

Highly Praised

Conway the Machine

Yeah, these niggas in trouble, man
Look

Bust my gun then I sold base
Right on Bergard off of Doat place
Fuck around, get shot in your face
They won't find your body, that's a cold case (Brrr)
Drinkin' Spade, I bought a cold case
Money comin' fast, not a slow pace (We gettin' money, nigga)
Before I cash out the bricks, nigga
I'ma sniff and see how that coke taste
My main bitch get the Bentayga
My side bitch whip the Masi' truck
A nigga gettin' shot literally
If he's on his record takin' shots at us (Boom, boom, boom)
You can play them little games with them other rap niggas
But not with us (Don't play with us, nigga)
Thirty clips in the Glocks with us
That's the smallest blicky that we got with us (Ah)
Shootin' big shit with extendo clips
Gun long as legs on Bol Bol (Brrrrrr)
Young shooter with a old soul
Put it to your head, then he blow holes (Boom, boom, boom, boom)
Only time bro-bro don't got us posed
When he in parole, woah (Hahaha)
Cookin' bricks at Vanessa house
Let her keep the extras out, the whole boat (Here, take this shit)
Dior kicks was eleven hund'
I've seen more bricks than you've ever slung
Over bullshit, bet my weapon rung
If the war kick, we don't ever run
Feel like I've been on a forever run
Me fallin' off, that day will never come (Ha)
All my tapes classic, nigga, every one (Every one of them shits)
But still feel like my work is never done (I'm still workin')
Certified May Block killers
We got bodies on every gun (You know the vibes, nigga)
Nigga shot five niggas last week (Boom, boom, boom, boom)
Asked the homie why and he said it's fun (Brr)
I hustle hard for my bread to come
And I'm greedy, nigga, I want every crumb (I want it all)
Don't make me have to kill a rap nigga
Have his funeral done by Reverend Run (Hahahaha)
Bitch, it's the Drum

Yeah, you know what's up, pussies
Machine, bitch
Your bitch wanna fuck me, nigga
I'm richer than you niggas
I'm fresher than you niggas
I mean, what else?

Every child looks like their father when they're born. Doesn't matter boy or girl. Doesn't matter who they look like three days later. When they come out of the womb they are a perfect reflection of the man who made them. You wanna know why? It's nature's way of proving that you're the father. So that you don't think the baby belongs to someone else, and kill it. There's no suc

h thing as a good man. All men are bad. But some of us try real hard to be good