

Bruiser Brody

Conway the Machine

Yeah (Brr)

You know I'm the fuckin' GOAT, nigga

That's grimiest of all time, nigga, get it right (Brtrt, brtrt, brtrt)

Uh, Machine, bitch (Brtrt)

Yeah, look (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom)

I'm back in that zone, back in the trenches, I'm back at home

That's back-to-back MVP-caliber seasons like Pat Mahomes (Uh-huh)

Rappin' like I haven't already snatched the throne

Your jaw weak, I fuckin' crack a bone with a slap alone (Hahahah)

We don't tolerate no disrespect, we'll be at your home

Ratchet blown half his dome in back of the stove, just so that is known (Boo m, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom)

I get my gas manufactured and grown, packaged and flown

Back, put it in the trap, it's gone (It's gone, nigga)

They givin' out too much time, I left that smack alone (Uh huh)

And bricks nowadays is cut with too much acetone (That shit cut)

Word to the tats in my flesh, nigga, on beats I get

Crazy busy, I could've rapped with Bone (Woo)

Killer blow the MAC smooth as Kenny G with the saxophone (Ah)

Zero respect for any nigga that rat to come home (You ratted, nigga)

Yeah, under the Louis jacket, that's VLONE

I actually shown you can get it off your own grind, don't gotta ask for loans (Get your grind on)

Maybach truck, I play the back seat, the seat recline

Keep in mind, piece on my lap, that's just for peace of mind (I got it on me)

I'm gettin' better every year, they still waitin' to see decline (They waitin')

Reinvented myself, this the Machine redesigned (Hah)

I lead the pack, I don't follow leads

These punchlines like Drago versus Apollo Creed, it's spooky, nigga, Halloween (Talk to 'em)

Goofy nigga, you never shot a thing (Not at all)

My jewelry hittin', I'm richer than you, that gotta sting (Hahahaha)

Told you we from the gutter

The best part of my day is that jail call when I'm speakin' with Cutter (Free me my nigga)

I started DrumWork and people think it's beef with my brother (Come on, man)

Maybe every endeavour, we supposed to eat with each other (Talk to 'em)

Fuck what they think and fuck they opinions, we jumpin' in Benzes (Hah)

Johnny made my piece with a couple dimensions (Bling)

This DrumWork, guns come with extensions, nigga (Talk your shit, king), yeah

I think they prayin' on my downfall (Prayin' on my downfall, they prayin' on my downfall, man)

Rather see me dead or locked up in a cage (Hah)

That's why I never come around y'all (I never come around y'all, I don't come around)

Or maybe I'm just too stuck in my ways (I'm stuck in my ways)

I swear they prayin' on my downfall (Hahahaha, I know niggas prayin' on my motherfuckin' downfall, man, ayo, fuck them niggas, man)

I think they prayin' on my downfall (They wanna see me lose, I'm still gon' win though)

They rather see me dead or locked up in a cage (I'm still gon' win, nigga)

Oh no-no, oh no-no

You know what I mean? I'm still gon' win, nigga
Even when the odds is against me, hahahaha
Even when they stack the deck, hahahaha
Even when all the obstacles is thrown my way, nigga
I still come out victorious
Yeah
This shit 'bout to- ayo
This shit 'bout to get real spooky, nigga
Told niggas
Twenty-twenty-Drum, nigga
JR Swiftz, nigga
Ayo, look