

Immaculate Reception

Conway the Machine

Oh

We back with this rappin' shit (Right back with it)

Right back to it, I'm fresh off the road, though, a lil' bit, y'know I mean?

Ha

This my type of shit (Eastside shit, you know that)

Yo

Yo, yo (Yo, yo), check

I'm in the game now, they watch my position like draft analysts

My stock's risin', my advantage is lopsided

I listen to rappers verses like, "Bro, they gotta be gassin' 'em" (Gotta be gassin')

I gave a fuck at one point, but now I'm honestly abstinent

'Cause if you break it down in totality with analysis (Uh-huh)

Nobody snappin' harder since Lil Jon with this rapper shit, look (Nobody)

Them rappers mid-level just like assistant management

My flame got ignited and I keep fannin' it and fannin' it and fannin' it

My reach is worldwide now, that's how I'm spannin' it (True)

Writin' my story, I'll be the protagonist (Uh-huh)

It only gets better as pages in the pamphlet flip

They thought I never had a chance at this

But I put in the work and studied like an undergraduate

Most valuable, they voted me in and this shit's unanimous

My impact'll snap a brick in half as quick as seconds on the chronograph get ticked

Brick by brick, I built myself here a motherfuckin' establishment, look

This here is high-grade, all gas, no flatulence (None)

Purposely done, but the reception is immaculate (Haha)

Married to this shit and I done flooded out the annulet (What?)

It's DrumWork on my amulet, I'm humbly extravagant, you know that (Know that, nigga)

Hahaha, told you niggas, man, y'all niggas can't fuck with me, man

Yo, yo, to hate you, they gon' find a reason

If I told you how bad it gets, bet you would not believe it (Uh-huh)

This that dope shit, I can plug 'em like I'm stoppin' leakings (Know that)

That DW on the flag, my niggas got allegiance (You know that)

Makin' my mark up in the pros, this shit was not collegiate (Uh-huh)

Yeah, I understood the assignment, so it got completed (Facts)

And now my craft just serve me papers like I got subpoenaed (Haha)

Yeah, I mean this shit is like I got subpoenaed

I stayed down, shit was ugly 'til it got conceited, nigga (Know that)

Yeah, you know what it is, nigga

You know I mean? This DrumWork shit, nigga

This just the beginning, though

It's the beginning of your fuckin' ending, though, nigga

All y'all niggas, nigga

Real lyricism is back

Jae Skeese, Machine, the separation

Thank you for doubtin' us, nigga

Thank you for doubtin' us

Keep that same energy

Keep your congratulations

We makin' history, though, nigga, Machine

DrumWork, bitch, it 'bout to be a beautiful year

Beautiful decade, nigga, haha
Yeah, it's just the process
Trust the process, nigga, yeah