

## Mind Tricks

Conway the Machine

Tshh, it's fuckin' spooky, nigga  
Yeah (Yeah)

Thirty shots, right hand, stir the pot  
May Street murder block, that's real (May block, pussy)  
Uh, got the muzzle on the Glocks  
Murder opps, murder cops, that's real  
Play with me, you'll get your cap peeled (Boom-boom)  
Hollow tips send 'em clips to Maxfields (Boom-boom)  
Lot of drip when I swim through Maxfield  
Spent a bag and I got a sack still  
Twist my wrist and I got it back still  
You don't know how five-hundred racks feel  
He a snitch, what you with that rat still? (Huh?)  
How is that real, my nigga? (Fuck outta here)

Shit, sometimes my mind's playin' tricks on me (Tricks on me)  
I can't go to sleep without that blick on me (Without that blick on me)  
I can't believe that they switched on me (They switched on me)  
I heard they tryna put a hit on me (They put a hit on me?)  
Sometimes my mind's playin' tricks on me (Tricks on me)  
I can't go to sleep without that blick on me (Without that blick on me)  
I can't believe they tried to switch on me (They switched on me)  
I heard they tryna put a hit on me (Yeah)

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