

# 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 finesser  
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 steppers)  
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 (Nigga)  
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