

## 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 hurt  
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 Packs  
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