

## Bullet Klub

Conway the Machine

Yeah  
You niggas know what's up, nigga  
Don't play stupid, nigga  
Yeah  
Banks, what's up nigga?  
It's go time homie

Look, these niggas can't match what I create  
Boy, I'm actually great  
Homie, I used to stash cracks by the gate (aaahh)  
The couple stacks I would make with the MAC on my waist  
I could send a package upstate and have you stabbed in the face  
Thought you was safe while behind the wall (huh)  
You vagina soft (pussy)  
Have you poked inside the yard, then youngin slidin' off (haha...)  
Before the Shady signin', I wore designer, y'all  
Dog, I swear we cut from a different kind of cloth (facts)  
I'm kinda off, wig shot, your brains fly across the street  
When I fire off the heat, then I'm ridin' off  
Goin' to get my dick sucked inside a loft (haha...)  
Put Scotty OG inside of my cigar (smokin')  
Don't call my phone if you ain't tryin' to buy it all, I'm the God  
Keep it a 1000, I inspire y'all (HAHAHHH...)  
I provided y'all with classics, dropped the hardest tape since '94  
But I started out supplyin' raw  
Okay, I get it, my face is twisted  
But considerin' my facial image, what nigga spit it the way I spit it?  
Think about it, I'll wait a minute... (haha)  
I had to give you time to think of a name  
'Cause it might take a minute  
When I dropped Reject 2, I made a statement with it  
Niggas talk tough, I prop up, to see what's shakin' with it  
Let the Beretta knock the letters off your Lakers fitted  
Toss bullets, I'm Troy Aikman with it when he played with Emmitt  
Admit it, I'm one of the greatest with it, huh  
I raise the bar, flick the razor leave your face with scars  
Break in your place and all that money in your safe is ours  
You rap niggas ain't safe at all  
My youngin takin' niggas chains at the awards  
And then we skatin' off  
Empty the sticks like 50 shots is sprayin' off  
Kill 'em, double back, hit 'em again, we makin' sure, uh

Uh, you know where the fuck we from, nigga  
Sound like a murder one... (pap pap...)  
It's the real niggas year  
Blood, sweat, tears and bullet flares

Figured I hit the top with those I seen the bottom with  
Wrong!  
They switched, my circle so small I'm standin' out of it (damn)  
Episodes of a giant, hand me my monument  
Steal off the table bet he won't have a family to count it with (nah)  
Fake ass nigga, sign your baby a counterfeit  
Limbs knocked off your counterparts  
We're known for breakin' mama hearts (uhh)  
Ran out of patience debatin', die for the fast flip

Cruisin, collectin' Confederate flags to wipe my ass with (nigga)  
Had to be killin' shit, I'm hearin' ghosts  
Seein' my folks disappearin' my feelings broke (uhh)  
Being successful will bring 'em to tears faster  
Keep your... threats off the wire, buggin' out's my Fear Factor  
Uh... 30 rounds for your square rapper  
The hand of God off the vertical, rear'll smack ya (uhh)  
Shot at me but I never felt a thing, my diamonds freezin'  
Hate allergic, Valentino handkerchief for sneezin' (yeah)  
Drippin' with passion, I overdosed twice  
Aced all obstacles, I ain't run from shit but the po'-lice  
Hunger balance cold nights  
Life's a gamble, be damned I don't throw dice  
I'm ten toes spike, high as my show price (uhh)  
I bet a semi rise'll clear out all the petty vibes  
It bark like a Shepherd, bite like Pennywise (uhh)  
Them cruel beginnings of grim chronic and Henny eyes  
Ghoul vomit and envy cries for cowards in disguise  
I pull your card, make 'em look at you awkward after  
Run around on my Gorilla shit, shittin' and toss it at ya  
I was meant to be on in this era to off a master  
Lash your back with your own whip  
Followed by stronger laughter (yeah)  
Look in my eyes and see the struggle of success  
The memories of a hundred real niggas here in the flesh  
From the view off the mountain top I was mesmerized  
Medicine for maniacs, chain-reacts and the ghetto fried

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Yo, in my town we got foul habits, .40 cal packers  
Hustlers plow cash and trap in a wild fashion  
Til agents chase us around backwards  
They know our faces, but to them, we just cases in a file cabinet  
I'm Louie'd down in that brown fabric, this watch I bought to drown sadness  
Blame my childhood for how I'm actin'  
And leave the counter then we brown baggin'  
The dollar amount stackin', I can see them numbers  
Hustlers count backwards  
I'm somewhat comfy in the bar section, not 'cause I'm rich  
'Cause I'm certified, I'm nothin' like these cross dressers  
I can't believe where the flow got us  
I kept the whole profit, got a plan with rock like the Globetrotters  
We straighten beef out and fold dollars  
But I'm still humble from the days  
We ate the bread with the mold 'round it  
And this a feeling you will never feel, flow impressive still  
And I perform better when the pressure build  
Single mothers readin' hustlers, stretchin' meals  
She fed us with the cash for the electric bill (woo!)  
I'm too eclectic, mouth reckless still  
I hit the hood just to chill, like the old days, catch a feel  
You see, this paper could change a nigga demeanor (seen it)  
I seen it take dreamers and make 'em into believers (uh huh)  
Had you sippin' Ace pullin' up like Ace in the Beamer  
But first you gotta relate to that Ace in the cleaners, AH!