

# Michaelangelo

## Conway the Machine

We'll gonna do this when we feel ready

Ayo (Grunt)

The luxurious, the notorious

Ayo

Juggling the stars with the moons and the sun

Dice game praying to the heavens I don't throw a one

Raekwon with elmos Supreme fiends, baby-tech

And the faulty four G's, yo, shot up the whole machine (Brrt)

Fur on the monster bed, layin' next to the stove I got a bag

Twelve twelve fingers on cramp, grab the pipes by the lamp, yo

Buy five, you get a pipe free, the swaying land rover hand over the G rams, yo

Yo, I'm dancin' over pots, remix like Jamaican-

pri, for keepin' it family

Masi married his C-

wedding a hundred G's, I sold my soul for a hundred keys

Told the bitch, "You can't fuck for free (Can't fuck for free bitch),

bitch you lucky" (The almighty)

Told the bitch, "You can't fuck for free (Too glamorous)"

Look

I'm too cutter on the beats, flow is so disgusting plus I'm just a motherfucking' G

Know a nigga hit a lick, he robbed a sucker for a key

He sniffed halves, sold half, and blew the money in a week, damn (Talk to 'em)

Trust me it get ugly in these streets

If your hustle ain't discreet, you're gun-butted in your sleep

Like, "Nigga wake up", and nigga don't you motherfucking' speak open that safe up

Take all the money, fill that pillowcase up (Giddy up bro)

I ran it up, I got my cake up

I'm usually in New York City, I'm fuckin' bankrupt

When I ain't on satellite fuckin' shade up

All you radio niggas need to wake up

Flex need to call me so Hot 97 can get sprayed up, I got drums nigga

I promise you I ain't humble, I don't give a fuck, 'cause my gun work

Plus I can rumble, boy you just a rapper, if I don't like you

I might punch you in the motherfucking' face for no reason

Just 'cause I want to, I ain't playin' with these niggas I promise you that

It's time to spray it at these niggas, bet I'ma do that (Brrt)

You niggas doors get kicked down, mommas get smacked

Shoot 'em palm and a Mac, you try to attack

You gotta get clapped (Ah-hah), the black Jeffery Dahmer is back

Matter fact, I'm Machine Gun Black mixed with Geronimo Pratt

Blatt, a youngin' run down on you niggas, hit you in your top and you're back

It's The Machine, bitch

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth

And the earth was without form, and void  
And darkness was upon the face of the deep  
And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters  
And God said  
Let there be light  
And there was light