

Preist

Conway the Machine

These other niggas just talk a lot
'Cause I still ain't heard a nigga top the bars I jot
Raw in a pot, we was often blocked
A hundred large in that Mason Martin box
Ah, take off your top when the Carbon pop
I'm OG status, more respect than your father got (hahaha)
GxFR 'til the coffin drop
Wig shot close knocked the nigga brains across the block
I made my own lane I worked hard for my spot
Now I park a drop in the studio parking lot
Glock is with me even in the barber shop
Like my nigga low pro, think I'm slipping? Course I'm not
Toss a drop in a coffee pot
My dog made a fortune, started with a quarter block
I can't decide what color Porsche to cop
Off the lot, I came a long way from that fork and pot

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That fork and pot
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You think this shit a game, this is not a game
All I jot is pain, I'll send a shooter to pop his brain
Me and you niggas is not the same
I'm insane, Osama Bin Laden
Chopper pop, I got a lot of aim
Huh, I sold a lot of caine and I'm not ashamed
That bitch was bad
After she topped me I forgot her name (hahaha)
Every time a see a rap nigga I spot a lame
My rob him and rock his chain at the Rockets game
Then it's back to the kitchen rocking 'caine
Long as the plug you sending boxes
I cannot complain
Drop the ice in it 'til it harden in the pot
Then watch me put up numbers
Like Harden with the rock (talk to 'em)
I'll send my dog all up in your spot
Smack your mama with the pistol
Take all the shit you got
Far as rap go, niggas can't ignore the shit I drop
I'm big dog, I call the shots
Started with that fork and pot, ah (Machine...)

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