

Hawks

Conway the Machine

Yeah

Yeah, I see you niggas tryna take the formula and make it corni
er, I'm onto you (See what y'all niggas doin')

Don't make me call shorty up, he pick his .40 up (Put that in,
homie)

Shootin' your corner up, send you for a ride with the coroner (Boom boom boom boom)

Cake pilin', spent the last two days countin' (Hah)

Invested in the real estate and made safe houses (Yeah)

Same block where I had a K, wildin', I made thousands

I could take my bricks and make a yay mountain (Hah)

Open my garage door and pull a Wraith out it (You see me, bitch)

Puerto Rican bitches love me like I'm J Balvin (Hahahaha)

Versace draws, nah, bitch, these ain't Calvins (Uh uh)

Militant mind, I'm the modern day Malcolm

I'm the nigga that they doubted

I created my own lane on these niggas, now my lane crowded (Get out my lane)

And I ain't even drop a album

But the flow polished like the nigga on his eighth album (Machine, bitch, hah)

On Dope Street, I used to move an O a day

You can't take my chains, boy, my jewels don't go away (Hah)

You can't name a dude that flow today that's fuckin' with me

Just think, Everybody Is F.O.O.D. was a throwaway (That was light)

Everything I touch, this shit is classic

Call the plug, get the package, then get in traffic (Ah)

Already sold half it before I ripped the plastic (Talk to 'em)

Neck lookin' like I just went triple platinum

We with the action, your favorite rapper, I will smack him

Then have his head spinning backwards, then spin a Backwoods (Hahaha)

Shootin' like Dame DOLLA, I'm hittin' baskets

I'm in the booth spittin' gases, get your matches, nigga

And you suckers knowin' what's up (Yeah)

You get a shitbag when I'm dumpin' low with the pump (Boom boom boom boom)

Who the hardest in the streets? Motherfucker, you know it's us

I ain't bring New York back, I put Buffalo in the front

Motherfucker (Brr)

Yeah, nigga