

Rick Boxes

Conway the Machine

Yeah, look
Forty tucked in the Goyard belt
I dominated the game
I wrote pain that I know y'all felt
They say my verse on "The Cow" was just so heartfelt
I ain't complaining I'm explaining
That's how those cards dealt
Niggas never did shit for me
So I don't owe y'all help
Why you need a verse from me?
Why y'all can't blow y'all self?
Look, I go hard nigga don't make me go off
Shotty in the trench coat now I know how Omar felt
Niggas scurry when they see me
You fuck niggas way over thirty and you needy
My young boy said give me the thirty bruh I need it
If thirty niggas outside then thirty niggas bleeding
And certainly he mean it I was late night
All black lurking with them heathens
In my city niggas rarely get murdered for a reason
When I'm done with this razor boy surgery is needed
Like Birdie in the scene when he was cutting Flip
Who fucking with Machine nigga?

Forty thousand dollar wristwatches
Dope money in them Rick Boxes
Play the stove get a brick popping
Break it all down and then zip-lock it
Cross the mobb then we stick papi
Homemade ski mask from a ripped stocking
Yea homemade ski mask from a ripped stocking

You know my story nigga
Wig shot, jaw's twisted, bars been the sickest
But now I spit it more terrific
Listen I'm just doing the Lord's wishes
Told you the boy was gifted
Spit it so raw you can water whip it
I know them niggas that imported fishes
Sniffed it you still live with your momma
Pussy go wash the dishes
I buck fifty niggas faces they wore the stitches
Niggas get Staples on they stomachs
And it cost them zippers
Catch me on a resort with gorgeous bitches
I made a fortune built a fortress for my foreign empress
Hit your forehead with this four-four and lift it
Knock your head off your shoulders
Just for talking some slick shit
If it's drama I send them goons to your house
Leave your nigga smoked in the living room on the couch
I turned one to two and I ain't losing an ounce
I'm Jordan in the Finals I never lose when it counts
Swisher full of jet fuel in my mouth
Thinking bout them hundred bags of sour
That I just moved in a drought whoa
My youngin dumped his tool then be out

Watched the news later see he X'd two niggas out
You sneak dissing I can't believe you choosing that route
Boy that's that same shit we usually shoot niggas bout
Check my resume my nigga I just had a year
That your favorite rapper hadn't had in years
That's why they mad I'm here
Machine

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Yeah
Ago you know what's funny
I've been telling niggas for a minute now
That shit was getting spooky for you niggas
Niggas thought I was playing though
Know what I mean
Told y'all niggas shit about to get real nigga
Shit done already got real nigga
I'm that nigga nigga
Y'all niggas know y'all can't fuck with me nigga
I ain't from no project no borough nigga
I'm straight from the east side nigga Buffalo nigga
I bet niggas won't come through here
Talking crazy nigga
I got whatever on it aha
You niggas pussy nigga
Straight up
Machine