

Cooked In Hell's Kitchen

Conway the Machine

Look, Machine bitch I don't back down, check my background
Spray your trap down, fill a nigga back with MAC rounds
Strapped down with the black pound
The serial number scratched down
I could have the killers on attack now
Pull the mask down, five goons
Two at the front, three at the back now
I don't listen to these new niggas that rap now
I was out wildin' with a MAC
You was with yo' girl listenin' to Mack Wilds
Fuck these niggas and they rap styles
I murder niggas with this ink, shit'll get ugly, nigga, Black C
hild
My dog blew his last trial then got sat down
20 flat in the max, he on his way back now
Gas plug in Cali', I just gotta get a pack now
Send it in the mail, we made it? I can relax now
And let the racks pile
My youngin domed a nigga, right up close, I saw him crack a smi
le
I was in that Ghost, hatin' niggas saw me stuntin'
They was lookin' like a ghost is what they saw or somethin'
Shotty tearin' limbs off like I'm sawin' somethin'
Big gun was lookin' like I'm playin' a guitar or somethin'
This nigga talkin' like he offin' somethin'
I'm like you talkin' to a G like you don't respect your jaw or
somethin'
The Nike Kanye tan, he whippin' eight yams
The cook smoke, he whipped this shit for eight grams
Forty in the waistband
Pussy nigga I ain't playin'
No, we ain't playin'
Wait, you got hit
That was somethin' you ain't plan
Now you need an escape plan
Wait, I know he snake, we don't shake hands
He got his face blammed
Then I went to Ruth's Chris and ate lamb
Chopper make a fuck nigga break dance
Shells got caught in the slide and made the K jam
Machine