

E.I.F.

Conway the Machine

Griselda, by Fashion Rebels

Yeah

Uh-huh

Yeah

Spooky shit, nigga

Way too spooky, nigga, look

Hard work instead of talent

But I work harder than niggas and I got better talent (That's a fact)

Than any nigga that ever challenged

And tried to knock me off my toes, I had to show him I had better balance

Everybody is food, hoodie fake them diamonds

Get head in Dallas

My bitch thick like Meg Thee Stallion

As you can see, my bread is piling

Still got the elbows flyin' like I'm Randy Savage, uh

Lately the bitches give me more vagina

Niggas thought I was broke so I bought more designer

I wore the kind of shit your ho admire

Luxury foreign driver, pistol possession in all my priors

These niggas all are liars

I know some zoes who'll push your shit from Opa-

locka to Fort Myers with carbon fire

A hundred for my line-up

My rich white bitch, her mind was distorted kinda

She snorted imported China (Sniff), yeah

Pop the Taurus and tore a swine up

In front the whole hood, just to give 'em a short reminder

Now I'm in position, I got all kind of people callin' my line

That I ain't see when I was on the climb up (Where was you, nigga?)

I still cop jewels and rock ice

Seen Trig on the news, my dude just got life (Damn)

Rock the Christian Loubs without spikes

My team can't win without me like Bulls without Mike, ah

Everybody is food, I told them niggas

They ain't believe me when I said it, I showed them niggas

I put the yola in the pot, put the soda on top

Make it lock, now the knots won't fold, my nigga

Everybody is food, I told them niggas

They ain't believe me when I said it, I showed them niggas

We got extendos in the Glock, if it's drama, let me know

We pull up, hop out, put holes in niggas, ah

And your bitch see me Versaced down

Now I get the money and I just watch it pile

Big rocks in the dial where the watch is now

The face flooded but the band is all crocidile

These rappers tryna jump in my lane and copy style

But you too docile, poppin' choppers is not your style

Bust down the Cuban, my Dominican bitch is chocolate brown

In Spanish Harlem eating rocket loud

They gave my nigga Bettis 40 when he got the trial

I just pray he win that appeal and they knock it down (Free the homie)

Let a nigga get out of pocket now

I'll drop a bag and have a shooter knock him down while I watch and smile

Yeah, a thousand for my belt

Meals in different countries without an album on the shelf
Already did it on my own, nigga, now you wanna help?
I was broke and on the come-
up, I ain't have nobody but myself (Fuck where was you at, nigga?)
And Daringer, on West and Benny
And really, we apparently the best, the semi
I got it with me, I'll air him with the skrrt and spin him
When it hit him, and it's tearin' in his flesh
I'm apparently a threat 'cause they compare me to the best
But who really fuckin' with me? 'Cause I ain't hear a nigga yet
I'm from 8th Street, sellin' crack and carryin' a TEC
Told you it's gettin' spooky, this shit is scarin' 'em to death, ah

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