

## Jesus Khrysis

### Conway the Machine

Woo, yeah  
Yeah, woo  
Woo, brr  
Look, Machine, bitch

You gotta salute me (Salute me), I'm in rare form  
I'm back in my Devil's Reject bag, you gotta rebuke me (Hah)  
You gotta excuse me, I'm the new Jim Jones, Capo, and Louis  
Don't fuck around, get shot in your kufi (Boom, boom)  
I be rockin' this jewelry, lot of supermodels try to seduce me  
All from the shit I jotted on loose leaf (Hahahaha)  
And she gon' bring her friend with her so I get a two-piece  
I usually got the throttle and the Prada crossbody, I'm Gucci (What's good, nigga?)  
I had rappers in my section tryna drink all my bottles like groopies  
Ain't no rapper stoppin' my two-three (Not at all)  
That's the zone I'm in, I write with a golden pen  
But lately, I ain't even been writin', I just been goin' in (Go in, nigga)  
They say the eyes is the windows to the souls of men  
I know some friends pocket watchin', plottin' on the dough I spend (I know it)  
No driver's license, I drove a Benz  
Everything I drop an album of the year contender, here I go again (Let's go)  
Made a few million, I barely announced it (Hah)  
Rappin' better than niggas, I can barely pronounce shit (Ha)  
Gettin' to this position was like scalin' a mountain  
Now look at me, weighin' money on the scale when I'm countin' (Woo, talk to 'em)  
We was really whippin' them grams (Hah)  
Really gettin' them bands, get my lil' sister a Lamb'  
I came back to kill these niggas again  
Lyrics written in braille, you gotta feel it to understand  
So when they say "Who iller?", I'm like, "Really, nigga? You playin'?"  
You really must be his fan or ain't hearin' the shit I'm sayin' (Hah)  
Gettin' rich off t-shirts really wasn't the plan  
But every time I drop, I reel in two hundred grand, nigga (You see the bag, right?)  
Niggas try blockin' my goals, I'ma make it messy (You see what I did there)  
My OG told me, gotta kill a nigga you love, do it clean, you don't make it messy  
Bells Palsy, bitches still say I'm sexy (Hahahaha)  
Remember I used to go put work in, I would take the Pesci (Hah)

That's what we call the thirty-  
eights to make sure they respect me (Cap)  
Correctional facilities can't correct me (Brr)

Nigga, Machine, bitch  
Look, yeah  
From King to a God, nigga (Brr, brr, brr)  
Ah