

## Bricks To Murals

### Conway the Machine

You say you got a gun, you need to go for that shit (You better get that)  
You better get that 'cause I ain't goin' for shit (Yeah)  
I got a stick with a drum and a beam and a scope on that bitch (Brr)  
Yeah, I ain't goin' for shit, nigga (I ain't goin' for it)  
Gettin' street money, I really sold that brick  
We eatin', nigga, you know what it is, pussy  
I know I fucked her last night, but in public, I don't know that bitch (Hah)  
I don't know that bitch (I don't know her, yeah)

Niggas ain't set the street on fire like I did (Uh uh)  
The way I'm rhymin' remind 'em of Ready to Die, bitch (Cap)  
Pop a nigga, put that on my kids  
Sometimes when you kill a nigga you love, you stand over him, close his eyelids (Close his eyes)  
I only rap what I lived, don't fuck with me  
You'd rather commit suicide and dive off a high bridge (Hah, ah, ah)  
Eatin' raw oysters and fried squid (Uh huh)  
Even in Canada, I became a champion like Kawhi did (Hah)  
These the streets, you either gon' get a bullet scar  
Or twenty years in the prison yard on the pull up bar (Talk to 'em)  
Look, you know it's a foreign when I pull a car  
Like JAY-Z, I'm good on any Malcolm X Boulevard (I'm good everywhere, nigga)  
Yeah, I was in the trenches, we was pushin' hard  
Then I got in this rap shit and I took it far (I took it far, nigga)  
Every tape a classic and full of bars (Hah)  
Scope on the stick, call me Brett Favre, I can throw a bullet far (Brr)  
GxFR on the plates when I'm pullin' off (Uh huh)  
Shady, Roc Nation, they wanna know how I pull it off (How I did that?)  
They tried to ride the wave, now I'm watchin' them pussy niggas starve (Haha ha)  
You need a hundred K just to book the squad  
White Maybach, peanut butter seats, I'm breezin' by in (Vroom)  
No security, just a shooter that love to squeeze his iron (Boom, boom, boom, boom)  
Talk that gangster shit in your raps, people ain't even buy it (Cap)  
Pussy, stay away from beef, you on a vegan diet, ah (Hahahaha)

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I don't know that bitch (I don't know you, nigga)

Look, Versace boxers in my Kith robe (Cap)  
Cookin' up a whole square on this bitch stove (Whip up)  
Her pussy good, but that bitch nose could sniff Os  
But I ain't trippin' 'cause I just got in a big load (Sniff)  
Huh, Rollie on the wrist bone, that shit froze (Uh huh)  
VS stones be hittin' hard like Klitschko  
Skitzo, ride with the big pole, the stick fold (Boom, boom, boom, boom)  
Drum on that bitch like fifty shots is what the clips hold (Hah)  
Yeah, been gettin' money since the flip phones (Uh huh)  
Every time that shit ring, another brick sold (Another brick, nigga)  
Shocks just got out the brick home, take him to Saks to get clothes (Go shop

pin', nigga)

And let him fuck one of my thick hoes (Go ahead, fuck that bitch)

Still hold a chopper, I let it explode (Cap)

I'm bipolar like Busta Bus, I flip mode (Hahahaha)

It's rules to this street shit, nigga, it's cold

You know how this shit goes (Brr)

Haha, Machine, bitch

So if I gotta tell anybody anything that's goin' through that shit

Man, stay down, man, keep fightin', you know what I'm sayin'

What's your disadvantage, make the shit your advantage, you know what I'm sayin'

I hated that I got shot in the head and my shit all twisted and all that

But all I did was just flip that shit and I made it to a brand

Now them hoodies is a thousand dollars, my vinyl

They paintin' murals in Japan, in Australia, and Europe, and all over the place of my face now