

Greetings

Conway the Machine

Let's get it
God Don't Make mistakes on the way
February 25th (Yeah)
Shoutout J. Cole
(Uh, look)

Don't compare me to none of these niggas, we ain't that alike
I realized these niggas ain't mad at me, them niggas mad at life (Hahaha)
And if a nigga play with me then he won't make it past the night
'Cause it's killers that love me that's gon' send him to the afterlife (Boom
boom boom)
So look nigga, keep all them suggestions and your bad advice (Talk to 'em)
That's the problem now, rappers too friendly, I ain't that polite (Not at al
1)
My only concern is that my bag is right
If we collab, it's like 50 racks, yeah, that's the asking price
And I'm doing like 4-5 of them shits, that's on an average night (Wooo)
O pass the light
This gas got me so high I'm crashin' right into a satellite (Haaa)
They think it's overnight, think I did magic, like
You do know this my passion, right?
You know the dedication and the sacrifice
Don't minimize my grind, I was up practicin' half the night
Bullet in my neck, watchin' "Get Rich", that shit had me hyped (Talk to 'em)
Fast forward, Coachella with 50, that that shit had me hyped (Talk to 'em)
Timin' is everything and this moment feels exactly right (Shout out 50)
I went to 50's unveilin' of the star
In Hollywood, honestly hearin' him speak had me at awe
'Cause we both got shot and rock similar scars
But I learned, you believe in yourself and never give a fuck, that take you
far
I worked hard for this shit, bitch, why would I let you have it?
I'm tryna look for a new challenge (Ha)
Gettin' ends on the side while I'm tryna look for this new balance (Woo)
Peace to Keith, he hold me down whenever I'm movin' through Dallas (What up,
bro)
Don't wanna have to shoot this tool, them FN bullets, they do damage (Doo do
o doo doo)
Drumwork Music the future, but I ain't lookin' for new talent (Ahhh!)
Closet lookin' like Shoe Palace (Woo)
Every time I cook up it's too classic (Ha)
My homies pull up, it's too tragic (Ha)
Put it on your bullet and news splash (Ha)
Machine back on shit again, who's askin'? Ah! (Talk to 'em, Machine!)
Sippin' DeLeón by the caseload
Used to serve packs when the time treated cold
The way I pen it, gotta say my name same sentence
Equivalent to even Kendrick, shit, or maybe J. Cole (Woo)
my nigga Drake, bro (Ha)
Keep killin' niggas, case closed (Keep killin')
out a million, then my safe closed (Ha)
Need a BBL but her face cold
But when she's suckin' she gon' take soul
From the hood, I never changed code
I used to hustle, didn't change clothes (Nope)
Now we tourin' all around the country (Yeah)
Everywhere we go, we gotta take pole

Nothin' smaller than the draco's (Brrrr)