

Goodfellas

Conway the Machine

Huh
Yeah
Yeah
Huh
Naw I'm sayin'?
Upstate NY niggas, man
Niggas had to like stand in three feet of snow and figure shit out, naw I'm sayin'?
Huh

Ayo
I had to work shit back from the 213
No losses, I had a 22-month streak
When I took my first L, I ain't lose much sleep
Disappeared and came back like two front teeth
Now who wanna see the switch on my big weapon?
When I ask, "Who want beef?" It's a trick question
I squeeze, you gon' bleed from your midsection
It be a big blessin' you survive these tools, homie
It's no word to describe these jewels
Hood niggas but kids go to Ivy schools
I hate a bum bitch that wear shiny shoes
Y'all put seeds in these chickens like Chinese food
I'm the guy she choose but her tongue too loose
Don't trust her, she the type to run through groups (Yeah)
I'm a baller, money come but got none to shoot
And if a bitch want me, she gotta jump through hoops
Trust

They see the level up, now they real salty
Tell them pussy niggas, "Jump" if they feel froggy
Rollie on my left wrist is real costly
They copyin' my moves, they tryna get a deal off me
Well them niggas is not me and that ain't real street (Not at all)
And that ain't stoppin' my money, I'ma still eat (I'm eatin', bitch)
Get you clipped in any city, I got real reach
But I ain't trippin', that's Beyond Meat, that ain't real beef (Ha ha)
You rap niggas jewelry lookin' real cheap (Uh huh)
Get your shit peeled on 8th Street, we know you real sweet
Time is of the essence, I whip the work tryna get the extras
Now they see me ridin' in the Tesla (Boom)
And that's from two shows, see, I'm kind of a finesse
Nope, the way I'm rhymin' just apply a lot of pressure
I take my chains off, set my fire on the dresser
Say a prayer that a nigga don't try me, I'ma stretch 'em

You really gotta know the difference from suckers and real steppers (Real st eppers)
And ones that handle that beef first like a meal prepper
My beats harder, my whip new, my deal better
And my bank statements six pages long like a jail letter
Back in 2014, I had cheap prices, facts
Me and Jay Rock takin' bricks out the wrap like Kraft cheese slices
Say y'all cashin' out? It don't seem like it (I don't see it)
We don't believe, it's cap, beams on our hats of rappers I greenlighted (Nig ga)
These long runs we consider that blessings

I'm with a kitchen that's stretchin'
Mix oil and water like vinaigrette dressin'
Kids in my city wanna know the truth
How I get from on the stoop to scrambled eggs from a golden goose?
The truth is, I thought this moment through (Thought it through)
Planted the seeds, start growin' roots and ended up with a fold-up roof (That's how I did it)
Sopranos on, Joe Pesci, but I look better (Huh)
Tre Spesh, Jimmy Conway, this a clip from Goodfellas
Butch