

Rigamortis

Conway the Machine

Griselda...

Take motherfuckin' one thousand, haha
Look (you ready, kid?)

Got me breathin' with dragons
I breathe and burn down ya cabin
I'm spazzin' on every track and
I'm rappin' with so much passion
A race to the top, I lap 'em
Don't ask for ya favorite rapper (he dead)
I killed him (amen), church (he dead)
Killed him (amen,) bitch

Turnin' rappers to corpses
My metaphors is like torches
I torch him
And leave his corpse on a bag on his mama's porch
I'm a force in this rappin' shit
When I'm spittin', it's so euphoric
Consistently makin' history
Bitch, you gettin' extorted
Unfortunately I ain't make a fortune out these recordings
I could've been in a coffin but I'm alive so unfortunate
If Cassidy spittin' RAID
Well I'm acid to rappers (?)
And half of these rappers borin'
They rappin' about a Porsche
When they actually can't afford it
Attackin' me is your mission
Then bitch you better abort it
You just a walkin' abortion
(He dead) bitch
(Amen) that's what they tellin' me
Flow is dope, you can peddle me
Triple beam couldn't measure me
Drop The Devil's Reject and I'm special
My flow is heavenly
Melody on my lap while I'm writin', duckin' a felony
Better be ready he got the chopper, aimin' it steadily
Pull up I'm sprayin' 70
I'm from a different pedigree
Been releasin' this hell in me
Ever since they put a shell in me
Cutta was up in that jail with me
Now we gettin' all this bread
And these niggas full of all jealousy
Far from me
These niggas ain't tellin' me nothin'
Any niggas that's dissin' me
Mad 'cause I got they bitch with me
Listen, you don't wanna a flip from me
Really, that's all you gunna get from me
Why you wanna go and diss me?
Just sit, and let me just make history
I ain't heard a nigga that's sick as me
Spittin' this shit with intensity
Viciously, all of my verses is crack

And you can't get a brick from me
Get the blick then eventually
I'ma get you, it's official (he dead)
Haha (amen), bitch

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