

Metallic 5's

Conway the Machine

Uh-huh, uh-huh
Haha, yeah
Back again, yeah
Uh-huh, yeah

I see these niggas love cap, tell the truth, they try to spin it
Lie, they love you like a hero, tell the truth, you be a villain
Play my new shit in the office, blow the roof from off the building (Haha)
Any time I drop some new shit means I'm due to make a killing
Look, Jae Skeese my accomplice and we leave evidence
A trail of niggas' blood on the floor, a couple set of prints
I'm Heaven-sent, God of the grimy, this the New Testament (Go)
Perfection been reflectin' on my record since I stepped in this shit (Talk to 'em)
Bunch of six-figure cars parked at my residence
The Lanvins leopard print (Uh-huh)
FN on the hip, bitch, my presence is a gift
Scientists can't calculate my impact, no instrument of measurement exists (Woo)
I had a hall-of-fame career, I'm settin' records in this bitch (Woo)
And I would definitely spit in the face of one of these niggas (Ha)
Lil' bro (Yeah), you is steppin' with a switch, let it rip
That shit be loud, watch how definite it get (Brrt)

Yeah, Machine (Yeah)
Uh-huh (Uh-huh), let's rock (Talk that talk)
Check (Yo)

I'm crossin' borderlines, rockin' metallic Jordan 5s (Uh-huh)
Meteoric's how I describe my sort of rise
That's from creatin' fire like (What?) Neanderthals in prehistoric times (Uh-huh)
So hot, open wounds get cauterized
I've been focused on my targets like an archer's eyes
Tryna go from skirt steak to porterhouse inside my portion size
Rappers talkin' importin' drugs, those be exported lies (You lyin')
Statements, they be falsified
But anything I speak on wax, I stand on it (I stand on it), you know my shit is fortified (Uh-huh)
Timbs with the embroidered 45
I killed him and I left him mortified (I killed him)
Three-fifties like back to school season, nigga, I bought supplies
When I say I'm destined for M's, I'm talkin' off the nine
That broke shit was torture like the waterboarding kind
I drowned it out, and DrumWork, that's what the sound about
My author lines got me immortalized (Uh-huh)
These verses is dome shots, they leave you scatterbrained, disorganized with shorter lives (Baow)
The impact like haymakers, I'm makin' top and bottom drawers divide (Crazy)
The separation of Jordan mids and Jordan highs
I swear to God, this where we draw the line, look (I swear to God)
And every bar is carved with glass shards, leave 'em with black scars
These sentences is infinite like limits on them black cards
Two of the illest at large
Machine and Skeese, if we speak it, you must respect it as law
Hard as the asphalt
It's DrumWork (Nigga)