

## 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