

Intro

Conway the Machine

A lot of niggas had they shot, ain't take it
In the streets, movin' too fast, they forgot they patience
With the jail for little money, on that block they chasin'
At federal trial, fightin' like Javante Davis

And now they hear the guards lock they cages
Ain't seen they kids in so long, they forgot they ages
Y'all frustrated from observations
Cause y'all hate on niggas, then watch they pages
Like a moody hoe

Let the double shots of Louis pour
Toast to my niggas, this who I do it for
Gun on my hip, I'm comfortable like my shoe is off
Don't make me do it, nigga, like the baby at the Louis store

And I'ma let this Toolie off I ain't got shit in my name
So what you gon' sue me for
Independence is a true reward
You a puppet, got strings in the back like a movie score

We was slangin' dope so we could stay afloat
I'm savin' all my paper, now I'm playin' broke
They mentionin' my name, I'm who they say is gold
Machine in 38 Spesh, you gotta pay us both