

Nash

Conway the Machine

Look, smoking shattering the raw comb
Bottom of the 5th shattering your jaw bone
I send a package to your broad home, mail the drugs
She sign for 500 pounds for a pair of Uggs
They hating on me I'm like where the love
I've been nice with the pen since back when Birdman was wearing
love (hahaha)
Homie behind the wall he been a near a dove
Clap a nigga 5 times he wasn't wearing gloves
Told that bitch to clean the pots and pans
She washed the residue off the egg beaters wearing the ox for 1
0s
The shooter keep the 30 in his arms reach (huh)
I have him empty the clip where ya moms sleep (brrrrrrrrr!)
Mention my name I'ma push the button
Poke on some rap nigga melon I gotta put a slug in
Sending bricks from Cali to the hood and flood it
I get the blocks from Sacramento cam boogie cousins (woo!)
I'm a living legend
It's a blessing I'm even living my life could've been ended
In a millisecond
That's probably why I spit it with aggression
I gotta kill it, I gotta be the illest I can't finish second (t
alk to 'em)
And I ain't finna threaten
'Cause can't no nigga fuck with me
I run up in the session with the Smith and Wesson
Shout out my nigga TEC, shout out to Smith and Wesson
I had my youngins aiming sticks where your bitches resting
Sit in on the counter let the blocks dry
My youngin on your block letting shots fly
Sneak dissing ain't work so now they cock ride
Reject dropped I'm knocking niggas out the top five
The Tisci dunks on black and white
My dope made the fiends OD die and come back to life
Haha, and that happened twice
Hah, auntie said she hit that glass chick, crack the pipe, Conw
ay