

Machine Gun Black

Conway the Machine

Yeah
Y'know, Detroit and Buffalo are kinda like long lost cousins
That's why, to me, it makes sense
Shady and Griselda
Y'know, I felt like this before
Nostalgia, bitch
Just Blaze

Uh, let the drum off quick
Youngin running through that shortcut he dump off blick
Youngin dope off stick
I made one call, he slumped y'all quick
Nigga, there's room in the trunk, y'all fit

Ayo, this for my niggas on the bus taking up north trips
SKS in the Dolce trench
Dice game mittens to the floor throwing trips
Throwing bricks, bring me back 80 by the 5th

Look, jet fuel, blow a zip full
20 racks, blue hundreds, that's a fistful
I stand over the stove, whip that brick good
Rap shit don't work out? Fuck it, my wrist good

Ayo, just turned two to three and a half
And it still fire, ate through the bag
Gucci duffel with snakes on the bag
I keep my grass shorter, Patrick
No top Rocky, you're shit boring

Sparkling dust, I'm the ash on your foreign
, another foreign
If this was '98, I would've fucked Lauryn
My dog lost 100 bags and got 100 more of 'em

Gave 20 to my lil niggas
Break it all down, you get the bigger picture
Elevator in my bitch house
Shot the fuck nigga bitch house
Went from the shells, knock the crib over
This ain't playing with you niggas
Went from the shells, knock the crib over

Bought a brick, nigga, gave me two bigs over
I'm the illest, I put that on my life
A rap nigga blood, I put that on my knife
The D squared tack it was lavender and white
Eating alligator bites, 20 racks, get a half a key tonight

Ayo, connect got 'em half of the price
Shoot it, ain't hear shit, it was a clapping invite
This the Passion of Christ, 'cause niggas wanna hang me
Niggas out in Paris wanna paint me
The four pound never on safety
All these bad bitches want me lately
Drops sound like AZ
Then I copped the Lam, who wanna race me?

Yeah, back to back Lams, I let my bitch drive
Think I'm slipping like Six from the fifth flight
Sticks got the trash bags and the zipties
Sit it underneath the fan, let that brick dry

Cooking fish like a fish fry
Chrome 800, that's the big guy
Hit the nigga with the dummy brick
Locked up in Ohio, me and money grip

50 rounds back to back, let 100 rip
Nigga screaming like a bitch when his stomach hit
The nigga brains hit the ceiling
Thank God for drug dealing
Uh, and my aunt catching, whipping Os up
Uncle showed me how to make the stove jump
The shit jump like Zach LaVine
War medium tan and low green
My plug sniffed the whole thing
30 in his clip, youngin blicked the whole thing
30 in his clip, youngin blicked the whole thing