

Kill All Rats

Conway the Machine

The lifestyles of the cold and heartless (Yeah)
My truth don't come to the light, I write with a soul of darkness
Throw your carcass back of the alley, right by them golden arches
Rolled in carpet, body is rotten, shockin' to know the charges
So accomplished, the corner store is like my Oval Office
Slow and cautious, meticulous and sick when I load the cartridge
Blow your cartilage in a million pieces, with a brilliant thesis
I'm a God to these gangsters like a Sicilian Jesus
Still a creature (Ah), spittin' fire 'cause I'm filled with ether
Steel'll greet you, give 'em sixteen with the beam and spill his features
Fill the bleachers (Woo), like I'm Jordan shootin', I'm the raw pollution
Call the troops in, the greatest, so what we all disputin'? (What we talkin'
about?)
Nigga, I never lost a victim (Never)
The Larkin ripped 'em, then it's back to the long-nose like I'm Larsa Pippen
Bars are sickenin', I got across the system (Yeah)
Y'all niggas lost your vision, read it in braille, I'll be the source of wis
dom, nigga (Ayo, check)

I got Rugers for Judas and hollows for Donnie Brasco (Fuck 'em)
Leave your Fear of God hole-y and send you to meet apostles (Brra, brra)
Before my rap was poppin', I pushed powder for nostrils (I did)
In cahoots with wild violent Damus, makin' plots to pop you (Grra)
Send you to the upper room, fuck the hospital (Fuck it)
Leave your soul cozy in a box like a Prada shoe (Haha)
Pretty ghetto thots who I decide to screw, but never hit it raw
But have her traffickin' the soft inside a condom, too (Facts)
If I get knocked, she pop the pussy on a conjugal (Uh huh)
I came up the con way, sellin' everybody food (I did)
Acid, weed, pills and hard rock like Mötley Crüe
Hard-headed, didn't give a fuck if mommy knew (Sorry, mom)
Turned one to two and then the clan fed
Took a oath that I would slice the throat of any Danny Hernandez (Fuck 'em)
Had six nines in my possession, but I sold 'em all
Never tell you motherfuckers to who, I know protocol
Them food stamps transform to Franklins and filet mignon (Uh huh)
Truffle butter, swiggin' Ace of Spade like it's Évian (Yeah)
Dick-ridin' rappers, I'll slide off with your baby mom (I will)
Have her testin' out molly batches in a lacy thong (Mm-hmm)
We rob Paul, pop Peter, sold H to John
Mother Mary and Joseph, until my paper long (Brr, brr)
Motherfucker (Fuck outta here)

Look

I'm Thanos with the gauntlet, they know they don't want this (Hah)
You niggas Play-Doh, they gon' spray your mom's shit (Brr)
They so heartless, ain't no compassion, nigga, ain't no conscience
They carry FNs, they gon' take precautions (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, bo
om, boom)
They know Con get crazy at the minimum, he gon' take your arm with (Huh)
One of them missiles that my Draco launches (Brr)
That's why when I say, "What's shakin'?", ain't no responses (Niggas shakin'
'')
Drumwork mafia gang, bitch, they gon' bomb shit (Hah)
Hardest shit in the streets, I shake the tri-state
Look, nigga, you gamblin' with your life, you know it's high stakes (It's hi
gh stakes, nigga)

Water was too hot, made that mayo jar and that pot break (Fuck)
 Fucked up a quarter-
 brick, man, that shit had me irate (That shit got me hot)
 Big Ghost, fuck it, sample the noise my fork and pot make (Hahahaha)
 Twenty-five K for a feature, nigga, that's my rate (That's my rate)
 They say they gon' do somethin' to me? Well, I cannot wait (I'm waitin', pus
 sy)
 We gon' shoot up your wake, fuck niggas can't even die safe
 You niggas is not safe

And for you, buck, buck, buck, 'cause I don't give a mother fuck
 And for you, buck, buck, buck, 'cause I don't give a mother fuck