

# Land O'Lakes

## Conway the Machine

Yeah...

Yeah, hahaha

This shit is effortless, nigga

Let me see what I got

Look, the shooter snort a gram of flake, shit was Land O'Lake  
Bandana on face, blammin' at ya nanna place (BOOM BOOM BOOM!)

Hold the K with the banana straight

And if your life don't end, at least a limb they'll have to amputate  
Uh, kick ya down door, and demand ya cake

Bell's palsy, but bitches still love my handsome face

Conway, this shit is like Deontay Wilder versus a Bantamweight

I'll beat you 'til one of my hands'll break

Bricks from the cartel, stamped with the naked lady

Drum on the F&H'll wake ya baby

You hear the classic shit I'm makin' lately

Ain't it crazy, the kid with the twisted face the new face of Shady

White Bentley trucks, guts was blue suede

Shit was all bulletproof like Luke Cage

Bitches tell me I'm the new wave

On Westmont Nickels I'm eatin' New Wave

My joy roll niggas ride with two K's

Get rid of a few bodies, dug a few graves

I hit the club and pop a few Spades

I'm gettin' pussy like Uncle Luke in his 2 Live Crew days

She can't suck this dick again if she ain't swallow

Uh, kilo chain, Cartier goggles

Uh, how you talkin' money when ya chain's hollow?

I blow ya heart out of your body, then your brain follow

West my brother, gotta get through me to get to him

Gotta get through me before you get to Em

Ain't drop an album yet, already 'bout to hit a M

It's gettin' spooky for these rappers, shit is gettin' grim

I'm from a hood where bodyin' shit is a must

Now I'm up, bad bitches like Rihanna what I lust

Uh, you better off payin' homage, you know what's up

I'm takin' the league by a storm like Giannis for the Bucks, ah

Yo, prepare for the massacre (KILL!)

Driver and (KILL!) passenger

No prisoners this year, somebody call the medical examiner

Complicate your cardiovascular, it's the ambassador

I'm sledgehammerin' niggas 'fore I throw 'em over the banister

And stuffin' every body part up inside of a small canister

Instead of Jeru, they call me (I HATE YOU!) the Damaja

And while we here, look lil homie, handle ya business bruh

(I'm NOT YA FUCKIN' FRIEND!) we can be cool after I'm finish, bruh

Completely different sides of the spectrum, see what the distance does

Separate the dealers from the fiends, go 'head and sniff the drugs

Two types of different human beings bleedin' different bloods

Ignite the sickest bud

Leavin' 'em layin' right where the witness was

Way the Gods'll fuck shit up, niggas callin' me religious thug (HA!)

How I broke shit up, niggas'll spaz the way the bitches bug

And the whip and they compliments it

Then they compliments me because I let 'em live to DOCUMENT IT!

Uh huh, yeah (THE TOPIC IS TOO TOXIC)

I'm lock'in it down with the boom bap, it's so hard for me to stop it  
(HA!) Nigga, change bitch (HA!), I change (HA!) the game quick (HA! HA!)  
Y'all say the same shit (HA!)  
Y'all look like the same flick, same prick  
How you gettin' bread when ya pitchin' on the same strip? Strange clique (HA!)  
No need to frown y'all go down on the same chick (HA!), brain sick  
It keeps callin' my name that type hunger I undergo  
Bus-a-Bus up in this bitch, got beat soundin' like herd of BUFFALO