

Blood Roses

Conway the Machine

Yeah

Uh

Look

Machine back, tell them niggas the king back
Let you niggas eat long enough, now I want my thing back (Hahahaha)
Maybach truck, I'm in the back seat, seat leaned back
Ran it up, did it in a way they still haven't seen yet
I'm shootin' at everybody, I don't hit you, then I hit the nigga closest (Brr)
I gotta be at least top three when a nigga focused (Cap)
It's niggas that pocket watch me and got hidden motives (Hah)
I see right through 'em though, I just act like I didn't notice (Yeah)
Used to walk in the kitchen, killin' roaches
Now revenge the best dish I'ma serve before my kitchen closes (Talk to 'em)
Niggas stealin' my drip, even my picture poses
I just hope before I die, them fuck niggas give me my roses (Give me my flowers)
Wouldn't believe me if I told you what my yearly gross is
Bought my bitch the new Bentley truck and she still ain't drove it (Uh huh)
Still play my old shit, niggas be like, "That nigga goes in" (He goes in)
You should see they face when they find out I didn't wrote it (Ha)
Oops, I mean "didn't write it", excuse me, I just get excited
I'ma shoot mines if a nigga try it, I'ma do time if I get indicted
I'ma do mines, yeah (No snitchin', nigga)
See a nigga necklace full of new diamonds, I don't give a fuck who I signed with
I'm still the nicest, Machine (Woo)

I'm thankful that God never blessed me with basic views (What)
So those perspectives that I'm projectin', they can't confuse (What)
They played the fool, but I paid the piper and paid the dues (Uh huh)
This is god level, but I came to prove I came improved (Talk that talk)
It's killshot after killshot when the chamber moves (What)
It's hard wired that I'm a bomb they can't defuse (What)
They played the fool, but I paid the piper and paid the dues (Uh huh)
This is god level, but I came to prove I came improved (Talk that talk, yeah, uh huh)

Ayo, now I lay me down to sleep (Talk to 'em)
I pray the Lord, my crown, I keep (Talk to 'em)
If I should die before I wake
Just give my two sons everything inside my safe, yeah
You know you gettin' lit when bitches use your lyrics for a caption
In that black on black Rolls when I'm starin' through Manhattan (Vroom)
They pray on my downfall, want something terrible to happen
Legends sayin' I'm the illest in this era with this rappin' (That's respect, nigga)
Had the lil' homie shootin' this mag
I'm not really that mad (Brr), I just wanna give the shooter a bag (Brr)
I usually spaz, niggas say, "Machine, you in your bag" (You in your bag, nigga)
My money still multiply and add, I ain't through doin' math (Ha)
Now, when the homies call from jail, I always accept it
My name is good in the streets, I was always respected (I'm good, nigga)
Dark skin with a fat ass was always my preference (Come here, bitch)
I eat that pussy in the morning, that's chocolate for breakfast, shit (Hahah)

aha)

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