

Dangerous Daringer

Conway the Machine

You already know what type of time I'm on

Fuck the mothafuckin' nonsense
Smack a nigga with a palm fist
Knock his iPhone out his hands
Drop his sunkist I'm on mix
Wock and red
This a Glock 40 on me but it's a .9 in the head
It shoot both of 'em
I be havin' modified guns
Transform somethin' to Decepticon
Everyday I'm walkin' with a weapon on
Steppin' on, Louie, Gooie, whatever that is
T.S.F. Bidness Sauce Walka, I've been that kid
That did made a couple million off that bitch
What's her name? Don't matter, nigga, motherfuck the fame
My bitch not Rihanna, but these platinum dollars
Put her on the billboard she'll solve all of your problems
Bitch a genie, and you was just a weenie
Maybach truck 21, that's how you seen me
Chrome Heart beanie, but I ain't got no love
Trap house after close, we ain't got no drugs
That's how my chest is, head shot everything in the car
Fuck some vestes, back flip kick martial law
Off a Tekken a weapon
Niggas better duck when I step in
God here, sit down in church and stand in God fear respect, nigga
It's T.S.F. about that check, nigga
I'll have a crib with a 30, C-Walk your neck, nigga
Walk was two years in the game and still a vet, nigga
I done made some broke niggas rich up in the Jects, nigga
Real life, tell me what that struggle feel like
Street so cold, popsicles don't wanna feel ice
Street so cold, nigga, life froze from shootin' dice
Hit him with the nitrogen, he never saw his wife again
You like to win, but be with losers
You wanna play with Tim Duncan or Carlos Boozer?
Like a needle, I maneuver through the haystack
Get money since way back, since 8-Tracks
My mama was breaking tricks for 8 Racks
Seen so many musclehead niggas shot in the apex
Trying to be Damien won't never lift a weight again
Don't shake the pen and die free
Keep thinking that them little niggas ain't got nothing for grease
It's a lot of Goliaths weak when that piece come out
Who really fucking with them wolves when they teeth come out?
All this trauma I received made my beast come out
Sauce Walka' in any city, then the streets come out
I'm Sauce
Oowee
Oowee
Oowee

Yeah, uh
Four honey buns in that red Goyard
Jewelry one of none, the money come, I'ma go on
Never was a bum, the summer come, I'ma show off

Only 63 made one of them in my garage
My nigga young and dumb, bipolar, he off his Zoloft
He so lost, walk up, head tap, he would stroll off
Menace like I'm A-Wax, sellin Caine' by the O, Dawg
12 hit the spot, I'm out the window, that's a close call
I make more in a year than your career pay
And you don't hear me play them radio airwaves
Twin got two straps on him like a pair of Air Rays
The 40 seem like oil shank, get your hair sprayed
I'm in this bitch, been getting rich for a long minute
Suck me and come up for air, that bitch is long-winded
I got a homie in prison doing a long sentence
Called in and said, any beat they put you on, kill it (I got you)
Machine ain't mad at you
How you pushing to California through Malibu? (They mad)
Daytona on the wrist shit, you did to unimaginable (They mad)
You did what niggas never fathomed to
Sippin' deli at Diddy house when I'm just passin' through
I was just doing what I had to do
I just had to put to work and they think I did somethin' magical
I'm from a hood, niggas would leave you for your valuables
(Give me that shit nigga, give me that shit bitch)
Machine
Give me that shit bitch