

Nu Devils

Conway the Machine

Mmm, ah (Hmm)

Uh

I don't know what it is

Blessings keep comin' in, shit, I don't know what it is (I don't know)
But I ain't sendin' no rescue boat, nigga, you burnt the bridge (Look)
I don't want you to die yet, fuck nigga, need you to live (I need you here)
I need you to be around long enough to watch me do it big, nigga (Haha)

Yeah, ayy, I don't know what it is (Yeah)

These niggas so pussy, they don't ever stand on what they did (Stand on it)
Grandma said God do (araabMUZIK), but my heart never forgives (Never)
Uh, I don't know what it is
Had the wolves on that bullshit in New York like I'm Coach Thibs (Ah)
Jumpin' out your bushes soon as they get the drop where you live
Bro opened up, fire burnin' a nigga right in front of his kids
No cap, I paid for like three hats like I'm at Lids (Woo), ayy
You wanna be Jordan?
Might gotta punch a teammate in the face (Ah), that shit important (Huh?)
I wanna win more than niggas, you see how I'm recordin'
Hoppin' out the AMG, Louis V Timbs more than your mortgage (Nigga, ayy, talk
to 'em)

Flawless (Huh?), my neck and wrist is a faucet (Cap)
Told lil' bro on tour with me, had three warrants (Three?)
More niggas hatin' on me while I get bags in that's enormous (Ha)
I just skate past (Huh?), Cartier crash (Woo)
My lil' bitch straight bad (Bad), I'll slap on that fake ass (Fat)
My goons'll straight spazz (Spazz), not who you wanna make mad (Uh-uh)
Respect is everything, we G-checkin' everything (Everything)
Y'all on that Magic Johnson shit, y'all let the fake pass (Uh-huh)
Me, I'm quick to straight crashout, like fuck my break pass, uh (Talk to the
se niggas, king)
But now my time consumed with getting this money
I planted me a seed, now my eyes is gloomin' (Ah)
Niggas still try to undermine my influence
But what those other guys was doin' before I arrived to do this (Haha)
Rest in peace Clark Kent, he told these niggas I was the truest (Rest in pea
ce, my nigga)
Look (Look)

I don't know what it is (Huh?)

These fuck niggas just wanna take from me, they don't never give
Back-to-back Rolls-Royce trucks when I'm pulling up at Liv (You see me)
'Bout to go back, fuck me a rap nigga bitch like I'm Diggs, nigga (Ha)
Yeah, I don't know what it is
These niggas still broke, I see they stomach touchin' they ribs
Free C's, free Kutter, free Shiest, walkin' down they bid
Honey bun in the duffel bag for they make it back to the crib (Free my nigga
s)
I don't know what it is

Yeah, uh, G Herbo, Conway the Machine

Man, let me show you how to-

How this shit go, where you flowin' with a rap god
How iron sharpen iron (Let's get it)

I don't know what it is about niggas

How they player hate and doubt niggas
How they sneak diss and clout chase, see 'em, gotta slap the shit out niggas
But fuck 'em, I'm gettin' my riches (You know that)
I was sixteen with six figures
I was trappin', been 'bout business
Move weight, I been 'bout fitness
And I'm still locked in with the killers
At 21, bust down a M with my hitters
I was thuggin' ever since I was little
You don't pick a side, get stuck in the middle
Got no love for suckers and snitches
Can't come on this side, shit don't even fit us (Uh-uh)
Four Glock 23s in the VIP, anyone tweak in here, we'll switch 'em (Grrt)
Wave B-Y-E when he D-I-E 'cause the ARP ain't missin (Never)
I ain't never once shot from a distance (Never)
Put that smoke in the air like an incense
When it's war, ain't nobody innocent
Up the score real quick, shit instant
Street niggas turn bitch, I seen it
Four nick' make demons Christian
But back to this cake, I missed it (I missed it)
I'm a millionaire straight out the trenches (Swerve)
Get paid 'til I die, no pension
Scored a touchdown, fourth and inches
Niggas dick ridin' from the benches (Fuck 'em)
Why they always so defensive? (Fuck 'em)
I ignore 'em, but I feel that tension
Done shit for them that I won't mention
Swerve, they know I'm the biggest (Biggest)
I'm the one let you get your shine on even though I'm the littest
I own my masters and my mixes, put a Rolls-Royce on sixes (For real)
I pop out daily in fits 10K, and I don't wanna take no pictures
My father had two Benzes back when niggas was ridin' spinners
Two decades later, got ten whips, some I only drive in winter (Only in the w
inter)
I pray God let my broski in, although he died a sinner
Guess I'll repent for both our sins 'cause I was slidin' with him, yeah (MUZ
IK)

No bap
Come on

They thought I was done, I'm right back in this shit (I ain't done yet)
Like Cube and Epps, I'm 'bout my Benjamins
Spent an M and ducked two sentences
Hit the 'Raq, linked up with menaces
New deal worth thirty mill', at thirty, I'm tryna touch a fifty clip (Relent
less)
Mama said don't tell my business, but I gotta keep you niggas hip (Gotta kee
p you niggas hip)
Still tote some shit with a rubber grip, so mind your fuckin' lip
On my strip, we militant, post up like Darko Miličić
Here I am, since 2016, I'm still killin' shit (Uh)
Two of my backends, a hundred grand, I'm 'bout to spend this shit
Told my blood, "Take a quarter ticket, go and make it flip" (Flip that)
I got bored, hit the dealership and copped another whip (Nyoom)
Every load five hundred bowls, I started from a zip
Ain't no player celebratin' wins until we get a 'ship (A championship)
I got comfortable, started to slip, I had to get a grip
I don't wanna eat my fuckin' chips until I get some dip

Some of that Griselda shit, they be like, they talk that shit
They feel like 1994 boom bap hip-hop

I literally would beg for them not to change their sound
'Cause they've opened the door for boom bap rap again
And I hope that they leave the door open
They talk, yo, Conway, talks, talks
Conway is vicious, I love them dudes, I do