



Conway the Machine

I'm so ill
(Welcome to Hell where you are welcome to sell)
I-I'll
(All scars, we earn 'em, all cars, we learn 'em)
I'm so ill
(When them shells come, you better return 'em)
I-I-I'll

Uh, I came in here with enforcers and with the goons
I never fail, I aim for the stars, came up short, then I hit the moon
I'm more G than if Voorhees had the pumpkin face
MAC-11 thumpin', chase bitches never dump them
Make 'em get out
Control they minds, keep them down on that sunken place
Which is why your boy remains on top
I tell the baddest bitch around
"Hoe, you look like Tory Lanez jump shot"
I use to think raw sex was the sacred shit
'Til I switch to faithful, ate some sushi from off the chest
Of a naked chick, now I just be dissing hoes
Yeah momma, your son's grown
I literally turned down your wife so many times
Her pussy lips ice-grilling you while you licking it with your fronts on
Either get out my face or I'm defacin' you with a comment
Rappers like a bunch of baby birds waitin' for me to vomit
Nigga say that they the illest rhyming, now they got to see me
I'm what'chu call them Detroit Problems, now they got DP
Now I got the AR, so now they gotta back up
Lying 'til they got a twelve inch nose, now they got three feet
I'm who your hoes thirst for, you're the worst flow-er
To the Book of Ryan, I keep my story low, I'm the first floor

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Word on the streets is niggas mad, I'm rufflin' niggas feathers
Tell them sucka niggas I said, "Fuck them niggas," whatever
You niggas know y'all can't fuck with me nigga, never
You can line them niggas up, put a bunch of niggas together
Yeah, I stick the clip in and pop
The kinda shit that I'm on is reminiscent of Pac
Grippin' the Glock, bandana on, blick at the cops
Pickin' your spot, got the hammer drawn, lift up ya top
Nigga you not no gangsta, you just a rapper, I can tell
I can tell it's fishscale, bust the plastic, I can smell
This for niggas behind the wall that keep the ratchet in they cell
That'll stab you 'til you yell, while they passin' out the mail, yeah
My automatic full of shells, they try to take me out before
But I had to just prevail
I know the goons, the little savages as well
I know the plug, make a call and get a package in the mail
It's passion that I'm rapping with these rap niggas is real
Street nigga, but I'm rappin' like I graduated Yale
I ain't attracted to the plaques and all the sales
'Cause if I ain't the illest rapper, then actually I failed
Look, you must got it confused

Come at me sideways, and get you yo' spot on the news
You gotta be fools, shawty get used, goons body you smooth
Put you in a funeral home, body get viewed

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