

Last Week

Conway the Machine

Look, you a real nigga in my book if you loyal
Big homie, you ain't gotta lift a finger, niggas put it in for
you
Maybe block, had my foot in the soil
Send some young niggas through your hood
Drilling like they looking for oil
Put the coke in the pot and I'ma cook up the oils
Got some water in the pot that I'ma put to a boil
Getting money in the hood, the feds look to destroy you
Machine, they know you a killer, they look to avoid you
Fuck out my way, nigga
Yola bricks, Coca-Cola kiff
I've been on the strips, it's Motorola flips
Every flow is smith, them shits Ebola sick
And I ain't even wrote this shit, I'm the GOAT, you bitch
Rappers on my level, they don't exist
Stick in the chopper, shake like a goalie stick
I've been on my shit since the back of my head and throat was h
urt
But ever since, I got only rich, them niggas both was caught

Last week, I was gone three days flat
Flew to get the bricks, put them on the freeway back
You get your first lil' pack and spend G's ass sacks
I'm rich, but still get shit from TJ Maxx
Never believe we see the day that we pay tax
Used to get to work and treat it like a relay match
You're re-ing up with under-a-dub, them teenage stacks
Your team got 11 G's like the Green Bay Packers
I can get you anything with a delivery fee
Why the fuck would you wanna leave when I can get you a treat?
I'm a doctor, but ain't got an official degree
But got numerous pharmaceuticals, could get you a key
No security in the club, just my pistol and me
Even though these bullets expensive, I'ma hit you for free
Got these long missiles with me, that'll rip through your V
Hit you with three, let's see who love you unconditionally
Spesh