Dinner Plate

Conway the Machine

Griselda, by Fashion Rebels

Aye yo
The razor blade under the tongue
Piru white Panamera, I was playin' some punk

Test the yay before you pay, rub a taste on your gums
And if it's straight give me my cake and we done

like it fills gloves yo, we choppin' keys, cop and squeeze
He tried to walk me so I shot his knees

Yellow diamonds all on the Rolley sittin' on top of sleeves
Popped me, they caught me 20 blocks from Lee's

Please Allah can you save me? Down 'til four and a baby
Nah I'm just playin', MAC 11 sprayin', invasion

Thirty shell casings layin' on the pavement, Lord

They save the Devil wears Dolce
Hitler wears Armes skill for a trophy

Send a Kike to hammer and spray
Tell him blam it away and hit whatever stand in the way

Yay, we got yayo on the dinner plate
Yay, we got yayo on the dinner plate
Yay, we got yayo on the dinner plate
Yay, we got yayo on the dinner plate

Like I said man, you bitch niggas in trouble man. Know what I m ean? You bitch made niggas in trouble man. I see through you fu ck niggas man. Straight up nigga. Got drums for you niggas man, been hearing all the talkin' nigga. Straight up nigga, we t-sh irt niggas man. We black bag niggas man. Hall and Nash nigga. Y eah. How you want it? When you want it nigga?

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