

Fentayl

Conway the Machine

Double 0-2's, the black and red Geigers (huh?)
I clap the back his head, rapid lead fire
I don't care what a rapper said, they're liars
They don't want smoke, they pussy, they wouldn't dare try us (t
hey don't want smoke, nigga)
Lambo is black and red, spare buyer (BOOM!)
Bitch with me look like a early career Mya (HA!)
Get out of pocket, I'ma crack his egg
Have niggas eternally nappin' like he dead tired (hahahaha!)
Uh, you eternally sleep (woo!)
I'll leave ya momma with the burden of grief for the words that
you speak
Uh, smokin' like B-Real burnin' Khalif (what up my nigga?)
200 P's, told the plug I'll return every week (I'll be back)
Uh, I don't know where niggas heard it was sweet
You throw shots, we returnin' a three (BO-BOOM!)
I go and shop, I put fur on my freak
I'm in the spot, Gucci socks, purple mink
Even bag the bitch servin' me drinks (talk to 'em)
Uh, shooters do you dirt for cheap
I'd rather do that murder discreet, so niggas never heard it wa
s me
I don't fuck with niggas, so it's real if you heard that we lin
k
Blink on my hip, hoppin' out black Suburban with flee (woo!)
Or push the Rover, I got it off the shit I cook with soda
I got in this rap game and I took it over (it's my shit)
Check the stats homie, look it over (HUH?)
City put on my shoulders
Yeah, right on top where the bullet hole was
2000 for the boy slippers
Yeah, Le Chemin Du Roi sippers, no fentanyl, boy flippers
Tanks in the wall got the Koi fishes (HUH?)
Oyster dishes, pullin' off in Royces, nigga (VROOM!)
And I put that on Royce, my nigga, I will hoist this blinker
When you talkin' to me, lower your voice my nigga
Yeah, please think it's a game
I will throw all this shit away, when I squeeze 3 in ya frame,
pussy