

Juvenile Hell

Conway the Machine

Griselda (Look)

Was a shooter before I rapped and I'm still in action
Thirty-two bullets fill the MAC clip, my niggas active (Brr)
Hollow tips in the strap, I'ma fill his hat with
We clap shit that hit his cap and peel it backwards (Cap)
Break the gas down to fill the Backwoods
I just opened this pack, it was vacuum sealed and still in plastic (Smokin')
I lost hope, you told me you wanted all smoke
Nah, bro, you just a lil' nigga and your bars broke (You broke, nigga)
On Burgard, right off Doat, I sold raw coke
I cried when Country Mike died, my heart broke (My nigga)
On the yard, get your jaw poked, as far as the bars wrote
Not only did I raise the bar, the bar broke (Talk to 'em)
We shoot sticks with see-through clips
You better pray that bitch jam up when we doin' this (Ha)
I breeze through Phipps, I need new drip (Huh), the grip on me
Think I'm lackin' this time? I'ma leave you clipped
Machine, you bitch

Yeah, that leave you split
Wanna put money on it? Nigga, c-note this
All you niggas know what time it is, I'm G, no Clipse
Reload, bitch, your brains all over the whip
The clock tickin', tick tick, nigga, leave you split
Wanna put money on it? Nigga, c-note this
All you niggas know what time it is, I'm G, no Clipse
Reload, bitch, your brains all over the whip
The clock tickin', tick tick

(Lord, Lord)
You rolled the town, but, nigga, I rolled a six
Cee-lo trips, that forty got a mean old kick (Brr)
Point it at him broad day, then he gon' dip (He gon' dip)
You violate the code, brodie, we on shit (Huh)
Chine and the legend (What), big clean Smith & Wesson (Yes)
716 and big Queens spittin' weapons (Boom, boom)
Out in east side Buff', you get your feet tied up (Got him)
Meanwhile, in the boroughs, niggas' streets got touched (Uh huh)
Police got snuffed after he got bust
Turn a body to a bag soon as beef pop up (Brr)
Send a hit through a text while you sittin' on your steps (Brr)
That youngin come in runnin' with the grip in his sweats
Black KITH Corona mask, MACs sittin' on the grass (Grass)
Now I'm on tours, no more crack pitchin' on the ave (No)
Sickest in the city (Yeah), got the quickest hitters with me (Got him)
My Cali homie lurkin' with the blicky in his Dickies, motherfucker

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Forty-two in pre-rolled hits
I'm ridin' dirty, policin' without the sheeps don't mix
Des' Eagle grips, don't ego trip, I match designer
Black attire, rapid fire, rest in peace whole cliques
The never scary, more to bury, we bury shit all the time
Need a specialist to examine what's goin' on in my mind
Lately, your favorite rappers have all been on a decline
I throw back and got better both times, these PCP and coke lines
I'm on my rivals, embarrass 'em with my calm bravado
My alma mater of smackin' a nigga horizontal
The soul survivor, you stuntin', money be gone tomorrow
Pour out a bottle, tire marks spark the Verrazzano
As far as rhymin', I'm a god, don't pursue the incomparable
Feels like I'm up against the odds, watch me do the impossible
Infatuated with them lights, get you views in the hospital
Soon as you slip up, nigga, bet a blood pool'll be washin' you

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