

Hell Let Loose

Conway the Machine

(Whoo Kid)

Sticks and stones don't break my bones (Yeah)
Calling me names don't hurt my feelings (Don't hurt my feelings, nigga)
Extended clip in the pole soon as I give the go (Yeah)
Bro gon' leave your shit on the ceilin' (On the ceilin', on the ceilin', nigga)
Still risk, get sold, we gon' get this dough (Sold)
I move this, we gon' make us a killin' (We gon' make a killin')
Sticks and stones don't break my bones (Yeah)
Calling me names don't hurt my feelings (You can't kill God with bullets, talk to 'em)

What you know 'bout layin' in a nigga bushes in the rain? (Brrat)
Soon as you step out your door, they put a bullet in your brain (Bah, bah, bah, bah, bah, bah, bah)
You from 'round my way, then you was puttin' in some pain (Huh?)
There's niggas that'll pop you 'cause they lookin' for a name (Facts)
You live that gangster shit, then, nigga, we one of the same
My nigga Tony drop you just for lookin' at me strange (What the fuck you lookin' at?)
You fucking with the drum, you niggas gotta feel the flame (Brrah)
Get hit a bunch of times and get your body rearranged (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom)
Floatin' in that red 'Rari when they see me on Biscayne (Skrtrt)
Miami, speedin' on that 95, switchin' lanes (Come on)
I was a lil' nigga, hittin' licks and gettin' paid (True that)
Straight up menace, jackin' niggas for they shit like I was Caine (Come up just like Caine, nigga)
Just to show love to these niggas, now my heart full of distain
We shot that nigga ten times, his body left a stain (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom)
I still be in the hood, my life is good, I can't complain
So fuck them pussy niggas that be speakin' on my name (Fuck that)
Machine

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Bro gon' leave your shit on the ceilin' (On the ceilin', nigga, yeah, yeah)
Still risk, get sold, we gon' get this dough (Yeah)
I move this, we gon' make us a killin' (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
Sticks and stones don't break my bones (Yeah)
Callin' me names don't hurt my feelings (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

I just let the paper stack up
I just let the paper stack (Yeah)
I took a loss, I make it back (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Now I just let the paper stack up
I just let the paper stack (Yeah)
I took a loss, I make it back (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

Big bag, I'ma spend a big bag (Uh-huh)
Put you in a shit bag, homicide, a zip bag (Woo)
Body bag, toe tag, toe tag, toe tag (Damn)
Body bag, toe tag, fah, fah, fah, fah (Brrah)
Yeah, yeah, no hesitation

Bro got that MAC, jumpin' over cars, slammin', no regulation (Oh my God)
Got the news that you niggas got blamed, it's a celebration (Ha)
Now them niggas thought they want smoke and understand who they facin' (You
know what's up)
I'm comin' mask off, doin' a home invasion
So what if they see me? I'm 'bout to send them niggas to Satan (Ha)
I'm 'bout to blast off, I'm finna make a statement
AR in my hand, man, I just feel the sensation (Ah)
High school drop out, GED education
Now look, Machine, bitch, five Grammy nominations (What else?)
.357 in the puff coat (Yeah)
Them eastside niggas is cutthroat, shit (Yeah, yeah)
Nigga fell out about a ho, is you crazy, nigga?
That's everybody bitch, who told you put a baby in her? (Come on, nigga)
It's your own fault you broke 'cause you lazy
Shit, I made it to a whole man from a two and a baby, nigga (Talk to 'em)
I just let the money stack, that's why I have the paper (Uh-huh)
To have staples put in a nigga like a stack of papers (Mm)
Uh, the .357 in the puff coat (Yeah)
Them westside niggas is cutthroat, ayo (Woo)

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You can't kill God with bullets, nigga
Conway the Machine
That nigga ain't a fuckin' human being
(Conductor, we have a problem)