

# 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

Sparkin 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