

Doorways

Conway the Machine

Yeah

Peon ass niggas, man

Fuck out my way

Yeah

Yeah, lil' homie got his four on him, that's a forewarning
Give him a fifty, he bustin' your shit and he gettin' it done before morning
She think I'm spendin' the night, but I fuck on that bitch and I'm dippin' b
efore morning

Lately, it feel like it's been rainin' money on me, but I gotta see more pou
r in (Ha)

Yeah, the shooters, they come and kick your door in

Remember them days, we pull up, I'm shootin' AKs out the back of a Ford Taur
us

Caught a body, fifteen, all that lil' boy shit, I wasn't goin' for it
I ain't goin' for it, I'm the man

Bitch, I'm the motherfuckin' man

If it's some pressure, my lil' brother uppin' the cannon

Want smoke, what you sayin'? We still out here active, them fuck niggas play
in'

My lil' man, he still behind the wall, it's been fifteen years straight, he
still stuck in the jam

Soon as they open them gates, I'ma make sure he straight, that's my word, th
at's my motherfuckin' man

I had to shoot at a nigga for testin' me, thinkin' shit sweet, he don't know
who I am

Can't let you trick me up off of these streets, but I promise on me, you ain
't layin' a hand

Open the brick, take out three hundred grams, hit that bitch with the soda,
then sell it again

Do that ten times, then i got me two free, fuck what they doin', I got to do
me

Don't even gotta give brodie the bag to come smoke you, he comin' to do it f
or free

He told me, "Big bro, don't worry, I got you, I know for a fact you gon' do
it for me"

You gon' hear "doot doot" from that .223, we finna slide, put your face on a
tee

And we was reminiscin' 'bout the old days, when we was was whippin' white up
to the O'Jays

If it's smoke, you know we at your-

At your doorway, I don't play

It's okay, they know me

At your doorway, won't go your way

Fuck up your day, 'cause it's on me

At your doorway, I don't play

It's okay, they know me

At your doorway, won't go your way

Fuck up your day, 'cause it's on me (Yeah)

Sick of these fuck niggas always tryna play games, I was burnin' off in the
whip, tryna take aim

Tell 'em I was all about the money, I don't play fame, boss, better know its
private when I take planes

Dread head shooter got me feelin' like a shotta, all black tee, probably ove
rlook the Prada

Love no ho, nigga, I can do without her, nigga, you can have her when I'm do ne, I'm jumpin' out her
I was in the kitchen with the wrist, tryna work it, hoppin' out the foreign, you can say I'm picture perfect
Every day, I'm on a different wave, tryna surf it, touch mine, I can guarante e it wasn't worth it
Me and Conway on the runway slidin', other rap niggas ain't street, they was hidin'
I'm knowin' niggas all cap, they was jivin', everything water, yeah, my neck got me divin'
I was thuggin' for a hobby, I'm pressure, don't make me catch another body, I work it
Nobody know it like I'm Tommy, the block, prolly give 'em a tsunami
Play with the drum, I should've been a Barker, nice with the books, I should 've been a author
Nice with the cookies, I should've been a Martha, fuck out my face, you got nothing to offer

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I be reminiscin' about back in the days when me and my niggas was out on the corner
Pitchin' it, fresh out the kitchen from whippin', and wearin' a mask like we fightin' Corona
I was a player that you couldn't coach 'cause I had ambitions on bein' a owner
I was the leader de facto, and just like young Maxo, them hoes gon' respect my persona
Ran with a clique full of fools that I knew from school and they was like, "Fuck them diplomas"
Out in them streets, fuck with us, we put you to sleep like poppin' a hand full of Somas
Hard headed, didn't listen to nobody, fuck that shit, I'ma do what I wanna Hustlin' for more figures and I wasn't scared of no niggas, fuck with me, yo u a goner
I'm from the era that if you bought more than a dozen, the plug let you get them for ten a ki
If you wasn't a friend of me, then you was opps, nigga, you was my motherfuc kin' enemy
We would pull up, and pull out, and pop, and I promise my face is the last t hing you finna see
You put me in the cross, promise you I ain't takin' a loss even if you some kin to me
See we used to pack up the whip with the work and then drive it from Texas to Tennessee
Feelin' like the Incredible Hulk without even mixing Hpnotiq and Hennessy
Stayin' prayed up so God can replenish me, never let what you hoes say diminish me
And I'm still representin' the land of the trill, that's until the day you n iggas finish me