

Karimi

Conway the Machine

Aha

I swear, I don't bother nobody, man, I'm just tryna get my bag up
That's it, no?

Look

Ayo, they gave my dog seven, he got caught with his pistol, right?
On JPay he sent a kite, like "It's alright"
I'm eatin' good, I'm in the yard just workin' out and gettin' right (I'm good)
"Just keep killin' them niggas like (Aha)
You know, you 'possed to, nigga, live your life"
Walk in the bank, they greet me at the door, "good mornin' mister Price" ("Hello")
Don't like no friendly bitch, don't want no miss polite (Hah)
I listen to the shit that niggas hype, and it's aight
But it was light
They ain't ready to have no pen and pencil fight, that shit is like
A Russian AK 47 goin' against a kitchen knife (Woo)
The spookiest, suspenseful, right? (Woo)
They view me in a different light (Woo)
My jewelry do be hittin' bright
No loose leaf when I spew these, who these niggas kiddin'?
I'm like Kool G mixed with the heavy set guy from Bed-Stuy
And Coogi spittin' with a mic
Up the toolie and traffic won't let these niggas shoot me at the light
I know they probably wanna shoot me out of spite (Ah)
'Cause I do this shit they like
Don't let no groupie spend a night
One chain is two-fifty a ice (Talk to 'em)
Mhm-hm
Yikes

I set fire to the lab when I dive in my bag
These niggas be so entitled, it's sad
Why you so mad?
Why don't you apply that same energy to find you a bag? (Hahahahaha)
It's stressin' me great, sendin' me to retirement fast
It's some rap bitches that I still got my eye on to smash
Don't wire me the backends, just give me mine all in cash (Fuck my backend)
You gotta watch how you talk to me (Aha)
We firemen, we handle smoke accordingly (Brrt)
And my opinion if we keepin' it all the way sixty plus a fourty piece
The G.O.A.T. rapper, Mount Rushmore should be resculptured with four of me (Hahahaha)
And niggas know who got shit in a figure four
My women is bitches goals (Hah)
Extensions on niggas' poles, if it's tension I get it go (Doot-doot-doot-doot)
We spend it, finish the mission, then we get low (Rrat)
Niggas with me steppers (Hah), they know the code
You play your role, even if it kills you I'm redder than Heath Ledgers (Talk to 'em)
I woke up in Athens, the Greek breakfast
Three naked bitches lay on my bed, my sheets wet (Hah)
Machine piece letters together then I receive cheddar (Huh?)
Why you fuck niggas don't eat ever? (Y'all still broke?)
But me, I just want the money (Yeah)

1s and 2s
Let's keep it okay, whatever it is, we standin' on that
Brrt (Brrt, grrt)
(We out here, we out here)
Mayblock, nigga
Show 'em motherfuckin' two times, man
Rest in peace Prick
We gettin' money, Drumwork in the motherfucker (We ain't playin' with y'all)
Yeah, yeah
Rest in peace to the G's, Mayblock, nigga
Who's that?
I'm tellin' y'all, man, we not playin' with you, 2024
It's about standin' on that shit
I ain't got time to play with 'em
Rest in peace Prick, I love you, big bro
We standin' on all business
Let's get to that most high
(Drumwork, nigga)