

# Cocaine Paste

Conway the Machine

Still waiting for a big smile out of you  
You're up 2-0, what's the story, are you not happy?  
Or you're only half-happy? Or—  
What's there to be happy about?  
You're up 2-0  
Job's not finished  
Job finished? No, I don't think so

Uh, look, we landslidin' (Landslidin')  
It's DrumWork, bitch, we landslidin' (Uh-huh)  
My man slidin' like doors on the caravan, got 'em (Brrt)  
Diggin' in that pot, I can't keep my hands out it (Uh-huh)  
So you ain't gettin' a damn dollar (Not a penny, nigga)  
I call my shooter Dame Dolla, it's written all on his face, he can't hide it  
He itchin' to catch a damn body (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom)  
Yeah (Brrt), yeah, he itchin' to catch a damn body (Uh)

Look, Saint Patrick's Day 1 lows (Uh-huh), I shamrocked it  
Yes, I copped it, my sneaker problem got bands hoppin'  
Right up out of my pants pockets  
The Yeezy 1s, I copped the tan option (Right)  
Stüssy Dunk highs, they had the brown and tan ASICS  
Rocked 'em once and then I flipped 'em for the damn profits (Let's get it)  
A fly nigga with advanced knowledge, yeah (You know that, haha)  
DrumWork (Talk that talk), we fly niggas with advanced knowledge, look

I dotted my Is and I crossed my Ts (Uh-huh)  
You want a feature from Con', it's gon' cost you cheese (I need a bag)  
I did it bigger and took it further than they believed  
One bracelet, it's two artist advances on my sleeve (Uh, hahaha)

I'm fresher than patent leather shinin', I rock the Cs (Uh-huh)  
Retro 4's with the S on the tongue, Christopher Reeves (Woo)  
I killed 'em, all they saw is red like the Khaled 3s  
My shorty elite like the Kobe 9s, a masterpiece, goddamn (Come on)

Yeah, I'm Armani every three, shoutout my brother Skeese  
He threw 'em to me like breeze (Good looks, my nigga)  
I rocked the black strings in my Chicago SBs  
In two drops, made four hundred thousand from tees, nigga

Supreme box logos on the heel, it's box logos on the tee (Facts)  
Black suede all over my Uptempo 33s (Facts)  
I'm tip-toein' through my cousin vintage like a gymnast (What up?)  
They keep me fresh to death just like a fuckin' life sentence  
Retro 3s light linen with the canvas on the uppers (Uh-huh)  
And they must respect the Drum, 'cause we demand it, motherfucker

Sold ten 'cause I'm a hustler, got the hammer with the muffler  
That's the TEC with air holes and I'ma blam this motherfucker (Boom, boom, boom)  
Hundred bands on the band, my wrist dancin' like it's Usher (Hahaha)  
Tryna chill, but understand, you force my hand and I'ma touch you, nigga (Br rt)

I'ma get you, nigga  
We ain't playin', nigga

DrumWork, nigga