

Mutty

Conway the Machine

Conductor we have a problem
Conductor we have a problem, Con-
Yeah
Okay, okay
Okay, okay (Doot doot doot doot doot doot doot doot)
Ahh!

Nigga played with Machine, ain't here to tell about it (Blrrt)
Nigga played with Shots, ain't here to tell about it (Blrrt)
Nigga played with Mayweather, ain't here to tell about it (Doot doot doot doot doot doot)
Nigga played with Killer Tone, ain't here to tell about it
Nigga played with the Drum, ain't here to tell about it (Blrrt) yeah
Nigga played with Machine, ain't here to tell about it, yeah
He was an innocent kid, streets made a felon out him (Take this strap nigga, shit)
Innocent kid, we made a felon out him (Uh, uh, uh)

Wheelchair in front of the mic, bro hitting record (Huh)
Feel like Mr. Notorious doing "Kick in the Door" (Kick in the door, wavin')
Fiend hit the dope once, it made his heart bust (Uh-huh)
Fentanyl strong, he died from a grain of salt worth (Damn)
They say "Machine, what's your skillset?"
Tell 'em ain't a nigga play with me that ain't get killed yet, uh
Extendo on the Kel-Tec, it's signed and sealed, I'm still best (Aha)
Fuck around and you gon' get put on the grill next (Boom, boom, boom, boom)
Mud on my cleats, I was still in it when the field wet
The grand architect, just watch what I'ma build next (Just watch my moves)
Sent youngin on a kill mission, that's just his field test (Uh-huh)
Them Ms come in portions weekly, that's how we meal prep (Hahaha)
Ayo, they know Machine a real threat
I kick your pregnant baby momma down a flight of steel steps
I rap but I still step (Talk to 'em)
It ain't at least seven figures, that ain't a real check (Nuh-uh)
Just pay me everything up front, that make me feel best (I feel better)
Don't get it fucked up
I had to hustle to get here, they think I lucked up (They think it's luck, h uh)
I turned up my bitch wrist, that shit a buck plus (Yeah)
Middle of the street, empty the Draco, flip his truck up (Brr)
Wax worm on top of the Scatter Brain crushed up, shit
When I lost my nigga Prick, that shit crushed us (That fucked me up, though)
You know if it's my bitch, 'cause her wrist all bussed up
The pussy niggas huff, puff and beat on they chest
But they ain't tough (Fuck them niggas man)

Look at my progress (Huh)
Now it's Benz trucks that pull up in the projects (Boom)
I trusted the process (Woo)
I did everything I said, I didn't break my promise
I'm just being honest (Just being honest, nigga)

I mean your flow is sorta mines
So this where we draw the line (Keep it a buck)
You went to Saks for your drip, shit, they imported mine (Ha)
Exotic reptile skins, I turned water to wine (Drip, drip, drip)
Look, It's Slant Face Killah

You said "it's up" when you see me, boy, we can't wait, nigga (We can't wait)

You don't want real beef, you plant-based, nigga (Pussy)

I damn near went gold off a damn tape filler (Ha)

It's Drumwork, you niggas can't play with us, I swear

Ah (Blrrt, blrrt, blrrt, shit)

I wanted Machine to do the hook again and then I'll go

Uh, nigga played with Machine, ain't here to tell about it (Tell about it)

Nigga played with Griselda, ain't here to tell about it (Hah)

Nigga played with Shots, ain't here to tell about it (I swear to God)

Nigga played with Killer Tone, ain't here to tell about it (Talk to 'em!)

Nigga played with SK, ain't here to tell about it (Blrrt)

Niggas played with the Drum, ain't here to tell about it, uh (Blrrt)

Ain't here to tell about it

Nigga played with Machine, ain't here to tell about it (Boom boom boom boom boom boom boom)

You could smell it cookin' on the wake up

I seen niggas ballin' then fall like Vin Baker

First The Jackson 5 br-, man, sometimes motherfuckers break up

It was solid when they stamped it, sometimes them motherfuckers break up

I ain't complainin', that shit cross a lot of hands in the travel (We do)

I'm still gon' sell it all, from the biggest rock to the gr- (We do)

I sneeze money, I piss Ace now

Before we was throwin' weight round (Yeah)

Let's do a hypothetical breakdown

If you got a half a bird for nine, and water whipped it all the way round

Pulled 'em out the pot laughing, like "put that shit on a plate now"

You turn a half to a whole, and sell every gram for a hundred

Subtract twenty-eight 'cause you probably throw your lil' nigga a onion

Tryna get him on his feet, 'til they blitz on him, he fumbled (Oh)

That shit come out to like ninety-seven thousand somethin', give or take

The smokers that come short, you know that's how they play (Woo)

Take away the nine thousand you paid, and the rest is what you made

You put twenty in the stash (I did) and the rest back in the game (I did)

Shit, if that's what you was doin', that's probably how you should do it

You know this shit be all cap, you know this shit is just music (Woo)

You know the movement, the scorpion boys

It's my time now, I'm drivin' the Rolls-Royce through the doors

Lightskin legend, coke water reverend, Lamborghini revvin'

Outside Maple and Ash, late to a session, she mad

She said, "That wagyu ain't gon' taste like wagyu once we reach the exit"

Stove God, I'm the closest thing you gon' get to perfection (It's me)

I'm Jordan, you-, nah; I'm Kobe, you-, nah (Hahaha)

I'm 'Bron and you Richard Jefferson, let me vent (Woo)

They say these niggas good but they ain't good enough

And if they sleep, I hope the coma so long that they pull the plug

West went Super FLYGOD (Yeah) Butch got a Emmy (Yeah)

Con got the crown, I went diamond on the digi' (Yeah)

I went OJ with the Grizzlies, is you shittin' me? (Is you shittin' me, nigga ?)

Look at my progress

Look at the way I made that pot dance

1st and 15th was primetime, I had to hot step

Ramen 89 chip, how you celebratin'? He ain't died yet

Damn Conductor, where'd you find this?

Stove