

Piper

Conway the Machine

Uhh, yeah
(Griselda, Conway)
Uh huh, La Machina
That mean Machine, nigga (Conway)
Pardon me (aoww!), The Machine, nigga
Hahaha, yeah (brrrrrrrr, woo!)

Look, rock the Medicine Ball Legacies
New God flow, so every bar heavenly
Went from peddlin' raw to peddlin' bars
Rolex bezel is flawless, so every broad checkin' me
I'm better than y'all definitely
On another level than y'all, I can't never see y'all catchin' me, huh
Stretchin' the raw, look how I step on the soft
Gregory Hines when whippin' mines, nigga
Lambo trucks in the winter time, nigga
You rented yours, but this is mines, nigga
AK bullets'll hit his spine
Told you that we don't play fair, so get in line, nigga
I put niggas in position to live out they dreams
Like a proud father watchin' niggas doin' they thing
They gettin' looks, but everything ain't as good as it seem
I'm Geppetto, I'm behind the scenes, pullin' the strings
But thank me later
Uh, I'm court side at Staples, hater
So close to the bench you think I play for Lakers
I used to bag cracks, my razor scrape my plate up
I got my cake up, now I'm coppin' real estate and acres
When it's time to
Uh, I'm the inspiration, I'm 'bout to wake the greats up
I'll never take a pay cut
I'm at the stove, I'll bake the cake up
I'll send my youngin through to break ya face up, Machine

That's how we doin' man
boy wonder style
Griselda Records baby, FlyGod what up? (what up boy?)
Conway, what up baby? (Conway)
Uhh, it's Pete Rock nigga
Uhh, let's get poppin', bruh
Yeah, 2018 (Griselda)
Knahmean? It's The Machine, holla