

Meth Back!

Conway the Machine

Uh, yeah
Uh, yeah
Yeah, get 'em

Iron lung, iron skin, Pretty Toney, we Iron Men
C.R.E.A.M., chocolate deluxe, loaded up in the lion's den
If I ain't him, they lyin' then, need a shape-up, I'm linin' them
Lie again, and him wound up in a casket he lyin' in
Alrighty then, try me, see they ain't winnin' but I ain't them
Ain't in my friends or in any conversation that I am in
I'm dope, heads be noddin' like dope, there's no denyin' if
My block sell dope, I'm a product of my environment
The work I'm supplyin' y'all just workers providin' 'em
Drumwork for headshots like early retirement
I earn my title through lack of early entitlement
'Til I was titled rich, I ain't even know what entitled meant
That's wordplay, find my best words on my worst day
My urge say put 'em back in the box, happy dirt day
I heard mane, Man and Machine, con's with the cream
Load 'em things and do 'em dirty until my conscience is clean
Woo, like RJ Payne, what are y'all sayin'?
Not sure, but all this spit will put out all y'all flames
I'm sure, like life insurance put out all y'all claims
Then I'm back to my bucket list and scratch out all y'all names
M-E-T-H-O-D, oh yes, OG
Killa Beez, we got it buzzin', y'all some SOBs
Time's up, like OC, I keep it light lowkey
I ain't come here to be polite, just keep them lights on me
Haha

Bitch it's a stick up
I want the jewelry, I want your wallet, give them chips up
Get on the floor, hand on the four, nobody get up (Nobody move)
Keep it cool, don't make a move, keep ya lips up
Won't be no hiccups
Trap money before the deal, bitch we been up (Been up)
Goons right behind me and they blicked up (Blicked up)
Nigga keep fucking around like you can't get touched
We comin' sticks up, it's gon' be a stick up

National Geographic, I'm passionate with the ratchet (Boom boom!)
Coke game was a classic, I taxed it but then I passed it (Sniff)
My yay was that butter, yo, akh, we never stutter (Uh uh)
Three Ds on the roof, they used to watch me every summer
Shaolin and Buff', lotta brown in the cup
It's an army that surround me, outta town in them trucks (Skrrr!)
Lotta rounds in the cut (Boom boom!) jot it down if it's tough
Heater melt all the snow 'til you drown in the slush
Two scales on the counter, new sales all around us (Uh-huh)
Stay flyer than a drone, so the feds wanna drown us
Mask on, fillin' up the duffel 'til the cash gone
Loadin' up my (Brrr) while my lady put her lash on
We the Empire State, big stick by the safe
Team's sick by the way, you get clipped by the 'K
Meditate and smokin', I be talking to P (R.I.P)
Spittin' "Survival of the Fittest" while I walk down these streets

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Okay, it's Drumwork, and the drum work, and the gun work
So it's him or me, whatever come first (Right) I done worse
Been chosen from birth
Just think of phone sex, they couldn't come close
Catch a sun stroke, oh you got heart?
I'll blow it out followed by blunt smoke
It's on I'm up first, watch 'em every step like a upskirt
Like my trust broke, snatch his kid, how much your son worth?
They still ain't found him after a month search, it's too much dirt
They let it go, too much work
His fam can't keep going, it's too much hurt (Ah)
He saw the shots fly up close, he got the floor view (Woo)
Shoutout to King James, I just upped the score too (Hahaha)
That MAC got kick like a horseshoe, he gon' need a horseshoe
It's World War II if you push me, bet won't nobody pull through
This life we in that we was born to, we was forced to (Right)
But whether you die, it's your choice to
Get down or lay down, it's on you
It's awful how I off that boy and act cordial like it's normal
Like that nigga mortal, middle fingers to the courtroom
Motherfucker

Yeah (Brrr)
Real dope boy shit, used to throw money in Stokers (Huh?)
Moved out the hood, still get my grass cut by a smoker (Facts)
My brodie in the feds got an iPhone and a poker (Uh huh)
Pack shoppin' in Denver, plug give me good numbers like Joker (Yeah)
It's nothin' to throw a 500 pound order at you
I fuck with the grower (I know the grower, nigga)
A nigga even look wrong, brodie uppinn' his blower
I can meet a bitch tonight, but after I fuck, I don't know her (Haa)
Shootin' out the back of a i7, crime legend (Uh-huh)
I'm tryna stack this money tall as a nigga that's standin' 5'7"
Niggas ain't stoppin' or blockin' my blessings
Told that hoe, she lucky to even be here in my presence (Hahaha)
She took a PJ before but not the jumbo (Nah)
Used to get a block, and sell a four away for the Motumbo
My vision is tunnel, (Talk to 'em) my kicks is twenty-two hundo
I spin through the jungle, if you can sell it then I can front you (I can front that)
You can give me any drug, we sell a lot of it (Talk)
The rumor is we was fuckin' with boy, no Bambaataa shit (Hahaha)
In Venice, Italy, penne arrabbiata dish (We eatin')
We ballin' up gas, we on a water taxi (Woo)
Drumwork