

Yeah

Look

They wanna know, is Machine in the peak of his prime or he in decline?
They seekin' to find creases in my recent design
Gotta just read between the lines, you can see through the lies
The evil inside 'em get threatened when I'm speakin' my mind
Been lookin' for peace of mind, but they want pieces of mine, but fuck 'em
It's war time, it ain't no peace in my mind (Woo)
Was scattered in a million pieces, who gon' put together pieces of mine? (Ha
)

Like twenty chains, all them pieces is mine
Reach for the sky, yeah (Talk to these niggas, king)
But while you reachin' for your piece, I'm squeezin' mines, that's the reason you died

It's funny 'cause niggas wanna see you dead, but they need you alive
For that thing you provide that keep 'em inspired
They say, "Machine, you motivated me to decide
To get on these beats and just rhyme" (Ha)

I think of the times we was doin' illegal crimes just so we can survive

Now I'm in France spendin' my leisure time drinkin' this wine (Haha)

Niggas wanted the lion's share, the biggest piece of the pie

Probably the reason why lately you can see the divide

Let's go back to 2016 when I signed to Shady Records

Even Em told you Machine was that guy (Ha)

I'm the god, but when it's demon time, the heathens'll slide

Album a heater with no big-name features on mines either (Woo)

No viral moment, I just went pyro on it (Ha)

Went and got the Lam' wrapped, I went gyro on 'em (Haha)

Around that time when they careers started to spiral on 'em (Ha)

All I did was get these beats and go psycho on 'em (Okay)

And fuck with me when I seen how evil love can be (Uh-huh)

Backed into a corner and life was tryna Golovkin me, yo (Triple G)

I say I'm blessed, they say it's luck, well, shit, lucky me

Rolls-Royce Cullinan same color as bubble tea

Probably see me creepin' with a bitch leavin' the DoubleTree (Okay)

Pistol on my hip, these niggas plottin' never trouble me (Haha)

There's niggas that exist that got a spot and it's because of me (I know)

You couldn't get a cent out of a label with your fuckery (Don't ask us)

Griselda kicked the door off of the hinges and now it's lovely, huh? (Shit lookin' good for you, right?)

Yeah, the Black man is God (Ha), huh, the Black man is God (Talk to 'em)

Is that man your boss? I will backhand his jaw (Woo)

Used to be the trap man, used to sack grams of raw

Shootin' at your windshield, hollow caps slam his car (Facts, pah-pah-pah-pah-pah-pah)

Uh, the Black man is God, the Black man is God (Ha)

I'm the gift to my whole city, boy, the Black Santa Claus (Yeah)

Black Lam' like I'm pullin' up in Batman car (Vroom)

Uh, the Black man is God

Dog Shit Louie, shout out to my nigga Sauce, yeah (What up, twin?)

Damn, haha, I mean damn, nigga

I know that shit gotta hurt

Think about it like this

Nigga was somewhere on May Street, bullets stuck in my neck

Half my face paralyzed, haha

But somehow I still took it where I took it, did what I did
I look good, right?