

# Brick By Brick

Conway the Machine

Snoop doggy dogg  
You need to go get a jobby job  
(Brrrrr)  
Missile shit  
All day long, nigga  
Missiles all day long, nigga  
I don't know why y'all niggas keep playing with my name  
Fuck about so and so, this the Machine bitch

Look, look  
You know I spit in the pot, when I whip that brick  
Come back so good I had to kiss my wrist  
Bitches play my songs in the whip, like this my shit  
Look how I'm gaining on these rap niggas inch by inch  
Look, I'm still a G, won't ever switch my pitch  
Blood on my union tools, I gotta switch my kicks  
And I still rock the drip by Rick  
It's Drumwork motherfucker, and I build this shit brick by brick  
Like I'm Frank The Saint  
But this new tape about to take the cake  
Used to bag ounces up in 20s, I would scrape the plate  
Chop until the razor break, look  
They say he great, I mean you heard God Don't Make Mistakes  
But when I dropped WON'T HE DO IT, I'ma break the bank  
I make faces break like a uppercut to the face with Tank Davis  
strength  
Just tell me the day and date  
I'm pulling up, hoodie up, fully tucked  
Niggas ain't gone bully us  
Woulda, coulda, shoulda  
That shit ain't good enough  
The Rollie bezel boogered up  
Them rap niggas y'all dickriding ain't good as us  
Ain't hood enough, I'm still eating nigga, I ain't full enough  
Word to my nigga OJ all my shit be fully bust  
Machine, bitch  
Yeah