

Love The Lord

Conway the Machine

Conductor, we have a problem
Yeah, it's time
Conductor
Uh, look

You know the homies just be waiting to dive at you
One of the guys clap you
Pull up and throw five at you
The bullets big as fucking D batteries, fly at you (Boom, boom, boom!)

From that white Denali that drive past you
I enjoy a chill deli on red passato with pineapple
Got Montega all on my hoodie like CRIMEAPPLE (Hahahaha)
And when they building my statues
From the way I throw lines at you
Highly impactful like flying shrapnel
Marking the plan, market the brand, I step in the design capsule

Mentally my mind leaves scientists' minds baffled
Lyrically inclined, I existed through time travel
My physical design is elements that are not natural
Free said "Machine, let's cook one up", it was my absolute pleasure

You niggas know Con get contacted whenever niggas need a drum
Niggas know the street I'm from
My heater run, niggas know that I clap you wherever
Doc patch you together
I ain't going nowhere, nigga, I'm back forever
Still in the hood about my strap and the leather
Full of pressure, know I'm ready for combat whenever (Know I'm ready, nigga)

You selling my pack, is you not? Matter the weather (Talk to 'em)

My rhymebook is considered national treasure (Woo!)

They still try to slight me, do not matter my efforts
Just cause he your favourite rapper do not mean that he better than Machine, bitch, hm, hm, yeah

Conductor, we have a problem
Conductor, we have a problem
Conductor, conductor
What's the problem? Come on