

DNA

Conway the Machine

Brr, yeah
It's the Machine
(C-Lance)
Merkules, what up, homie?

A lot of sleepless nights workin', that's what got me here
I'm so high at the top that I can't even see the bottom tier
And y'all are weird, this the first chapter of a long career
Theybettin' on my downfall, the thing is I'm the auctioneer
I capture my greatness through manifestation
'Cause y'all know that I could blink and end up back in the basement
These problems pile up from my past, I know I can't just erase 'em
Who would've thought I'd have a bunch of gold plaques in these cases?
Used to call the local radio and ask 'em to play shit
Now when I turn it on, I hear my own tracks in rotation
And that feels amazin', can't take it all for granted and waste it
I had a lot of pain inside that I would mass gettin' wasted
So confused and I know that I'm only human, uh
Been goin' through it but no one can hold me to it, uh
I sure improve on these records, I'm goin' stupid
I sure improve on these records, I'm goin' stupid

You can see it in my DNA (DNA)
I told my mama, "Chill, we gon' be okay" (Be okay)
Now it's first class flights through the TSA (TSA)
A chauffeur waitin' on us when we leave the plane (Leave the plane)
You can see it in my DNA (DNA)
I told my mama, "Chill, we gon' be okay" (Be okay)
Now it's first class flights through the TSA (TSA)
A chauffeur waitin' on us when we leave the plane (Look)

My mind clouded with doubt when niggas counted me out (Uh-huh)
I switched my philosophy when I figured all this shit out (I'm good)
Now when my pride just come out, that's a lot of dollars to count (Bags)
But I'm never sellin' my soul for no dollar amount (Not at all)
See, niggas switch on they dogs, they ain't stay solid throughout (They pussy)
Nigga crossed the wrong line and niggas shot up his house, woah (Brr)
Shit, nigga crossed the wrong line and niggas shot up his... look (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom)
I sold crack on corners, now I'm with a bitch passin' marijuana
In New York, speedin' into California (Woo)
I outlast and outclass any rap performer
Back full of gas, countin' bags, that's an average mornin' (Talk to 'em)
When niggas throwin' shots at me, it never crack my armor
You got too eyes, then you should see my impact is stronger (Hahaha)
And other rappers that be cappin' on whatever instrumental they be rappin' on (Yeah)
They ain't no match for the don, go put your glasses on (Go and put your glasses on, nigga, you see it, right?)

I told my mama, "Chill, we gon' be okay" (Be okay)
Now it's first class flights through the TSA (Takin' off)
A chauffeur waitin' on us when we leave the plane (Hahaha)
You can see it in my DNA (Niggas see it)
I told my mama, "Chill, we gon' be okay" (Yo, Mama, we good)
Now it's first class flights through the TSA (TSA)

A chauffeur waitin' on us when we leave the plane (Ha)

Yeah, I know it's hard for them to fathom
I won't stop until the six car garage is full of Phantoms, uh
Who would've thought I'd make it rappin'?
Now my drive's rockin' stages, goin' hard across the atlas
Now the only thing I truly have to fear's my capability
No hatred still in me, really, no fake shit interest me
I'm eyes open, blindfoldin' on a killin' spree
I'm in the world series and seriously still in Italy
Huh, so these comparisons are laughable
Y'all barely even have the hope to have some people at your shows
So hit my management, 'cause lately I don't answer phones
And it's your funeral, someone please queue the saxophones
They try to tell me I should humble myself
But the jealous I drop constantly done stuck on the shelf
That must be hard, knowin' you could never come out your shell
All of a sudden, I'm the one that they all run to for help, huh
It must just come with the territory
I'm very sorry you never can change my story
I'm summonin' rappers by accident, where is Morty?
I'll pay all of the child support in cash, now here's the chorus, man

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Now it's first class flights through the TSA (TSA)
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