

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