

# Elephant Man

## Conway the Machine

My mind made up  
Count that money, that's the only thing you save up  
Don't got no paper in your pocket, how you laid up?  
Keep puttin' pussy over profit, boy, you played out  
Yeah, yeah, my mind made up  
Count that money, that's the only thing you save up  
Don't got no paper in your pocket, how you laid up?  
Keep puttin' pussy over profit, boy, you played out

Hear me? Yeah, fear is a system we all accustomed to  
Havin' faith, I ain't believe, 'cause I had nothin' new  
I was strugglin' makin' ends meet  
Thirty-four, nigga, and none of my friends speak  
I'm chasin' M's but hopefully them ends meet  
Had enough of the struggle, time to make it bubble  
Had to get up out my feelings, get it off the muscle  
Nobody givin' you shit, I had to grind  
'Cause my presence, nigga, somethin' that's divine (Woo, woo)

The Prezi on the left hand, the boy set precedents, damn  
The bezel and band dance like Elephant Man (Hahaha)  
They still tryna further their careers, but don't ever advance (Ah)  
Every time Machine drop a record, it mess with they plans  
BJ modified the AR, so the weapon enhanced (Brr, brr)  
Young boy got the switch on the pole, you get wet if you glance  
Damn, private table at the Hard Rock  
Machine bettin' seventy grand, and that's on every hand (Hahaha)

My mind made up  
Count that money, that's the only thing you save up  
Don't got no paper in your pocket, how you laid up?  
Keep puttin' pussy over profit, boy, you played out, yeah, yeah

Yo, yo, Goose, these niggas weird as hell, really be scared as hell  
Try to act gangster 'round some gangsters, but the real can tell (We can tell)  
Really took them road trips and stuff to wear with bells (Facts)  
Had to conceal the smell (Right), this DrumWork music now, but they still for sale  
The nine to four-five to your dome and they filled with shells (Brr)  
Either way, that's your ass, nigga, head or tails (Ah)  
The block bumpin', I'm just tryna clear the cell (Work)  
The work jumpin' out the water, like a killer whale  
We need a million grails (Woo)  
Yes, I will prevail, never will I fail, I ain't bitch or frail (Nah)  
Got dirt all up under my fingernails, boy, you Tinkerbell (Haha)  
These niggas mimic well (Right)  
You see my impact, it's off the Richter scale (Ah)  
Put a lot of ice on my watch, for all that time that I spent in jail (Ooh)  
Yeah, waitin' for the bro, tap in, that the work landed (Right)  
When that bass touch down, we call it Bo Jackson (Ooh)  
Never go at 'em, I ain't gon' spell it out (Nah), no closed caption (They know)  
Goin' against the whole camp, pray for the best, but still the worst happens (Drum)

They know Heem the Soprano, baby chopper in the flannel (They know)

Live on the Eastside, we put bodies on the channel  
You gon' lose, tryna gamble, know my goons too much to handle  
My homie rollin', tweakin', paint his face up, like he Rambo  
The pistol on the mantel (It's right there), you snitch, I can't stand you (Can't stand you)  
He talkin' like it's lit, so we blowin' out his candles  
I've been stackin' up on ammo (Stackin' up), paint the foreign camo (Skrtrt)  
We customize the Glocks, it's tan Gucci on the handles  
Stash a birdie in the panel, servin' in my sandals  
The man behind the mask, like I'm young Rip Hamil  
Gotta play the cards they hand you, I wave it and they scramble  
One time, we killed a junkie, we was handin' out them samples  
You sturdy, then we stamp you (Stamp you), I told the shooters "Camp you" (Camp that nigga)  
You can die in broad day, so don't let them niggas amp you (Don't let them g as you up)  
This street life a scandal (Scandal), just play it how they playin' you (Plan)  
If you go out like a gangster, that's the life that God planned, nigga (They know)

Ayo, ayy, Bums, I rose up, I. used to deal with scum (Uh-huh)  
Now when the money come from the label, that shit in lump sums (Cash)  
You older than me, but you still broke, so you my son's son (These niggas wa shed)  
Grown-up lil' nigga, sent to the store on a blunt run  
Crime, we did it all, we never called 911 (Never)  
Before I had my own, me and my homie shared one gun  
A shitty Hi-Point, now it's Rugers and SIG Sauers (Bah, bah)  
Stash cake in case I catch a case to pay for the lawyer  
That's your whore, I slit her off, 'cause she a daughter aura (Uh-huh)  
She open wide, like all the doors on the Ford Explorer (Haha)  
I hit it, then run off, like I'm baseball's leading scorer (Woo)  
Was sellin' balls and quarters, now I'm just rappin' with quarters  
When I go to work, this shit a body, like the fuckin' coroner  
My whip a foreigner, this the raw that they snortin' up

My mind made up (Made up)