

Gold BBS'S

Conway the Machine

Lulu

Yeah nigga, let me get a light, smoking this mimosa

Why the popo so vexed for, they raid the wrong house

We had the dope and money next door, uh

The water on my neck pure and I ain't even get the back end yet from my next tour

That's what they so upset for, they broke so they gon' stress more
I keep my gun on me, you left yours

My money in line that's why I'm good with the connect for

Dog food in the trunk like I just left the pet store (Talk to 'em)

Free the brody they got my dude up in the mountains

When we was fifteen, we used to shoot up niggas houses

Started with an eight ball and then I moved a couple ounces

I fucked nigga's baby mommas, even seduced a couple spouses

I just blew a couple thousand on shoes that ain't even out yet

Pussy good? Get a new outfit. Christian if her mouth wet

Niggas ain't richer than me I doubt that

Set the streets on fire and niggas ain't put me out yet, Machine bitch

I told my shooter when you shooting you unload

It's funny how we open laundry mats to wash the money from the load,
laundry mat rap

My Spanish homie on the west he think he Tony when he sniff he lose control

And he don't care who out there when he slide he gon' pull up and start emptying the

And everybody goes nigga

I say the word niggas gon' run down

With F&N drum rounds you getting gunned down

Tried to hide my pole in the closet and my son found it

So I had to shoot this SK I gotta teach my son now

How you gangsta you ain't never do shit

You ain't never shoot shit, never been to jail

I could tell you a bitch (pussy)

We was peddlin' sniff, told my brody let's fuck with this rap shit

He said he'd rather sell a few bricks

He said that's like me telling you quit when you the best at what you do ain't nobody on your level who spit

Came from the bottom from shoveling shit

Now it's thirty pointers in my bezel, my oyster perpetual wrist

Your bitch could tell you I'm rich, she came to my tele the ritz

And I gave her impeccable dick

I keep this Mac-11 I grip, I let off a clip when I throw my gun in the air stick

I told my shooter when you shooting you unload

Let that shit go nigga, let that shit rip

It's funny how we open laundry mats to wash the money from the load,
wash and fold

My Spanish homie on the west he think he Tony when he sniff he lose control, papi
And he don't care who out there when he slide he gon' pull up and start emptying out the
And everybody goes nigga
Yeah nigga, everybody goes. You, you, and him too nigga
Greenlight on all you niggas, niggas know what the fuck is up, yeah