

Quarters

Conway the Machine

Uh, look

The dope I ordered come over border, I'm the G.O.A.T. recorder
Word to cash, my soul on frozen water, flow and slaughter
Clip in the pole, tall as your oldest daughter
Bullets in that bitch is 'bout as big as a rollerquarter's (Boom, boom, boom)
I don't play about my cash, I'm on your ass, if you owe a quarter (Huh?)
We got a problem, you got smoke and order ('Kay)
Ever since my first shit dropped, man, I've been goin' to
A new height, you right, new ice, when I perform in Florida
Ayo, put some respect on my name (Huh?)
Or the coroner be scrapin' up what's left of your brain (Hahaha)
And coughin', smokin' on this pressure, I'm just testin' my strain (Uh-huh)
It's definitely pain in the back of my neck with the chains, look (This shit
heavy though)
Bitches be sayin' "Oh, you definitely changed
Callin' me bitch in every message, you don't text me the same, nigga" (Haha
a)
Machine, bitch, I'm a threat in the game
Tape that I did with Alchemist, I was just testin' my aim, nigga (I'm on y'a
ll ass)
Them Big Ghost shits was warning shots
And I had a lot more to drop, I was just waitin' for the tour to stop
Started with a 8-Ball, pushed it up to a quarter block
Water-whipped the ounces, it's residue in that coffee pot (Ha)
We live in the times, illegitimate crimes, militant minds
Still in my prime when pennin' these lines
Listen, it's finna get spooky, bone-chillin', you feelin' your spine
Danger is imminent, this is the time of the Machine, bitch (Brr)

The watches don't tick-tock (Woo)
We got it in with the pots, playin' razors in the ziplocks (With what?)
Fuck around and get your shit popped (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom)
You know how the boys rock, catch you comin' out your bitch spot (Brr)
Catch you comin' out your bitch spot ('Kay)
You know how the boys rock, catch you comin' out your bitch spot (Boom, boom
, boom, boom, boom, boom)

That guy right there, Conway
He's, uh, he's got somethin'"
And I'm like "Yo, that guy right there, Conway"
He's, uh, he got somethin'"
It's like a Picasso, Dali type fluidity
With the coke rap ethos, you know what I'm sayin'?
It's almost anachronistic, 'cause it's like almost out of time, but it's so
present
And it's like, I guess what makes it feel
Like this coke rap from a different dimension
It's because it's New York, but it's Buffalo
He talks with the talk
And then everything extra that's added onto him
Like, the fact that he was shot
And it makes him rhyme a certain way
It makes it, the way he slur
Like, everythin' about his delivery
Made me keep wanting to pay attention to him