

## Rex Ryan

### Conway the Machine

A nigga like me man, I love the game, I love the hustle man  
I be feeling like one of them ball player niggas you know  
Like Bird, Magic or something  
Yeah you know a nigga got dough  
A nigga can leave the league  
But if I leave... the fans still gone love me man?  
I get love out here in harlem man I done sold coke on these streets man hash  
weed, heroine  
As long as niggas is feeling it  
A nigga like me could hustle it

The yak in my cup, the MAC is tucked, what  
I'm sticky from Bacdafucup  
I keep the blinky since  
Them niggas clapped my truck up  
The wax had me gagging after one puff  
I remember bagging drums up  
Now it's a half of one stuffed in the trunk  
I stack my funds up  
Call my savage and have his gun bust  
Then they find you wrapped in plastic in a dumptruck  
Fuck, only built Diadoras  
I pull up with a bitch, they thought it was Rita Ora  
My lil' headbuster keep his tool ringing off  
Got two bodies this summer  
He said he needs some more  
Highest grade marijuana  
Directly from the farmer  
My enemies is all goners  
Guess it was karma  
Trauma, four keys in your baby mom's Elantra  
Big ass gun like something out of Contra  
Don't make me spray a nigga  
Bodies drop if I ok it nigga  
You know how I play it nigga  
Red October Ye' a nigga  
Loud moving slow I had to yay it nigga  
Still ill when I write it  
When they don't name me top five I feel slighted  
Niggas be talking but when I'm around they real quiet  
You can pray to Jesus all you want  
You still dying, motherfucker

Ayo, this the second coming of christ  
Hervé Léger flight jacket, MAC on sight  
All red Geiger's on, stomp you to death  
Yeah you got designers but you rocking it left  
Need a new plug, prices getting outrageous  
Shot the thirty off, my nigga wasn't even aiming  
Pink lemonade Porsche Cayman  
Low Margiela's looking like a nigga painting  
Patience a virtue, my yard kids will murk you  
Ink on the Balmain blazer and the shirt too  
Shotgun like Peyton  
The flygod but the all red Yeezy boot's satan  
Eyes out, gloves on weighing  
Cameras on every light pole, woah!

Life's so great they say a nigga sold his soul  
Praying Rex get us a Super Bowl  
Bust out the gate  
The wrist froze from flipping O's

You know the rules  
Let the jewels go smooth  
They never should have sold you dudes Pro Tools  
These old dudes let the hoes choose  
Nigga your shoes is overused  
I hear the fat lady singing that bitch can hold a tune  
It's been said I'm God in the flesh, I had to show and prove  
My sneakers is literally from Italy  
Leaned on the cane thought it was muscular dystrophy  
A hundred shots your Hilfiger look like a fricassee  
Who you think you Mr. T? Mitch Green?  
Or the new Richard Roundtree? (Please)  
You found in Queens with your shit twisted like it was ground beef  
A few niggas in town grieved  
Variegated paint on the i8  
Obviously you see that I ate  
Don't think I'm like these other rap niggas cause I ain't  
You got pie on your face  
Denim and supply is for flyweights  
You can't buy taste, we looking at you sideways