

Funk Flex #Freestyle201

Conway the Machine

Yeah, gettin' my New York City back, man
One time from New York City
Drumwork shit, Griselda shit

Pullin' up somethin' frosty on the arm
Niggas plottin', but they don't cause me no alarm
My dog with me is armed, no thoughts of bein' harmed
Of course, I'm still a Don, look
I tore cities across, season beyond
I dare you to play with me like I won't air you
I swear you better play with somethin' safe and be careful
Thought I made it clear to you, I ain't who you compare to
Niggas stayin' away from my release days, they fearful, look
Give 'em discomfort like a ligament tear do
And I looked in his eyes, it was visibly tearful
On mics, I turned into Iron Mike, get ya ear chewed
I knock one of them old rap niggas, veneers loose
I took the league and I did by year two
Like my home's draft day, I wore a fitted from Bad Goose
I have a ticket for the whip that I stand to
I'm back in that mood to end a career too, hold up
I'm back in that booth and I feel amazin'
A couple million is safe but still I'm savin'
You know I'm feelin' dangerous
Malice in heart, I'm full of heinous, I grip the stainless
I hit 'em then they shoulda cave in
Rearrange it, feel the culture shiftin' and changin'
Since I came in
Whip the oodles and noodles, chicken ramen
Wash out the pot, then use it again to whip the cane in, uh
Big ass mack homie, the clip, let's hang in
Shoot up your block
'Cause I don't respond to diss songs, them niggas nameless
I got shooters on the payroll, fucker
Draco bussers, I grew up with the Yayo hustlers, Griselda shit, bitch
Niggas know we ain't no suckers
Let's play what you want, niggas ain't gon' touch us
We gunnin' shit down, there ain't no others
We givin' hospital trips, leg broke, crutches
Niggas hate , fuck 'em
Went to my jeweler and spent two-fifty
I did it 'cause niggas thought they was richer than me
Niggas never did nothin' that really benefit me
Somehow I still got more money than 'em significantly
in the rain when I whip the Bentley
Might let you hold the umbrella for me like Mister Bentley
You know that block gettin' broke in half
And then I give 'em both a bath with no soap and rag
Niggas sendin' shit for me to post and tag
But I'm chargin' a fee, you gotta pay your promotion back
My homie said he bleedin' like a open scarab
Blisters on his fingers, had to chop up and open bags
He sneak dissin' on his post, that nigga broke and mad
I ain't really trippin' but the brosky want a smokin' bag
Had his pistol in his jeans loaded
Lil' nigga stole his bundle, he thought a fiend stole it
I got an esteem and I am steamrollin'

It's the Machine, bitch, I'm reloaded
All the shit I say, the G's quote it
Louis cost more than your jeans, don't it?
Remix the work, had the dirty and the clean loaded
That light on in the yard, you know that we open, yeah
Already killed your brother and your cousin, bro
We knockin' branches off of your family trees
In the road truck down in Miami with skis
Did my Drink Champs interview with the
Got off that hospital bed and I plan to be king
A dome shot couldn't stop me, y'all niggas can't do a thing
Get made example if niggas put they hand on Machine
Had niggas at your visual with Teddy Bears, candles and things
You sold your soul to be famous
Without social media bozo, you'd be nameless
The emerald cut drumwork local piece danglin'
Met her at Paris North, she spoke three languages
Yellow white Rolls, we don't do stainless
Before that Shady album, I was still gettin' sink checks and I ain't even bl
ink yet
Touch that two M's, I was just gettin' my feet wet
You know I'm the reject
Even when I ain't playin', I get the Kyrie jet
They hope I will regress, C-Flex
It's like I hit five in a row, this just a heat check
Lose your life in this game, you can't press reset
Bringin' all this money in, I got it on preset
Airin' at these niggas, it's my natural reflex
Machine, nigga