shit I did on these beats is the shit I did in the streets
This album just a byproduct of it, uh (Talk to 'em!)
Can't even trust your family, nigga robbed his cousin
His momma said whatever happen, that grimy nigga got it coming
(That's fucked up, shit)
Momma said whatever happen, that grimy nigga got it coming
Machine, I'm just built different, you know how I'm constructed
They shot me, I rebounded from it like I was Andre Drummond (Ha-ha-ha)
Empty the mop middle of the street, they say Conway bugging, Machine (Ay)

I'm back on the stove again (Stove)
Got the double R on the road again (Ooh)
Momma, there go that man, they know it's him (I'm him)
Cover me, I'm going in (I'm going in)
I'm back on the stove again (Oh yeah)
Got the double R on the road again (Ooh)
Momma, there go that man, they know it's him (They know I'm him)
)
Ha-ha, cover me, I'm going in (I'm going in, nigga)