Intergalactic Icons

Conway the Machine

Its the shamrock suburban
Handcookeds kiss the codeine curtain
What I spent last week with the ice on my teeth
Champagne Diamonds looks like ice tea on a white T
I'ma write in cursive like Kyrie Irving
Pastel pink like the color of the curtains
Prada on the surface of the purses
But I'ma disappear if the purchase wasn't worth it
Can't put the price tag on the priceless
Your wife bought her bride's dress off of Craigslist
Oriental blue swordfish, sky blue chrome
Don't put the barcode on the Boysenberry Bobcat
The Lamborghini yacht was a very light lilac
Parked out back, caddy corner to the dry shed
I found my Fendi prints in fountain blue
Its the white Cuban down in Georgia
Contrary to you, I can't work in a cubicle
Two Croatian cuties clean my cuticles
The raspberry Rod Stewart
I don't talk about men or I don't wear Ray-Bans
If you fuck up my funds, we could never be friends again
Never try to reprimand the cinnamon sand man
The airdrop was tropical, life is an obstacle course
Of course I can take a college course in how to drive a Porsche
But they won't teach you about remorse or divorce
So why did I clap my hands two times and both of my doors went up? Uh
It's the hazelnut Harrison Ford
In a four door DeLorean
It's the synonym smorgasbord when I hit record
I need a Dior private resort
By age four, my favorite shape was a trapezoid
RiFF

Look, I pull up on and jump out the black Mazi
So high lately, you could light a fuckin' match bout me
Before the rap hobby I was selling crack probably
Somewhere selling dog food in the snack lobby
Big boogers in the watch like a brat, snotty
A few of those 'cause I get on beats, I catch bodies
Used to G-Ride drinking Henny with black Johnny
Now I'm on the jet watching NC to catch Rodney
It's like the dope game, no respect in it
You don't know if the cocaine got some Fent in it
I threw Forgies on the Rolls with the wrap finish
I got thirty in the pole, the clip extended
They say good business is the best business
So every month, my mailbox got some checks in it
I'm getting money, that should aggravate my ex-bitches
Conway and Riff Rappers think we should respect this

Ayo
Allow me to riff, smoke spliffs and sips fifths, while the Maybach drifts
This lyricism is like giving them gifts, I'm Zapp Brannigan to these Kif's
On the grind like kickflips, I stay with six zips
When I shoot from the hip, it hits
Eighteen year old Callan at the riffs
Flex nuts in a Louis tux, lock it down like a horcrux

My flow gets more bucks than a cabin wall, rap 'em all
Shine like Kenobi's weapon, I'm stepping on graves
Smoke grass and cut crack with blades
Skip class and catch fades
My bitch got the best braids, high school my best days
As a criminal lord subliminal, cause and effect
Slicing throats, gauze for your neck, pause and protect
Never got my money straight, always did it the Con-way
Older brother stayed with keys like Steinway, not my way
Listening to the 312 at noon, that's Sade
Why they hatin' on young brothers that made it?
You mad I blew up and you deflated, pick the beat and I fileted it
Spit fire like my first edition Charizard with the ten graded
That's half a mil easy, move in silence like Weezy
My neck freezy
All this bullshit ya'll talkin' don't appease me
In a '67 Bronco riding through, money expand like Majin Boo, fuck you
Logic a decade of runnin', I leave em dunnin'
Throw you off a cliff then hit the booth the way I'm stunnin'
(Stunnin')

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!