

G.O.A.T

Conway the Machine

Come on nigga, you know you ain't built like that, yeah
The fuck you want, pussy?
Look at me when I'm talkin' to you, nigga
(Look at me nigga)

Look, click clack, and this big ratchet, I clap it
Six pack, I heard his ribs crack and splash the wall with wig f
ragments
Kidnappings, murders and stabbings, bitch, this shit happens
Every day where I'm from, it's yellow tapes and zip plastic
Who the hardest out?
Point him out, my razor carve his mouth
Tuu, what you talkin' 'bout? I been the illest since I started
out
I'll have my Akh run down on you with the carbon out
Hoodie on, big beard, shootin' like James Harden out (brrrrrrr!)
Whip it, let the hard sit out
Right under the ceiling fan 'til it dry, chop it, bag it and so
rt it out
In G bundles, my heat muzzle
We up 'til 5 in the morning in your bushes
You pull up, you in deep trouble
Free my lil' nigga doin' all the time
He 17, when he come home he'll be 49
For a robbery gone bad
His brother got killed, nigga probably gone mad
Got the Masi from standin' in the lobby with raw glass
Make a call to my dog, your body be all stabbed
Go 'head, try me and I'm probably gon' spaz
An undetermined amount of shotties we gon' blast
More bodies, bring more bags
I need more boxes and more slabs, nigga
I be with 16 year old psycho rifle holders
Snipe you twice, your life is over
My razor break and choppin' white and boulders
Snatch your life, I'm Whitey Bulger
Move the white and ice the Ro' up, you know us

You know who it is, fuck nigga