

# 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 all)  
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 doo doo doo)  
Drumwork Music the future, but I ain't lookin' for new talent (Aahh!)  
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 (Brrrrr)