

Brick Fare

Conway the Machine

Oh my God
Oh my God
Yeah, uh
Fredo, let me get a light
Uh, uh, yeah (Woo)

Been a shooter, you can look it up (Look it up, nigga)
He spit in the pot, before he cook it up
Spit in the pot, before he cook it up
He spit in the pot, before he cook it up
Been a shooter, you can look it up (Look it up, nigga)
He spit in the pot, before he cook it up
He spit in the pot, before he cook it up (Talk to 'em)
Spit in the pot, before-

Nigga seventeen doin' twenty, said it ain't so bad (Nah)
Nah, homie, why your face look mad? (I'm good, big bro)
I'll be home by the time I'm thirty-five, just keep the name alive
Post my Instagram and FaceBook tag, keep the manuscript
Cashmere sweater, Casa' trench lookin' glamorous
Fashion show with Naomi Campbell, smellin' like cannabis (Woo)
These bars hit like Stipe Miocic with the hammerfist
I gave these niggas verses for free, I'm a philanthropist (Ha)
A lot of ice, I call it trophies on my hand and wrist
Aunt May drinkin' a big bottle, fuckin' up my pancreas (Hahaha)
Prada hoodie, pole on my hip, I got my Miami bitch
It always been my plan to get rich (Woo), look
I hate when I don't get the credit for bein' a God
I raised the bar and elevated the level for how to measure
How you structure your metal force (Talk to 'em)
So suck my dick, like I said before, the bully vest level four (Ah)

Look, been a shooter, you can look it up (Look it up)
He spit in the pot, before he cook it up (Spit in that pot)
Spit in the pot, before he cook it up
He spit in the pot, before he cook it up (Okay)
Been a shooter, you can look me up (Shooter, nigga)
He spit in the pot, before he cook it up (Uh-huh)
Spit in the pot, before he cook it up (Talk to 'em)
Spit in the pot, before he cook it up

Look, that lil' nigga love the thirty-six, it get you what you want (Huh?)
And he start sellin' crack to his uncle and his aunts
Them old niggas tried runnin' down on 'em, like shit was cool
Wrong, he shot two niggas, then he went to school
Don't post my niggas on the 'Gram, them niggas really kill
They ain't on the internet, them niggas really in the field (Facts)
Them rappers so emotional, they in they feelings still (Haha)
I'm the king and I don't really give a fuck how niggas feel (Fuck them niggas)
You know, in the hood, them bitches runnin' through the crew (Huh?)
Homie said he was burned and damn, that bitch burned me too (Damn)
I gotta take these pills for seven days and I'll be straight (Yeah)
Next time I see that bum bitch, I might spit in her face (Come here, bitch)
I got a call today, my bro beat his other case (Woo)
That mean he comin' home, parole gon' have to reinstate (Yeah)
Ain't drinkin' brown tonight, I'm only fuckin' with this H (I'm on this H)

Gun right by my bed when I'm sleepin', so I feel safe (I gotta get it)
Them niggas talk that street shit real good when they in the studio
Who they foolin' though? We know you ain't never shoot before
Brick money in the trunk, watch it for the troopers though
Pain on my sweats, .40's on that K super show (Talk to 'em)
Yeah, my Atlanta niggas call it brick fare
Claim presidential gold Rollie, bitch, I'm Ric Flair (Woo)
Machine back, yeah

Been a shooter, you can look me up (Go look me up)
He spit in the pot, before he cook it up (Spit in the pot)
Spit in the pot, before he cook it up (Yo)
He spit in the pot, before he cook it up (Real gangster shit, nigga)
Been a shooter, you can look me up
He spit in the pot, before he cook it up (You know I provide that)
Spit in the pot, before he cook it up
Spit in the pot, before he cook it up (Who else with me?)

Yeah, Machine back
Y'all niggas still look dirty and broke