

Guilty

This shit got that feel

Uh, look, reject back from the trenches

Back with the MAC with extensions

Thinkin' 'bout when they had me layin' on my back in intensive

Clapped in my head and neck

That shit was inches from hittin' my carotid

I would've bled to death and nobody could stop it

Doctor said the bullet too close to my voice box to try to get it out it

"You can't touch it and I doubt there's anything we can do about it"

Bells Palsy from damage to my nerves

No feeling in my legs, I took a bullet in the head, nigga

That's why I chuckle at the comments that I read

About the way my face look, and shit, I could've been dead

Just focus on the lyrics, don't focus on my appearance

You know you too pussy to go through it, so you fear it

You see the way they quotin' this shit hysterically

What you see is the dopest of any era, Machine

Like a line of this coke you see on the mirror

Sniff, nigga, this shit is a gift, nigga

King of the underground, but still, I'm a rich nigga

A few years ago, I was just on my dick, nigga

The moral of my story, I ain't switch up my pitch, nigga

Stayin' true to myself and take whatever I get, nigga

A lot of niggas rappin', they don't spit it like this, nigga

Rollie on my wrist, leave the pot like this, nigga, whip, nigga

Name your top five, I might be better

After this album, bet a critic can't slight me ever

No pen, no pad when I write these letters

I just recite off the top, that shit hype me better

We played with bricks since the fitted cap and white tee era

Ask Benny, ask West, had semis, had TECs, nigga

No kizzy, we was really at necks, nigga

Really played with me, then he really got stretched, nigga

Machine