

Loganberry

Conway the Machine

Excuse me for my impeccableness
I'm not sayin' that you not nice, I'm just nicer
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Talkin' alot, a key pork in the pot
Fiend hit my shit, the nigga's jaw got locked
Straight dry got me high, bitches sayin' I'm cute
You in the town cold as fuck, I'm in Miami on scooters
Blow the Ruger it'll do ya, started off as a shooter
Told my youngin he cool, that nigga told me I'm boola
Pistol whip your medulla, the nigga claimin' he sewer
Now he claimin' the belt, I think the nigga need help
AK off the shelf, shells makin' him melt
Slept on the top bunk, you don't know how that felt
Slept on the bottom bunk, I was runnin' the door
I came home and got work, shit was back to the norm
Let's get it on

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