

Hot Freestyle

Conway the Machine

Wheezy outta here

Uh

Who the richest in the city?

Got this whole shit litty, yeah

My young nigga caught him a case for a blicky

Been in jail all his twenties

He just came home, he on parole

He's still riding with his pole

That nigga out of control

He just pull up and unload

He just gon' lift up your soul

I used to stand in the cold

Trying to just get me a Nautica [?]

Went and got me a load and I got on the road

I came back with that product and got on the stove

Same with my hand on that Prada

[?] I'm whipping, I got a few O's

Extra I'm smoking [?]

My chains and my watches is froze

Twenty bands in each pocket, pockets is swole

(Talk to 'em)

I just made a few dollars

In other words I just made a few commas

Came a long way when I stayed with my momma

Louis V drip, Virgil made my pajamas

I'm made for the beef, I was made for the drama

My youngin shoot K's like his name was Osama

My bitch from the hood, yeah, she straight from the bottom

I leveled her up, man, I draped her in Prada, yeah

You [?] writing love letters

(Look at you, nigga)

She [?] pussy the Machine 'cause I fuck better

Got hammers on the waist, got the bulletproof on the sweater, yeah

Always in the designer drip with the double letters

Double C's on my bitch, double V's on my wrist, yeah

[?] in my kitchen

Couple keys, couple bricks, yeah

Rocking designer kicks, all Machine diamonds hit

Had to remind the bitch I'm rich

Shit that I spit gotta rewind the shit

The big money, I had my mind on that shit

Don't care what nobody else doing

Bet I'ma get mine in this bitch

Where y'all niggas at? [?] in this bitch

I was somewhere just chilling just minding my business

Then I heard this beat and then I got inspired

Went straight to the booth, lost my mind in this bitch

Bitch from New Orleans, she fine as a bitch

Got that shit from the back, lost my mind in that bitch

After I nut, never minding that bitch

You won't see a mind like mine, this is it

(That's it, nigga)

Machine, aw man

I just been getting way too rich, way too fast

Yeah

Bitches love street niggas with a bag
They love street niggas
And bitches love rich niggas
And I just happen to be both
Yeah
Get out of pocket, we got drums for you fuck niggas though